FROM
MUSIC DEPARTMENT
EDISON LABORATORY
ORANGE, N. J.

OPERA

HEART AND HAND.

BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

BOSTON.

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HEART AND HAND.

OPERA COMIQUE IN THREE ACTS.

BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY

THEODORE T. BARKER.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING	RAMOZ	Garden Girls.	
DON GAETAN	ANITA		
MORALES	PEPA		
DON MOSQUITOS, Colonel of Bombadiers	DOLORES		
BRIGADIER BALDOMERO	INEZ		
CAPTAIN	CARLOTA		
A LIEUTENANT	PABLO	Pages in the Palace.	
MICAELA	PASCUAL		
JOSEFA	LAZARO		
DONA SCOLASTICA	JOSE		
ALVAREZ, Garden Girl	ASCANIO		

Guards, Bombadiers, Soldiers, etc.

ARGUMENT.

THE scene opens in an orange grove in the Roval Park, at Madrid. A party of young girls are busy gathering orange blossoms to make bouquets for the Princess MICAELA, who is to be married on the morrow.

JOSEFA appears among them, and tells of rules and legends connected with the gathering of these flowers for the weddings of Spanish princesses, of which one is, that they must be used only for this purpose, and be culled by girls who are pure in life and reputation, and who, intending to be married on the same day as the princess, will thenceforth have special privileges and protection from her hand.

The peasant girls rejoice at the prospect of being married on the same day as the Princess MICAELA, and resolve to make application for a dowry to be given them.

The princess is all curiosity to ascertain some particulars about her future husband, whom she has never seen, and in the disguise of a peasant girl, as pre-arranged between JOSEFA and herself, meets JOSEFA, and is delighted with her flattering description of DON GAETAN. The peasant girls enter, and despondently announce the failure of their attempt to obtain a dowry. MICAELA asks them to allow her to look at the paper they had sent to the princess, and while they are conversing with JOSEFA she signs the petition, adding the word "granted," which she declares to the girls they must have overlooked. The girls are thereby delighted.

Prince GAETAN here appears at the top of the garden wall, shouting "Bravo!" to the dancing peasant girls. They all scream and run off, leaving JOSEFA and MICAELA. The latter, on learning the identity of this young man, directs JOSEFA to leave them alone. She, pretending to accompany JOSEFA, manages to catch her dress on a branch; the prince hastens to her assistance, and is immediately attracted by her beauty. At once he confides his unhappy state in being compelled to marry against his will, and, at the same time, declares that he will never speak to or love the Princess MICAELA.

The prince makes protestations of love, and seeing a letter at her waist, takes it against her will, in order to ascertain whom it is he has been attracted by. The letter being addressed to JOSEFA, he naturally is led to believe the princess is that personage, and as MICAELA enjoys the novelty of the situation, she does not undeceive him.

In the Second Act we have the wedding party, and the prince and princess are shown to the two appartments set aside for their occupancy.

After every one has retired, the KING, who has been left alone with MOSQUITOS, communicates his great uneasiness of mind caused by the pranks of his son-in-law, and inquires as to his directions being carried out, to prevent the young prince from escaping. MOSQUITOS assures the KING that the sentinels are all present at their post, and that a brass band has been stationed below in the garden with instructions to strike up with the national air whenever they see a door or window opened. Hearing some one coming they retire, whereupon the Dona SCOLASTICA enters from the princess's apartments, and gives vent to her surprise caused by the coldness displayed by the prince toward the princess. The prince comes out of his apartment, and seeing the Dona Scolastica, he conceives the idea of raising a scandal by making love to her, and by that means alarm the house by her cries, and thereby encounter the wrath of the court, which would serve to break off the burdensome fetters of his recent marriage. The Dona, however, proving too susceptible to his advances, he is finally obliged to order her from the room in self-defence. After she goes off, he decides to attempt to escape, and goes to the opening at back for that purpose, when the band begins to play. He repeats the attempt at the window with the same result. Finally he tries a small door, and hearing no music, steps out of this one. The princess enters from her apartment, having watched the movements of the prince, and is met by JOSEFA, who declares it impossible for her to leave the palace. MICAELA persuades JOSEFA to remain there until she returns, and exeunts at back. JOSEFA left alone, hears the voice of a sentinel calling out, which she discovers is none other than MORALES.

MORALES is anxious to look in upon the nuptial chamber, and on pushing the door open a lantern is seen to appear at the back. Afraid of being found off duty, he pushes JOSEFA into the room, and follows her, closing the door. The prince enters from the small door. Having found it impossible to evade the watchful eye of the brass band, he gives up in despair the idea of escaping and is about to resign himself to his fate, when the princess enters, disguised as a peasant and carrying a small tray with some wine and refreshments, which she informs the prince she had been ordered to bring him.

In the Third Act, the scene represents the general quarters at the camp of Don GAETAN. Don MOSQUITOS enters and announces the approach of the prince, their commander, who inquires on entering whether any messenger has arrived for him, and receives a reply in the negative. MORALES here enters, and on seeing the prince confesses the accident by which he was locked in the prince's apartment with JOSEFA on the night of the royal wedding.

MOSQUITOS announces the approach of the KING, accompanied by the princess and attendants of the court. The prince asks permission to speak privately to the princess, who, on approaching him, reveals herself to be none other than JOSEFA to whom his heart had been given. Falling on his knees, he begs forgiveness of his capricious bride, who, satisfied with the complete success of her love's strategy, willingly pardons him.

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HEART AND HAND.

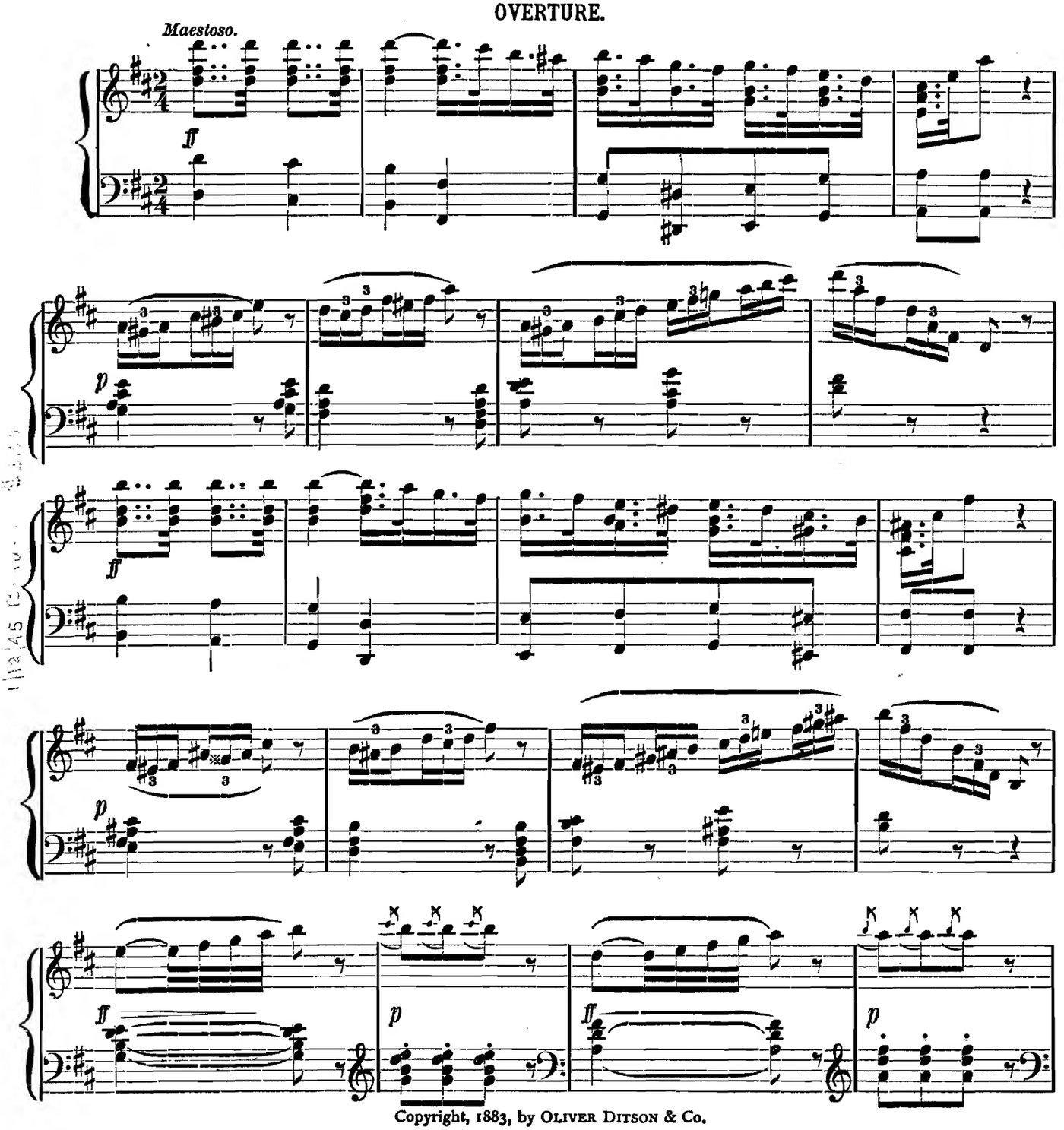
COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Adaptation and translation by THEO. T. BARKER.

Music by CH. LECOCQ.

OVERTURE.

Maestoso.



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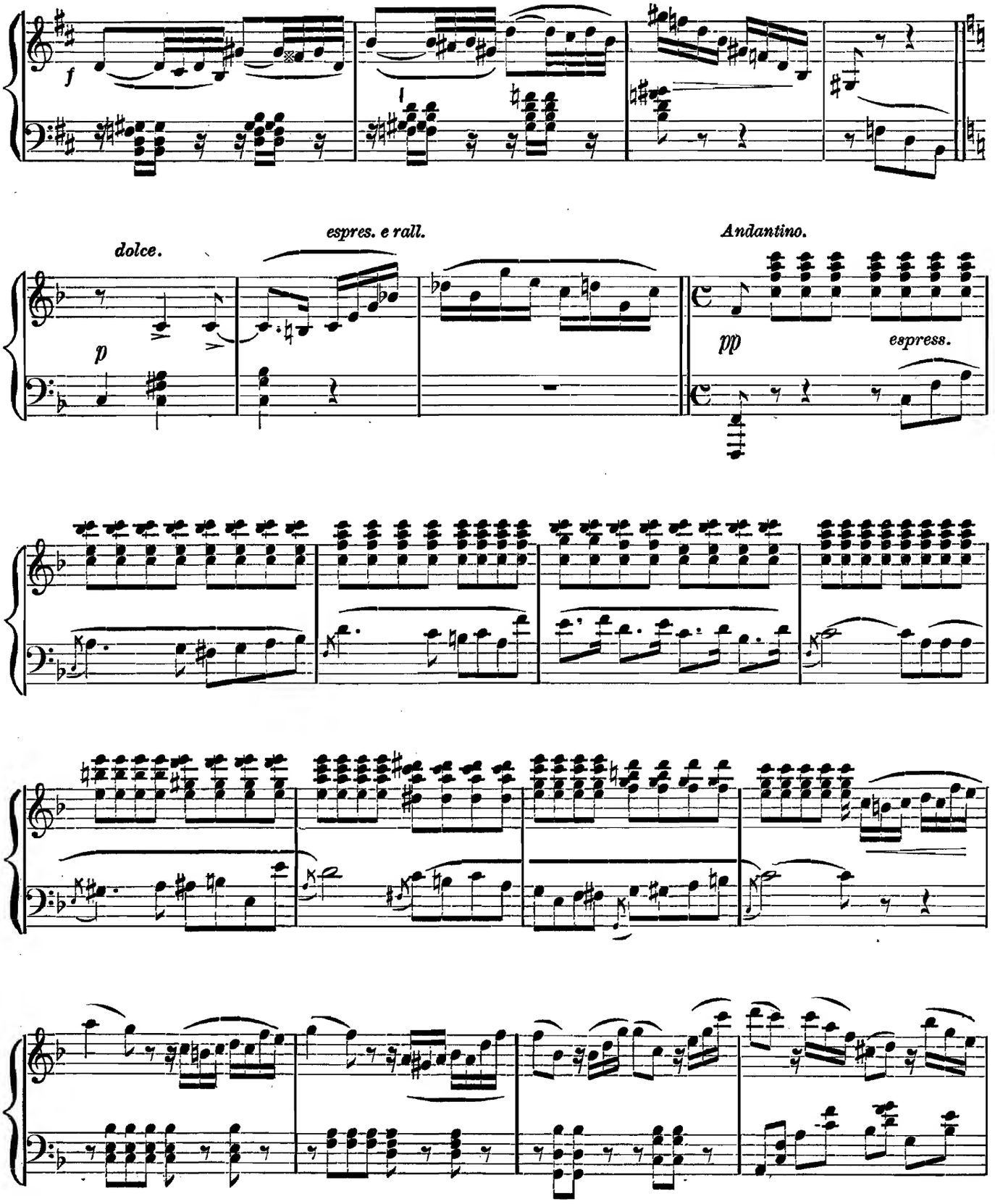
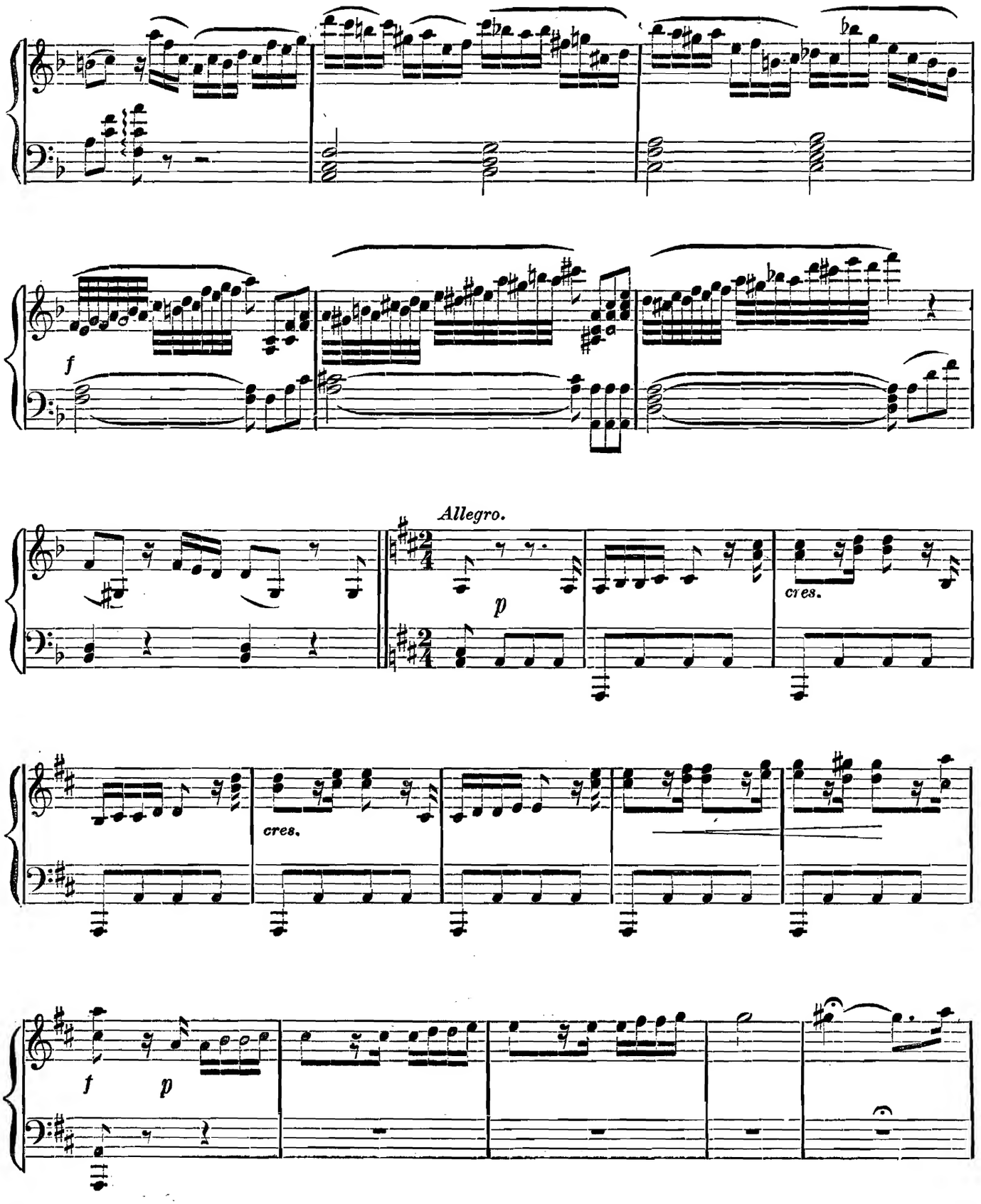
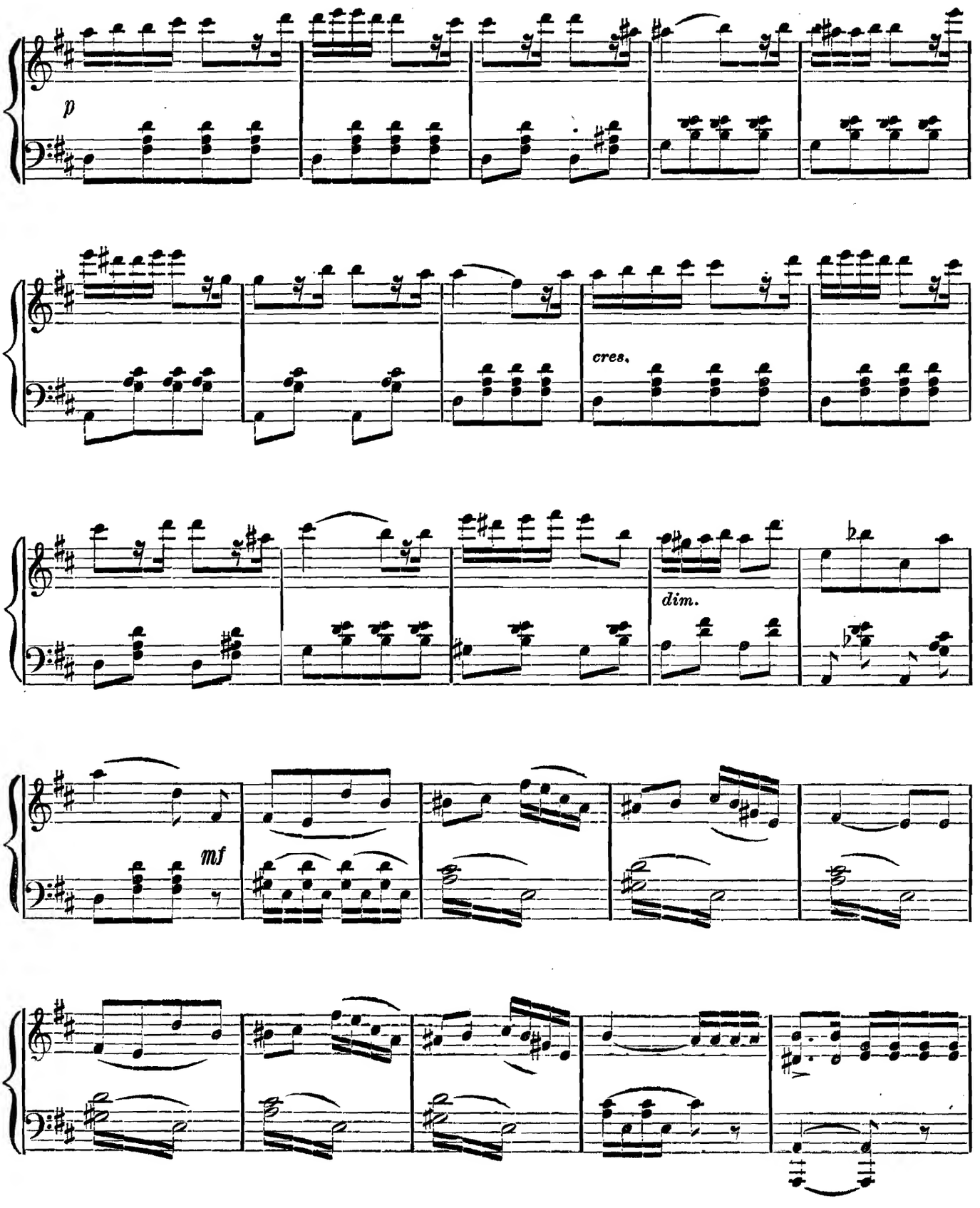
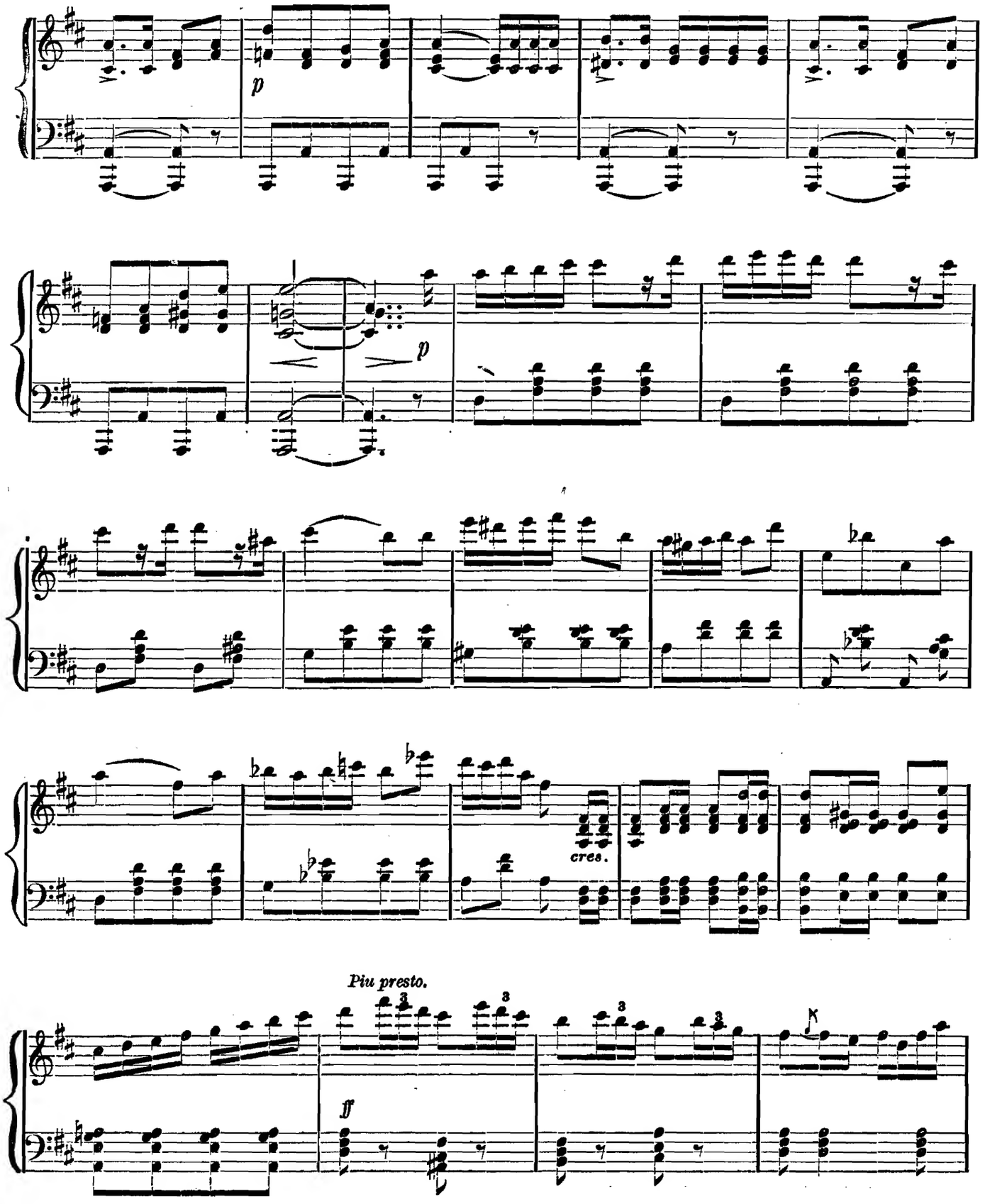
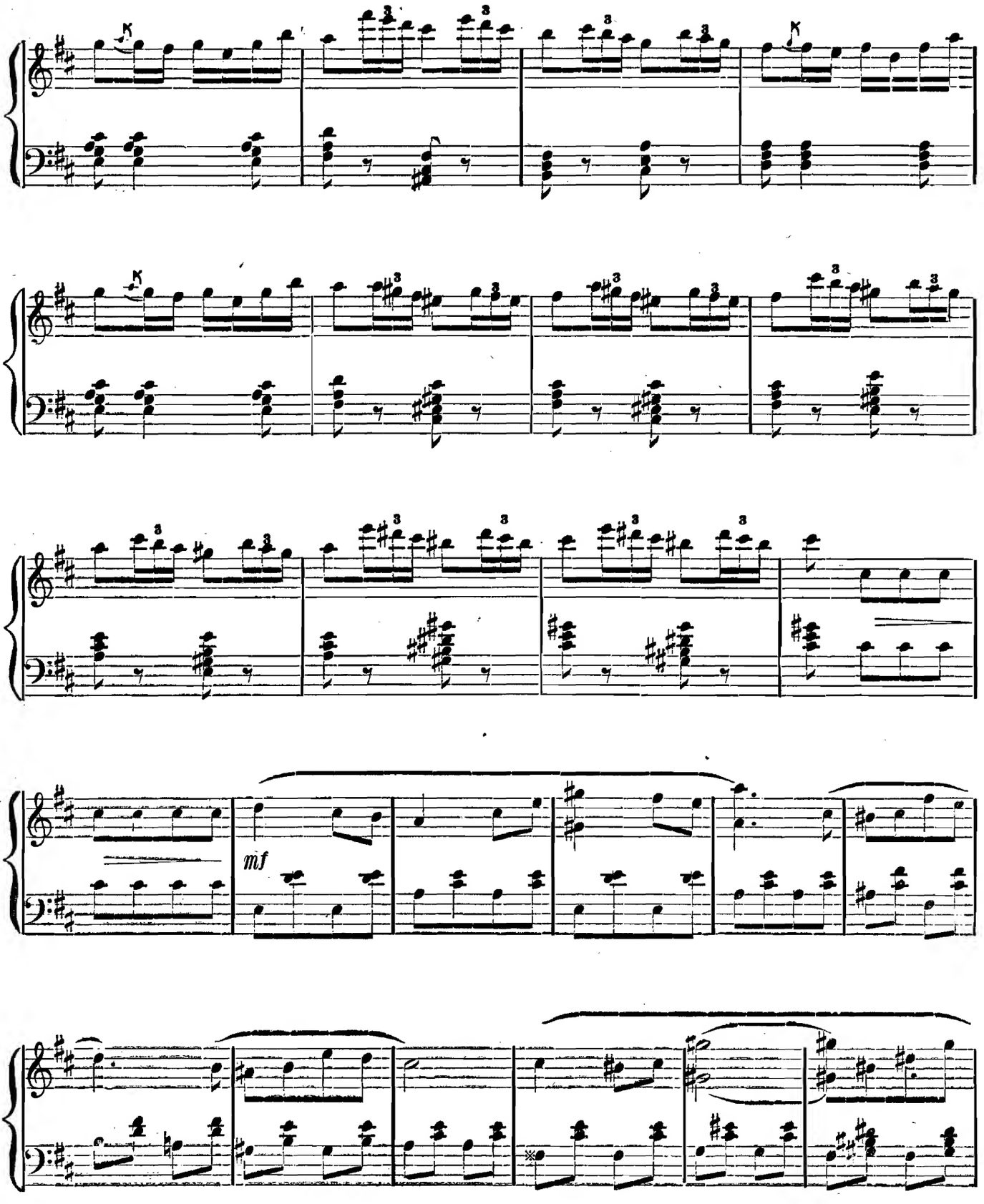
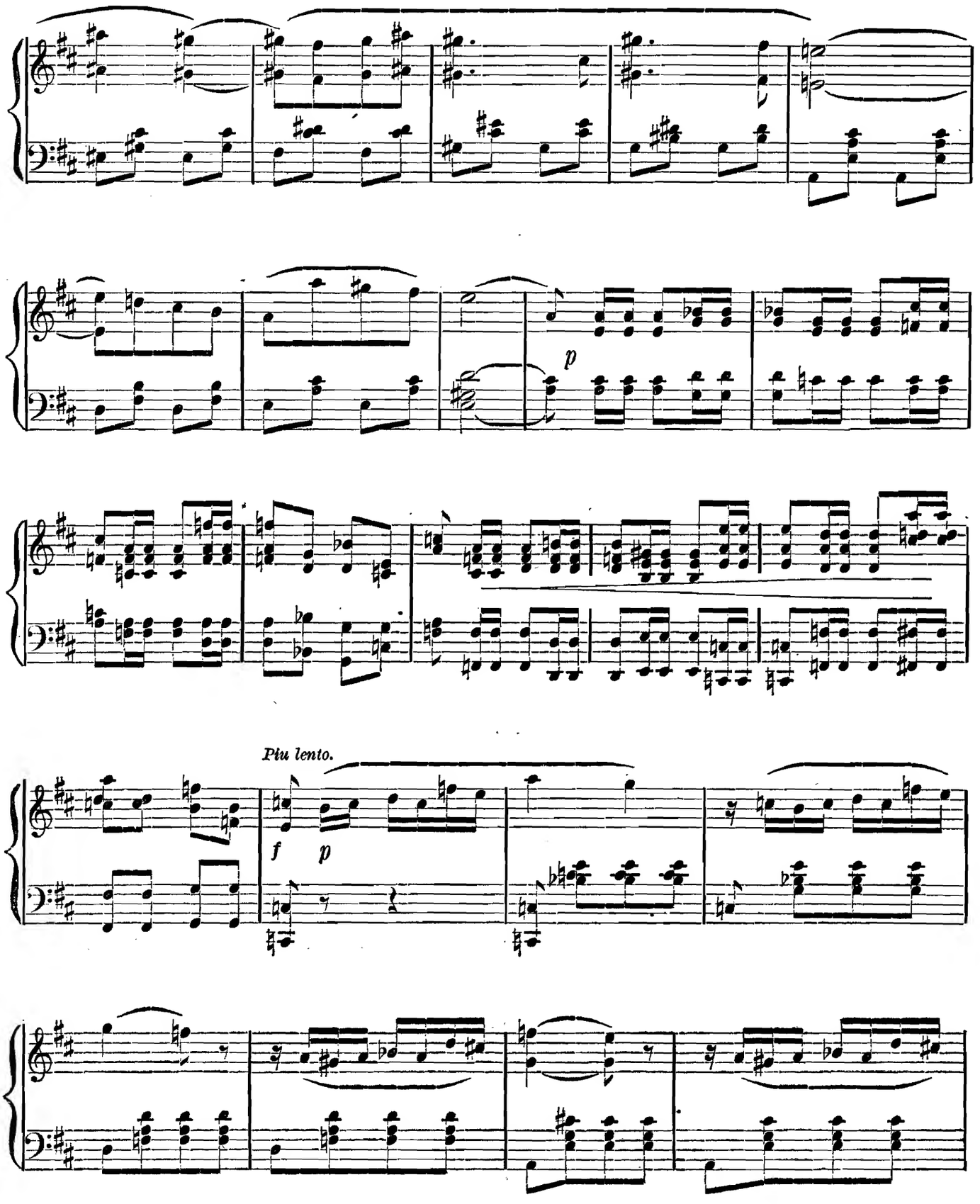

f
dolce.
p
espres. e rall.
Andantino.
pp
espress.

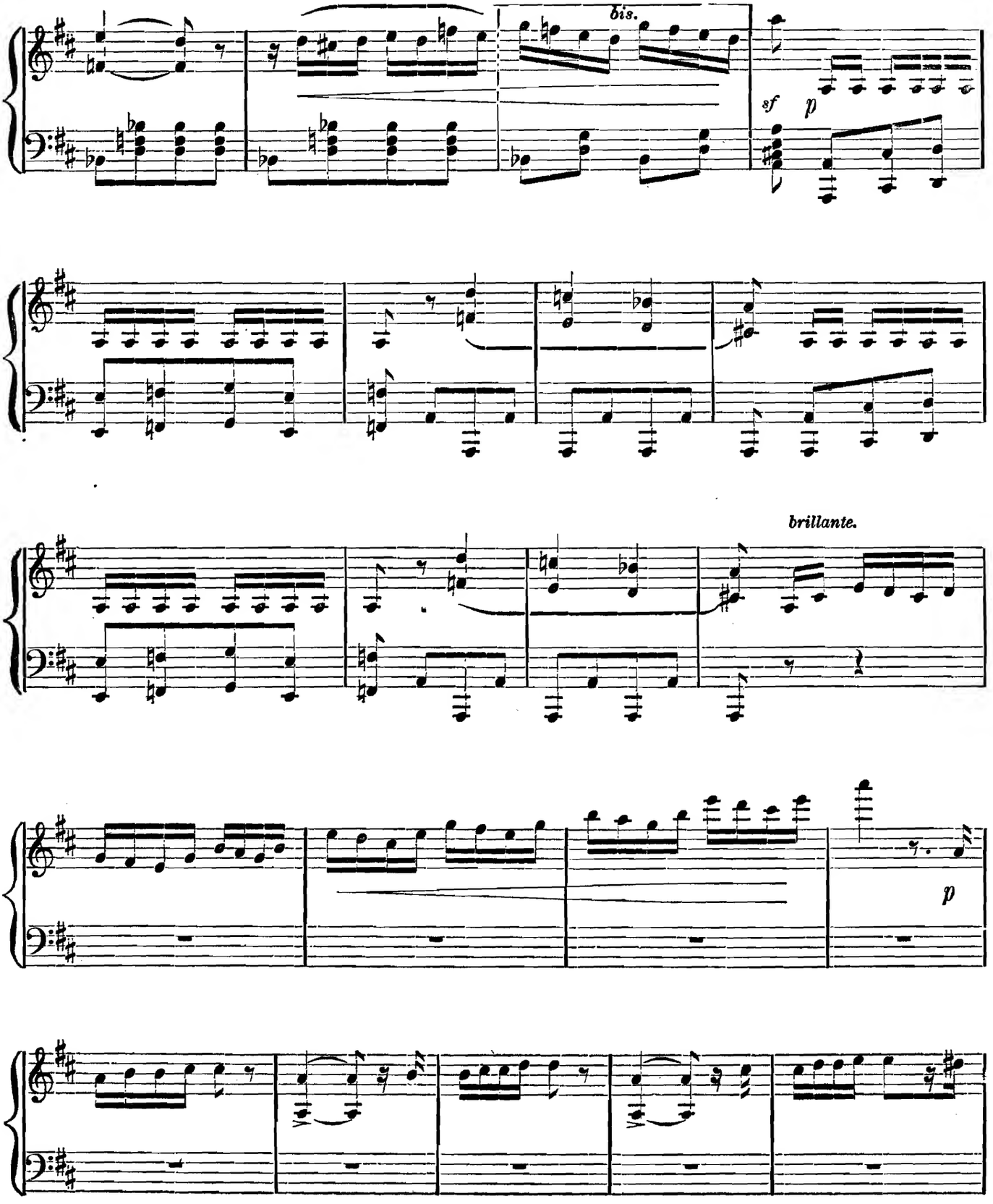

f
Allegro.
p
cres.
cres.
f
p

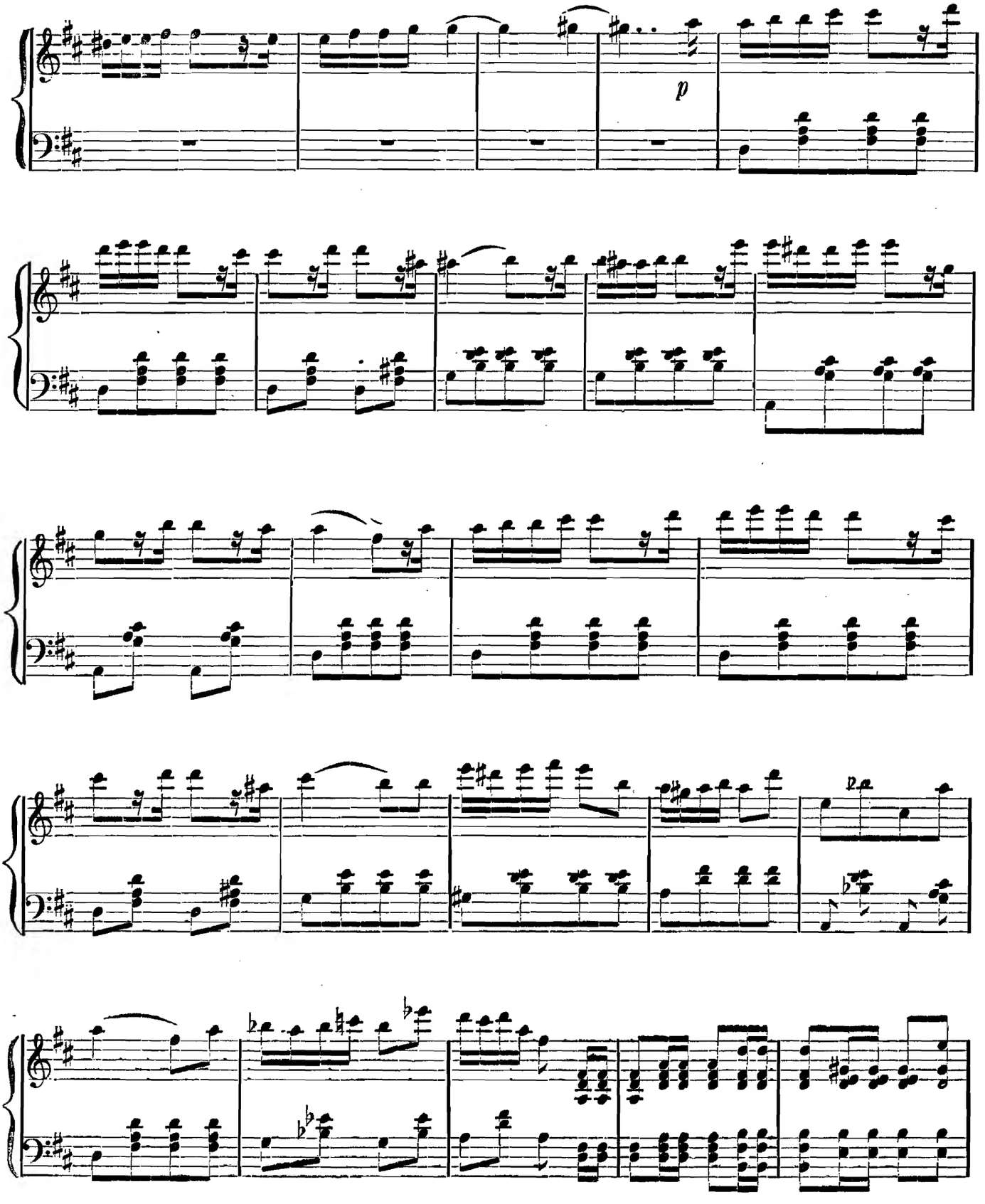

p
cres.
dim.
mf


p
p
cres.
Piu presto.
ff


mf


p
Più lento.
f
p


bis.
sf
p
brillante.
p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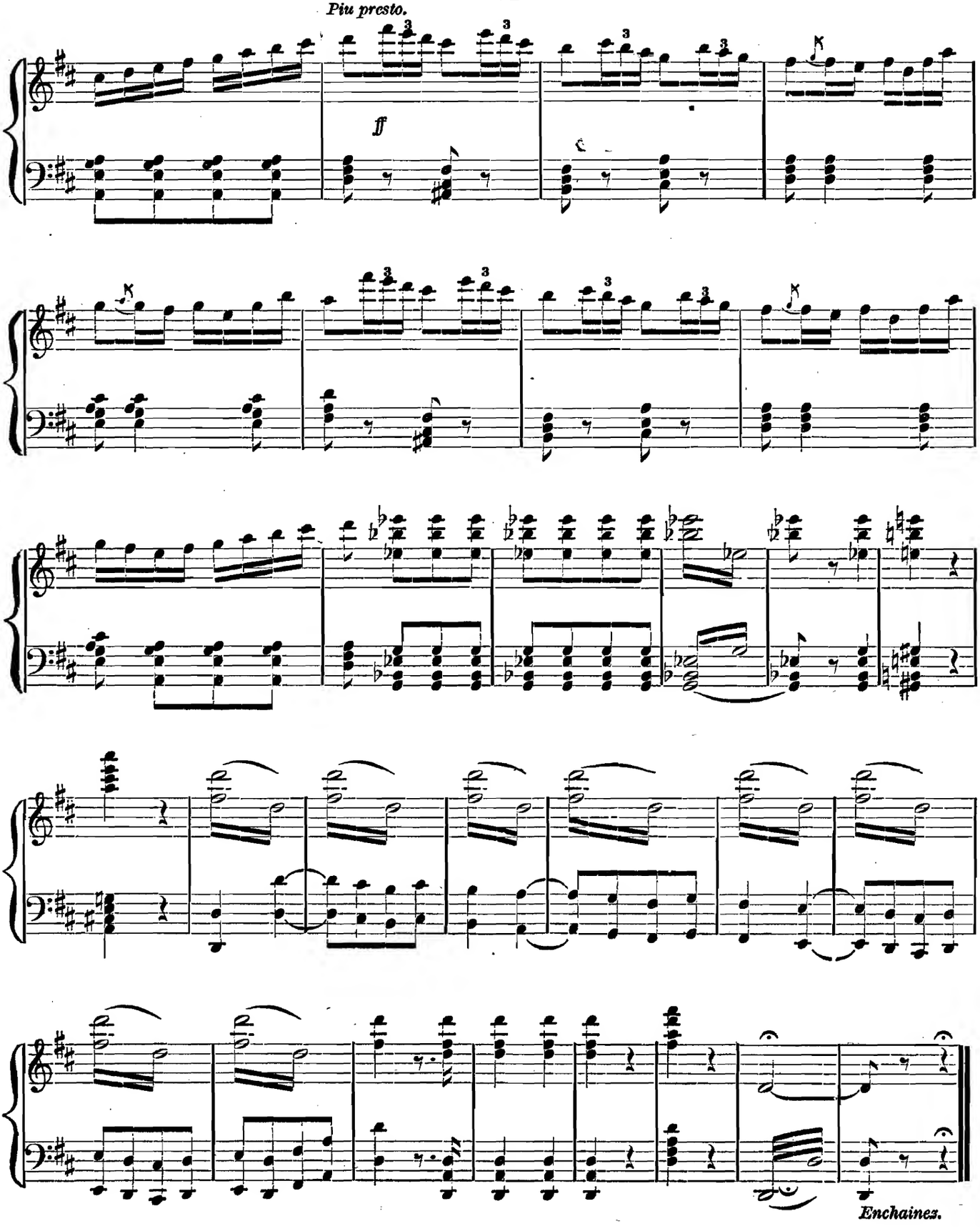

Piu presto.
ff
Enchainez.

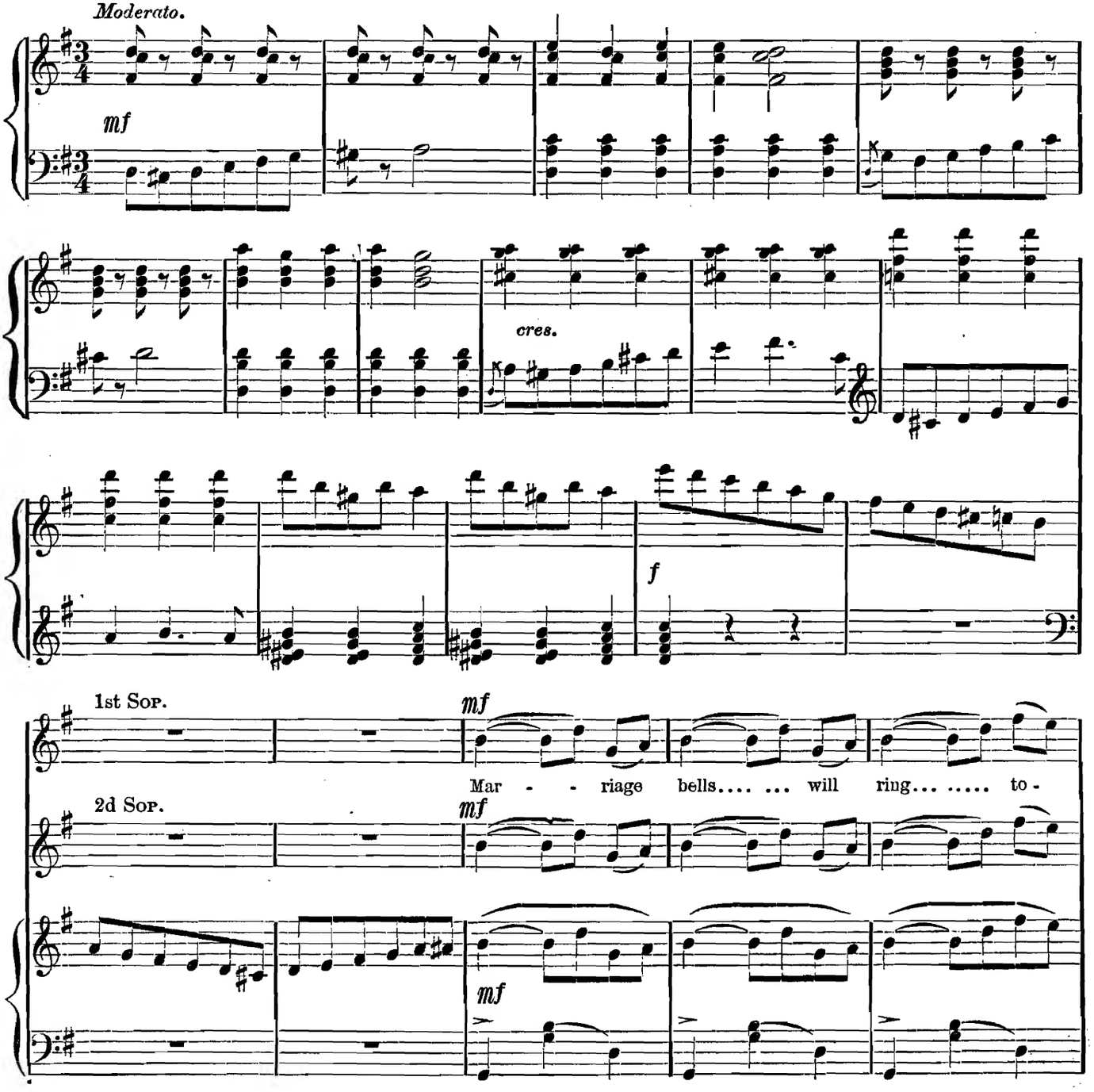
ACT I.

An orange grove in the royal park. GARDENER'S *house at the left, with a practicable window at the back; a wall, with a little gate, seats, rustic chairs.*

SCENE I.—ANITA, PEPA, DOLORES, INEZ, *young* GIRLS, *some of them mounted on benches, cull the orange flowers, others hold the baskets.*

MARRIAGE BELLS WILL RING TO-MORROW.

No. 1. Introduction.



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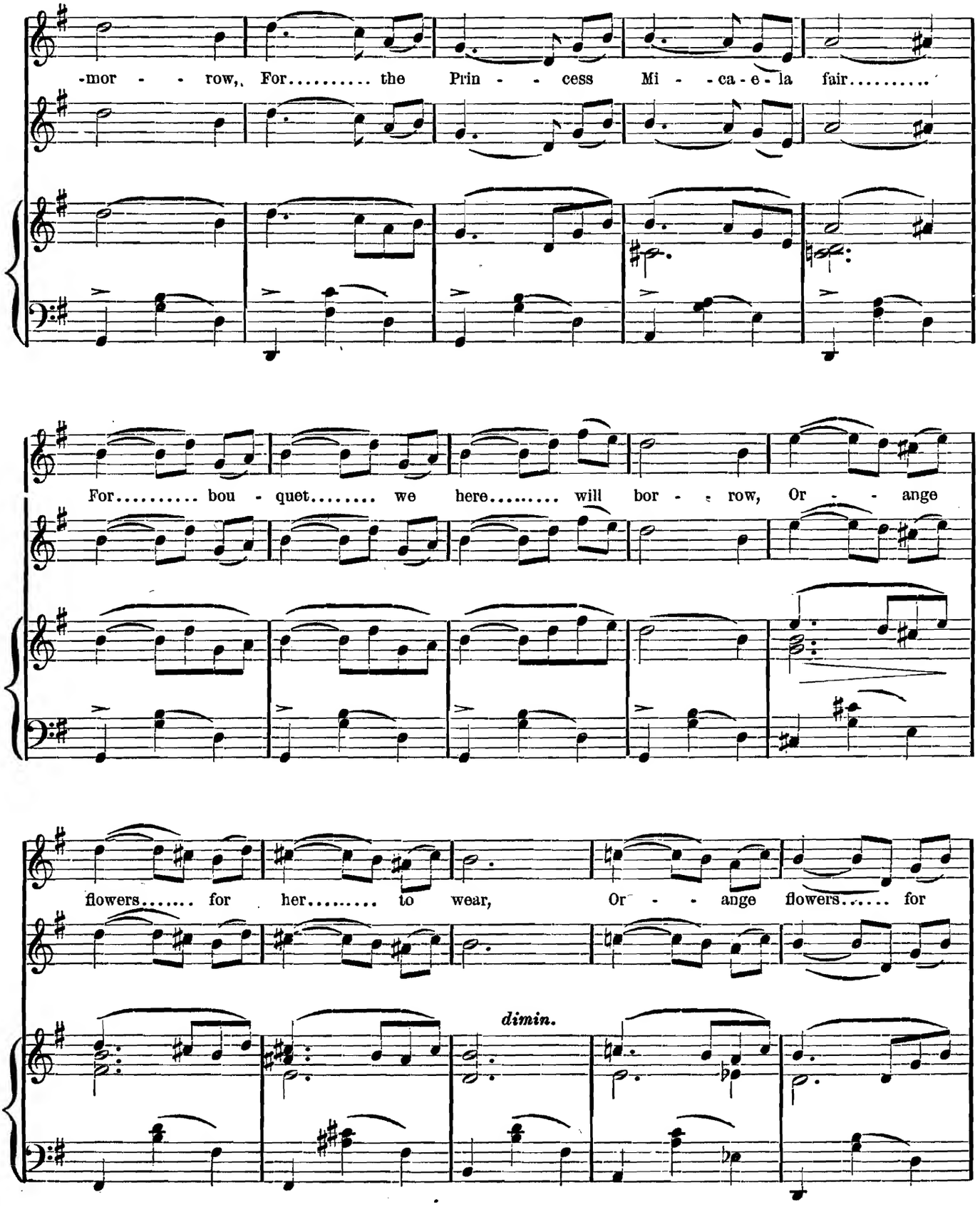
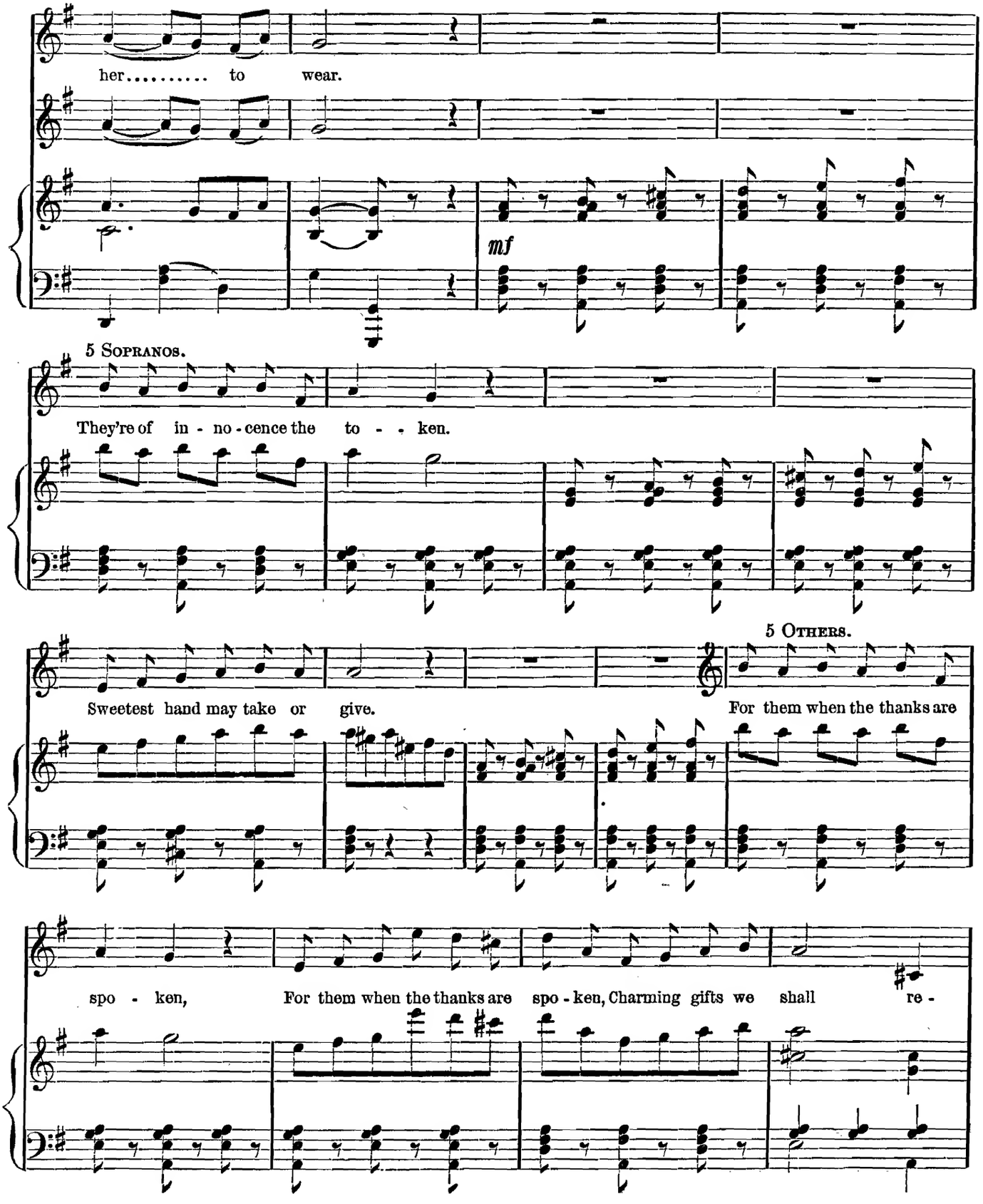
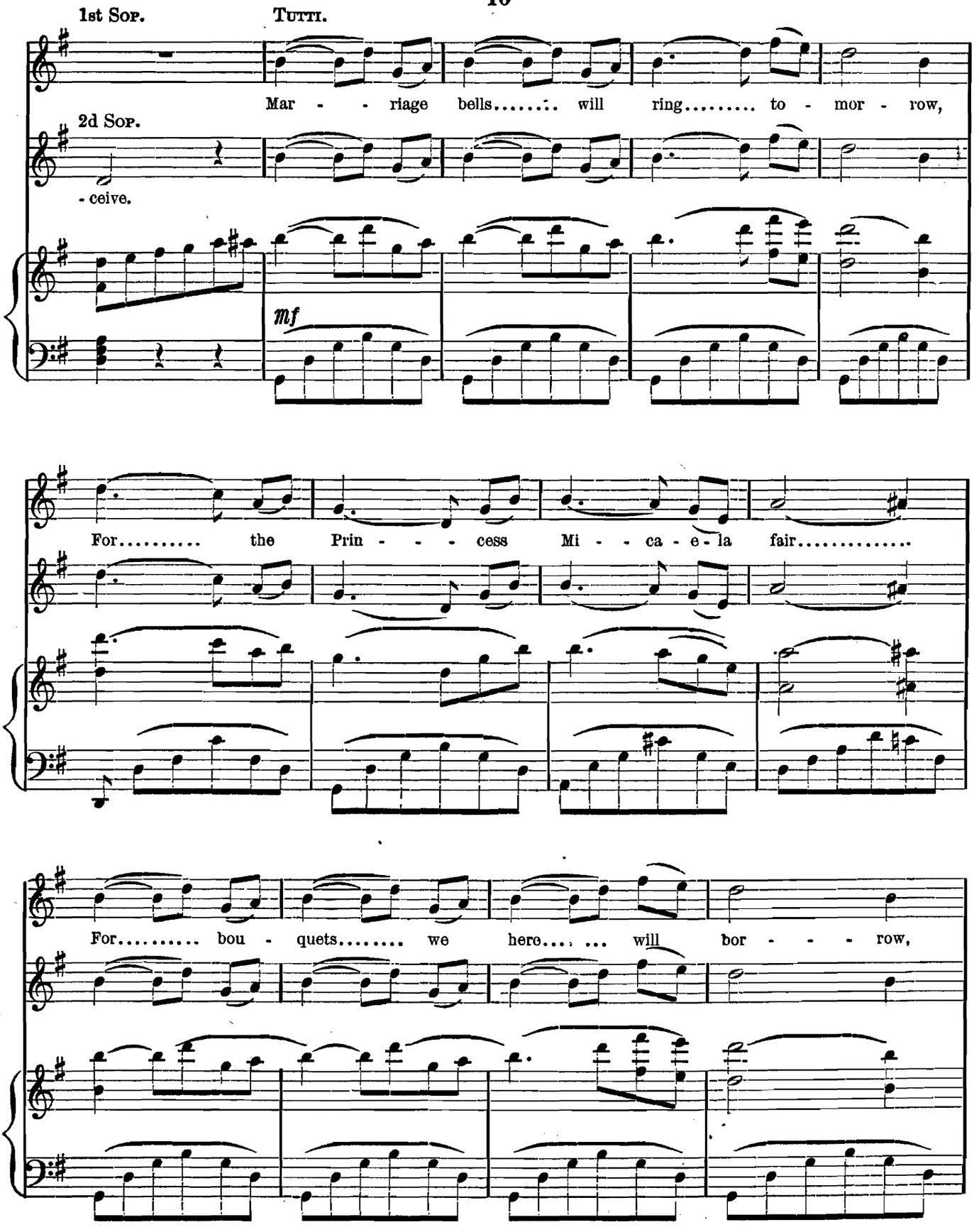
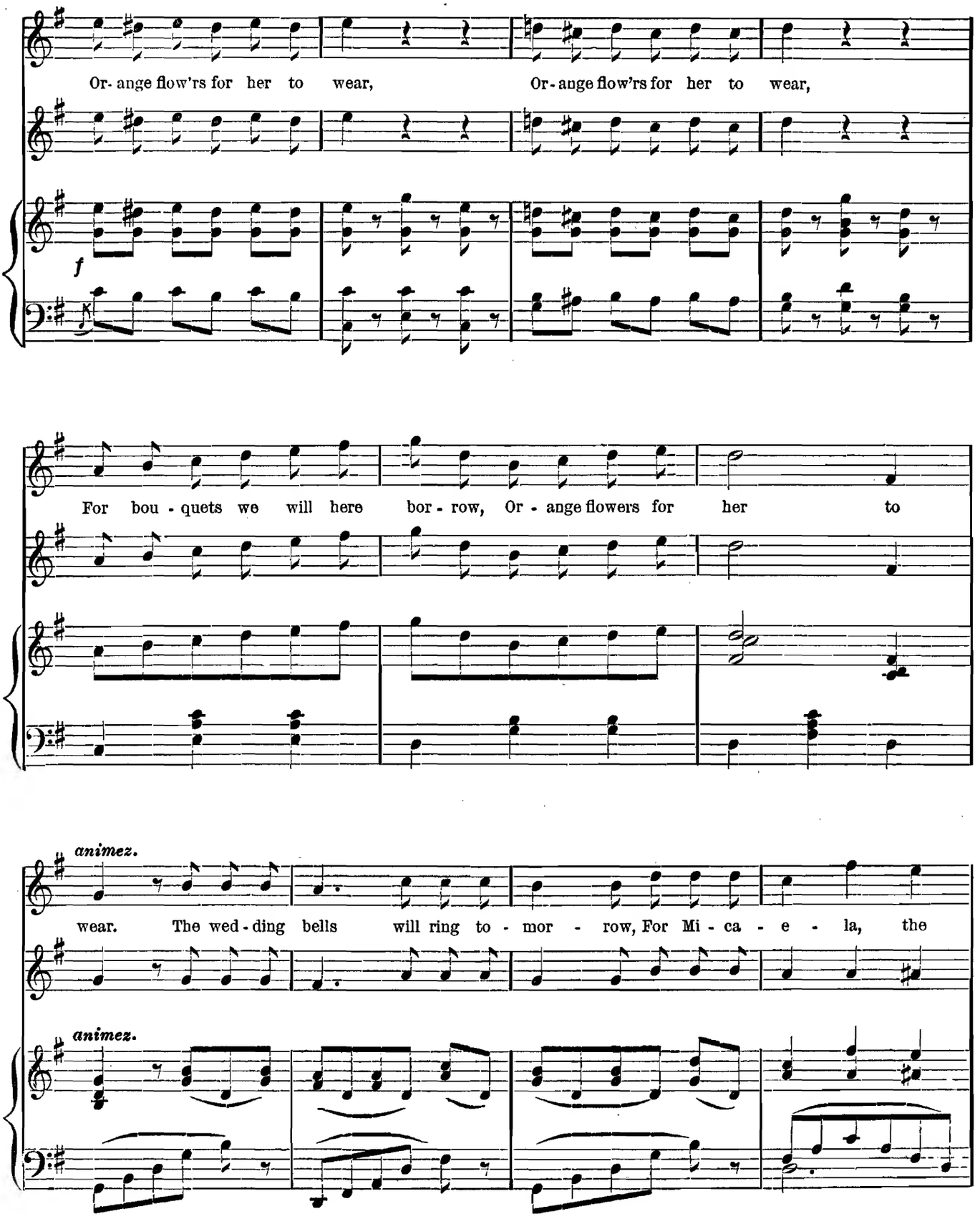
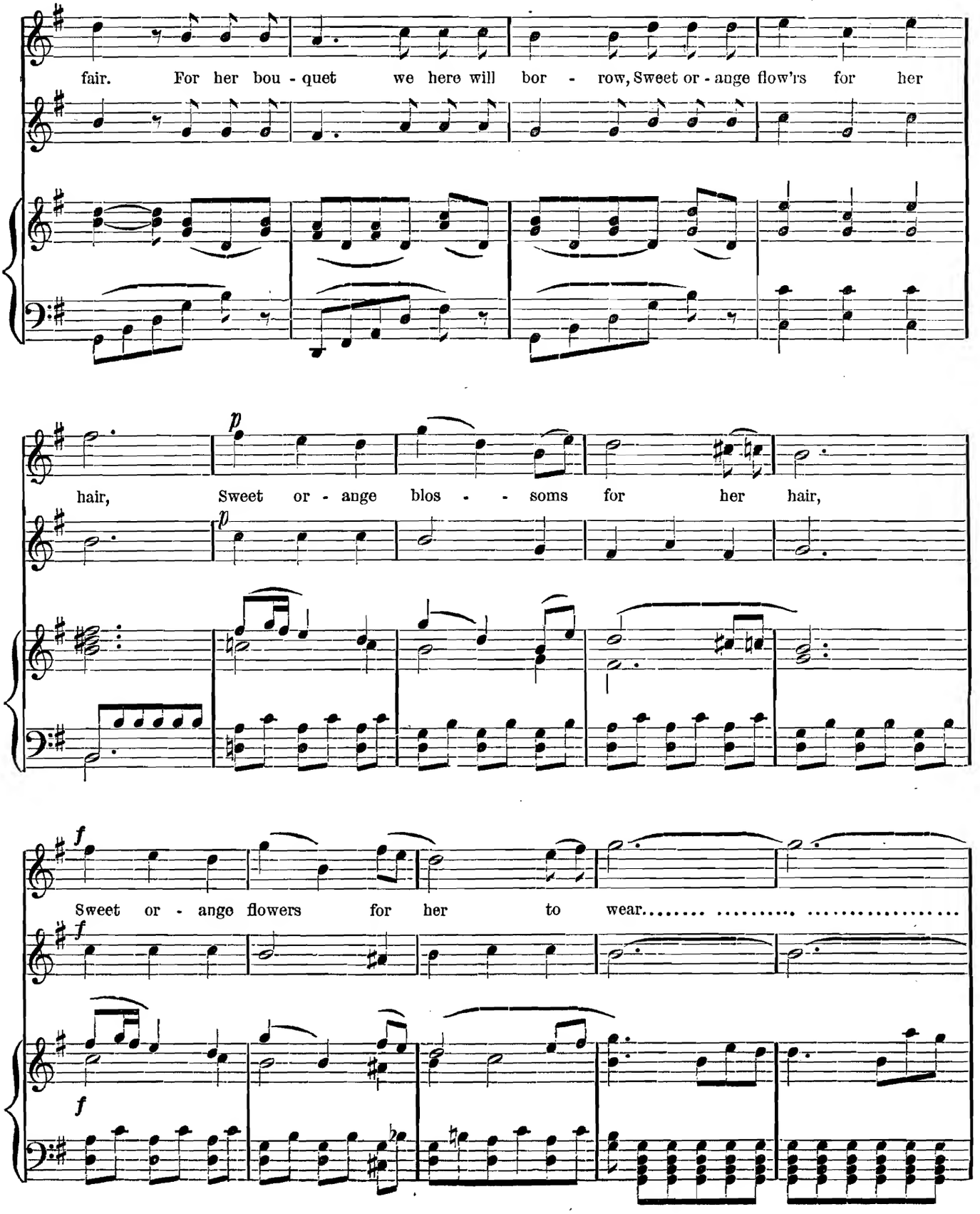
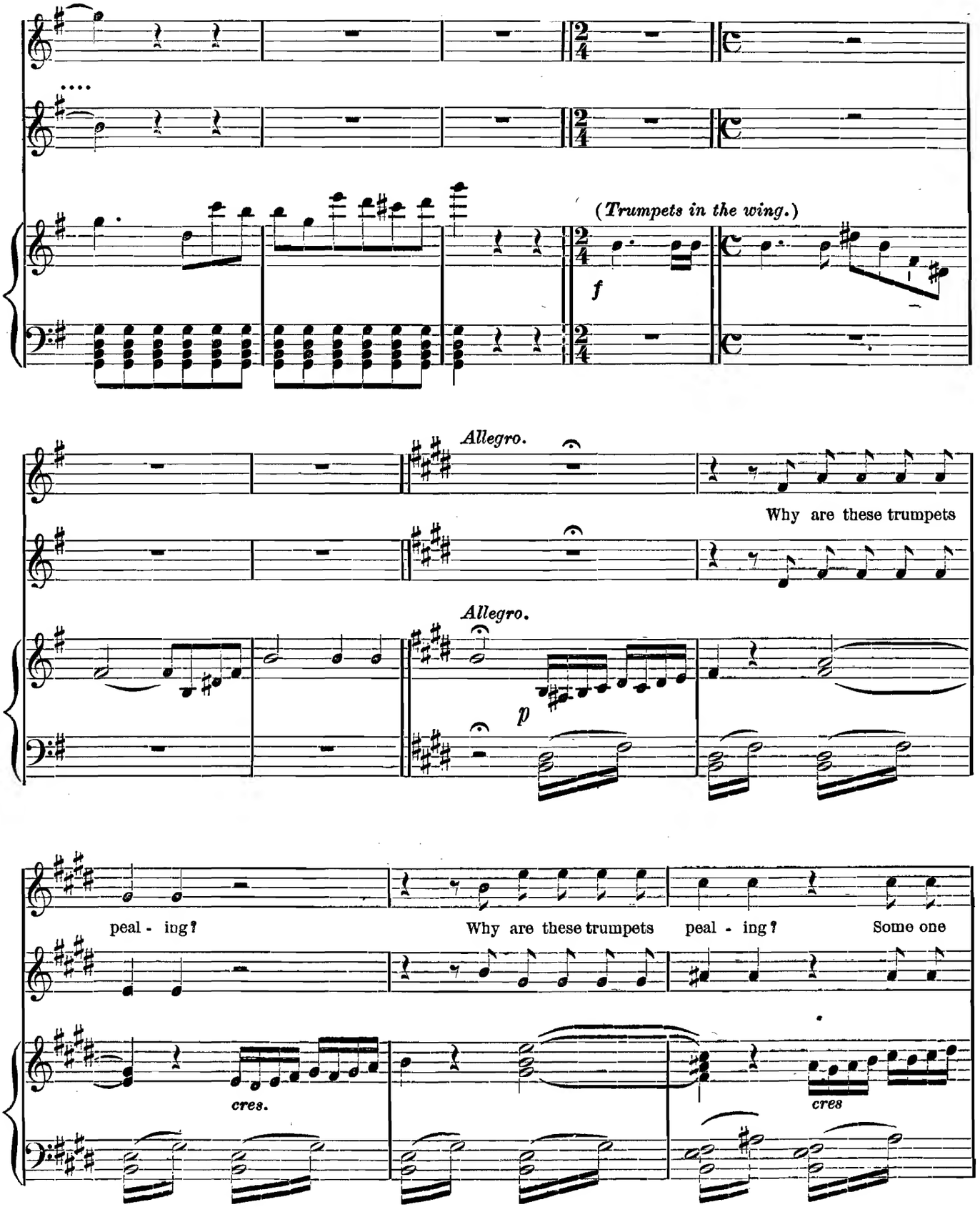

-mor - - row, For..... the Prin - - cess Mi - - ca - e - la fair.....
For..... bou - quet..... we here..... will bor - - row, Or - - ange
flowers..... for her..... to wear, Or - - ange flowers..... for
dimin.

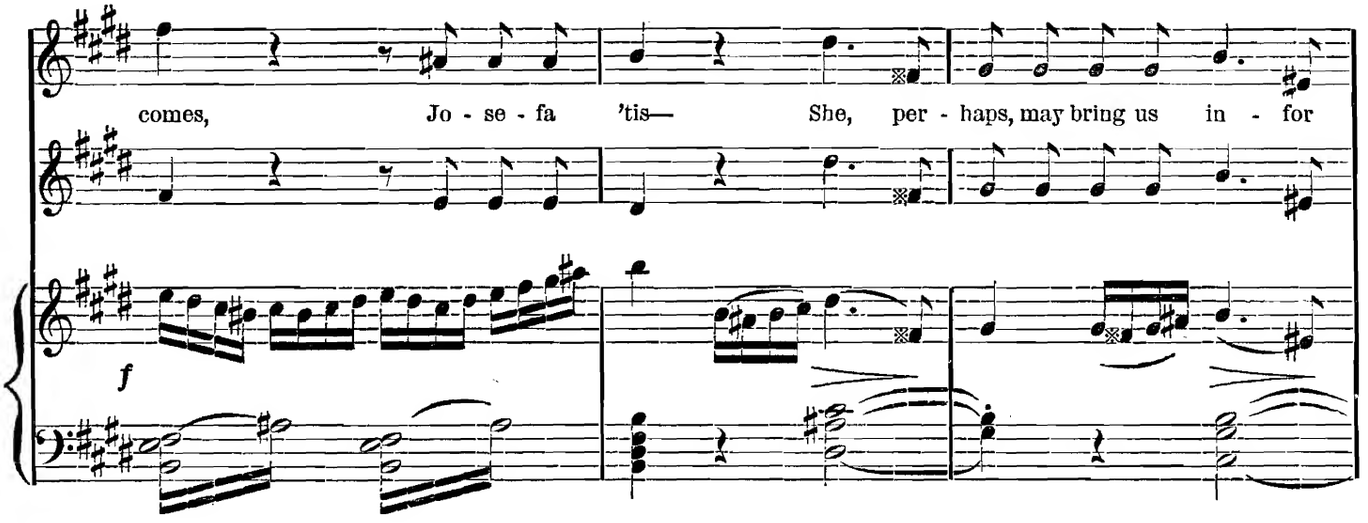

her..... to wear.
mf
5 Sopranos.
They're of in - no - cence the to - - ken.
5 Others.
Sweetest hand may take or give.
For them when the thanks are
spo - ken,
For them when the thanks are spo - ken, Charming gifts we shall re -


1st Sop.
Tutti.
Mar - - riage bells..... will ring..... to - mor - row,
2d Sop.
- ceive.
mf
For..... the Prin - - - cess Mi - - ca - e - la fair.....
For..... bou - quets..... we here..... will bor - - - row,


Or- ange flow'rs for her to wear, Or- ange flow'rs for her to wear,
f
For bou - quets we will here bor - row, Or - ange flowers for her to
animez.
wear. The wed - ding bells will ring to - mor - row, For Mi - ca - e - la, the
animez.

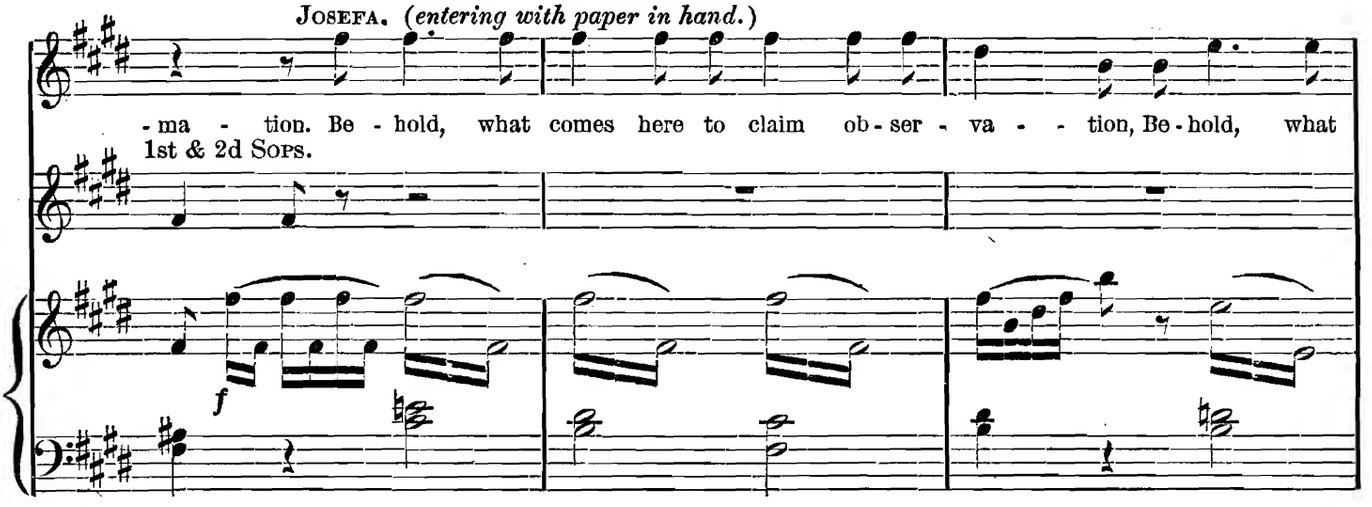

fair. For her bou - quet we here will bor - row, Sweet or - ange flow'rs for her
p
hair, Sweet or - ange blos - - soms for her hair,
p
f
Sweet or - ange flowers for her to wear..... ....
f
f

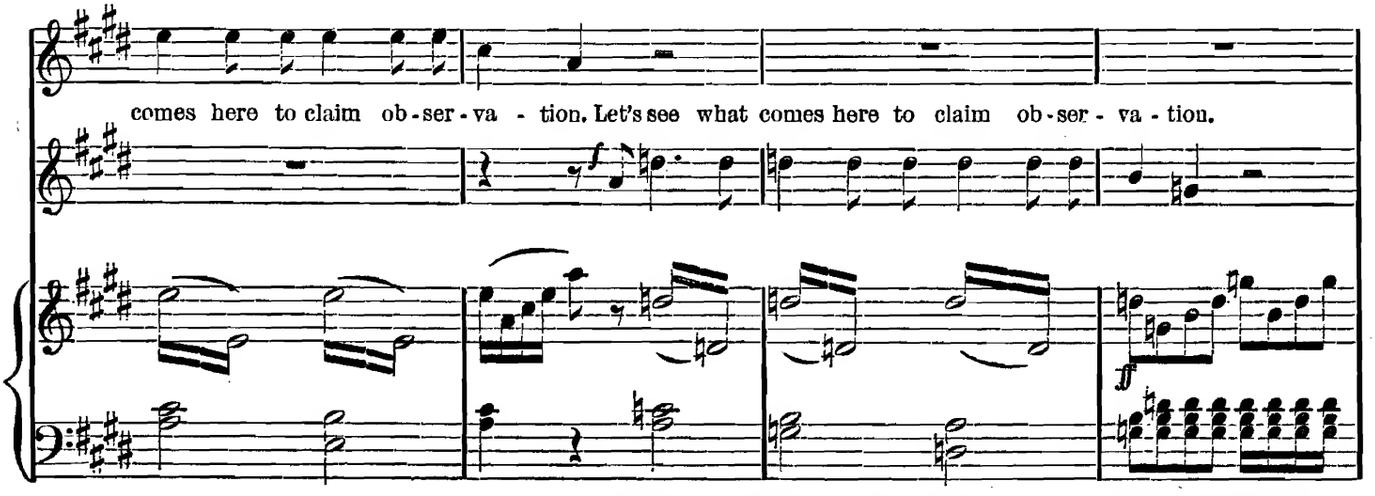

(Trumpets in the wing.)
f
Allegro.
Why are these trumpets
Allegro.
p
peal - ing?
Why are these trumpets
peal - ing?
Some one
cres.
cres



SCENE II.

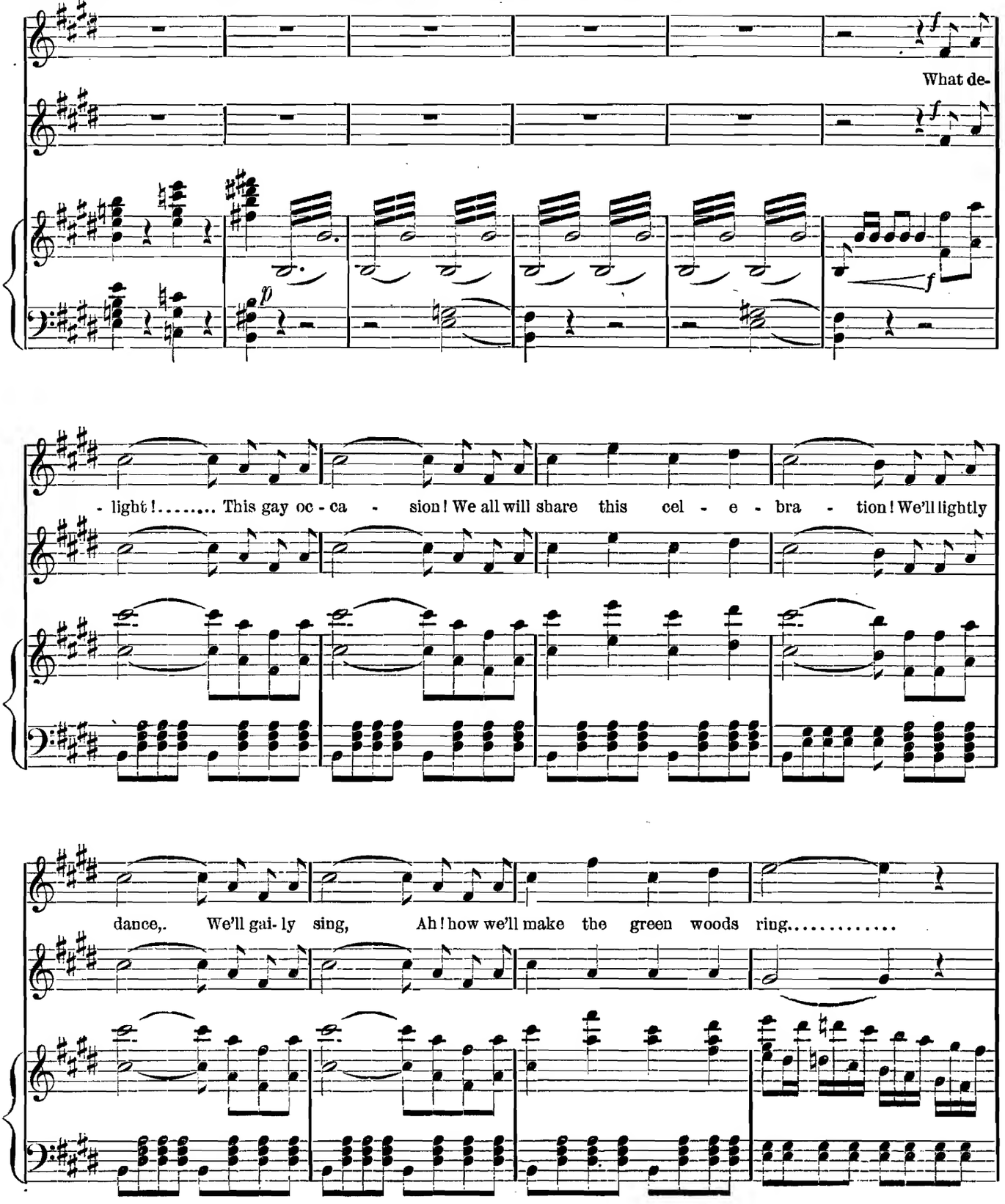
JOSEFA. *(entering with paper in hand.)*



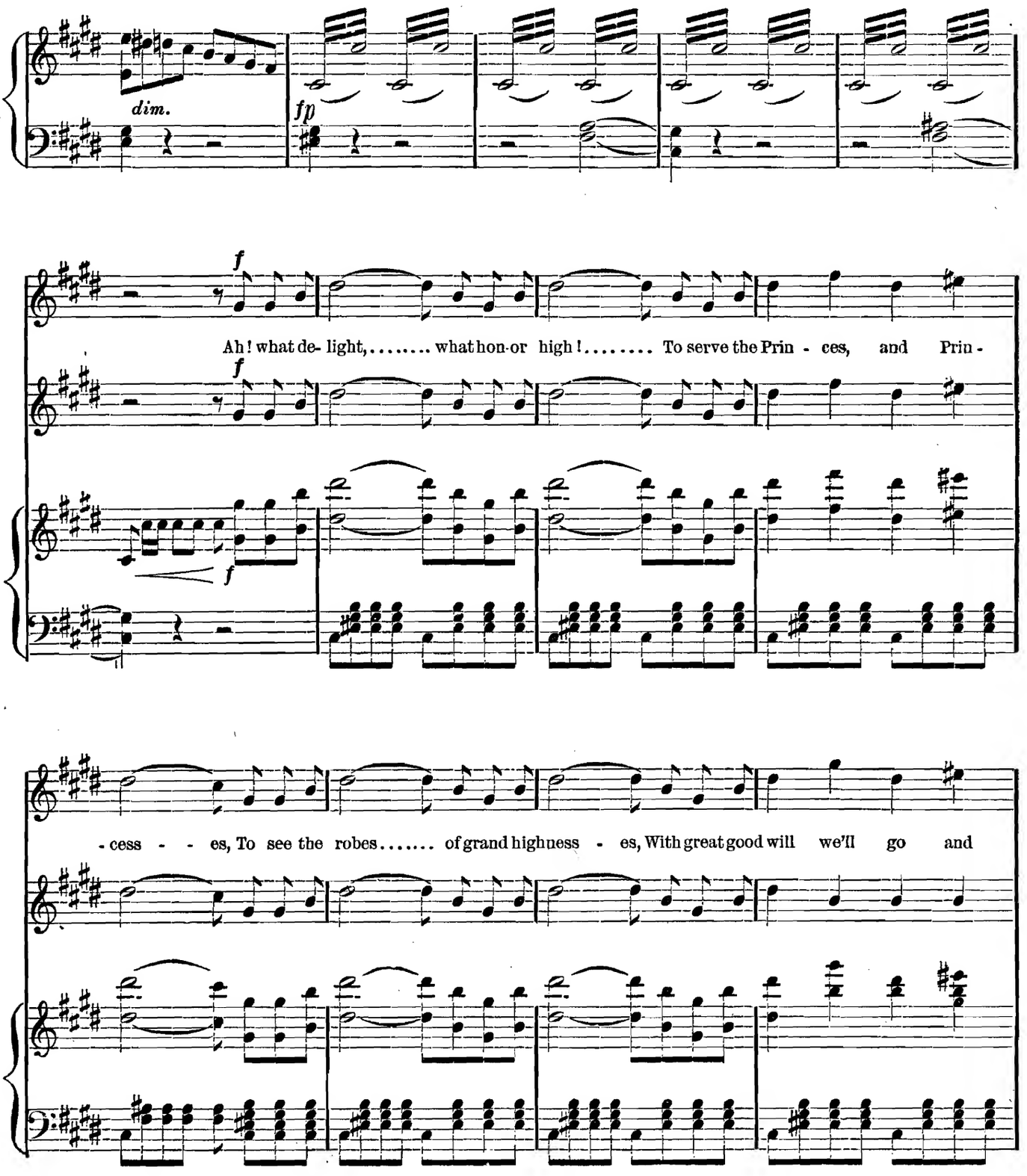


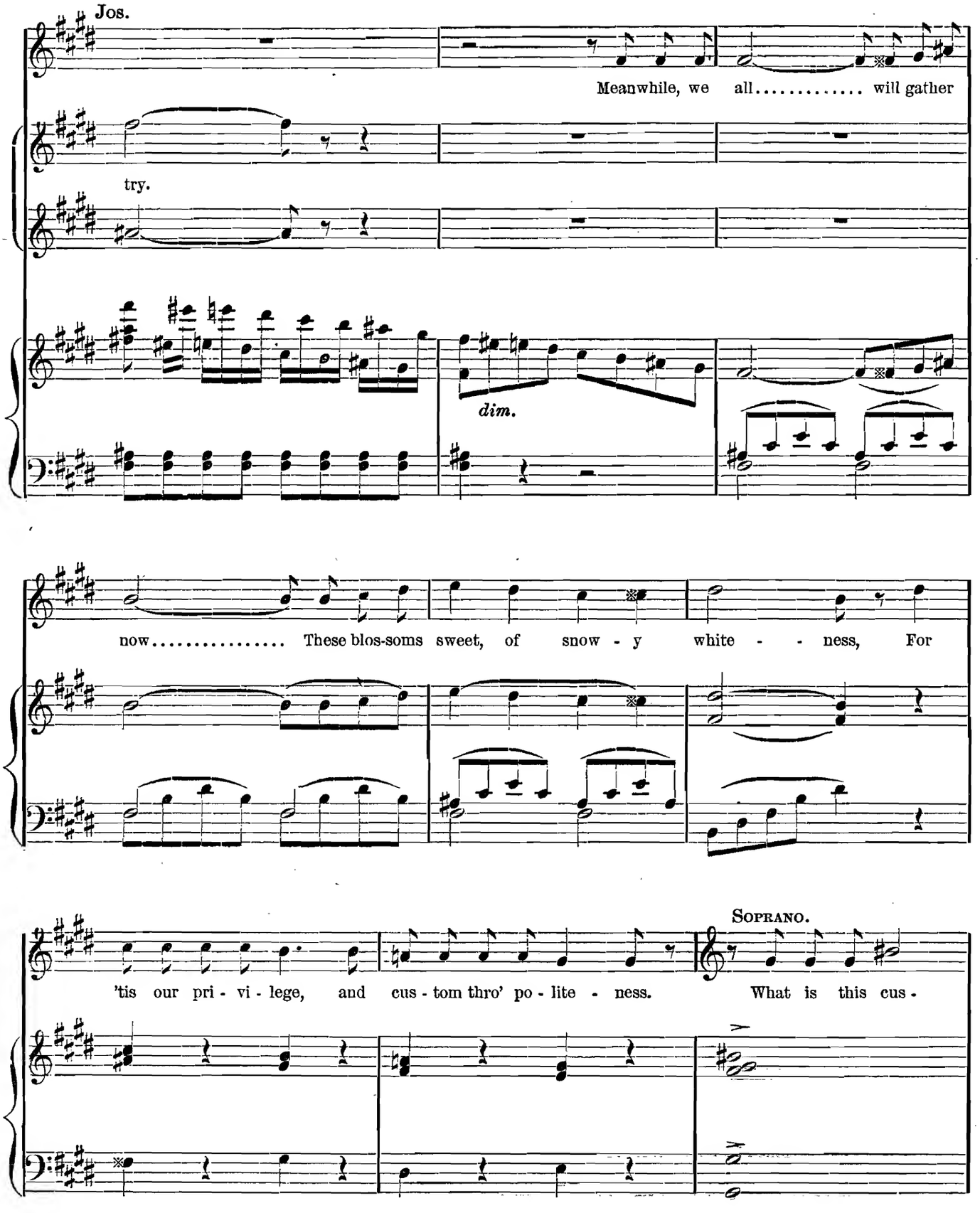
(Orchestra continues with trumpet calls until lost in the distance.)

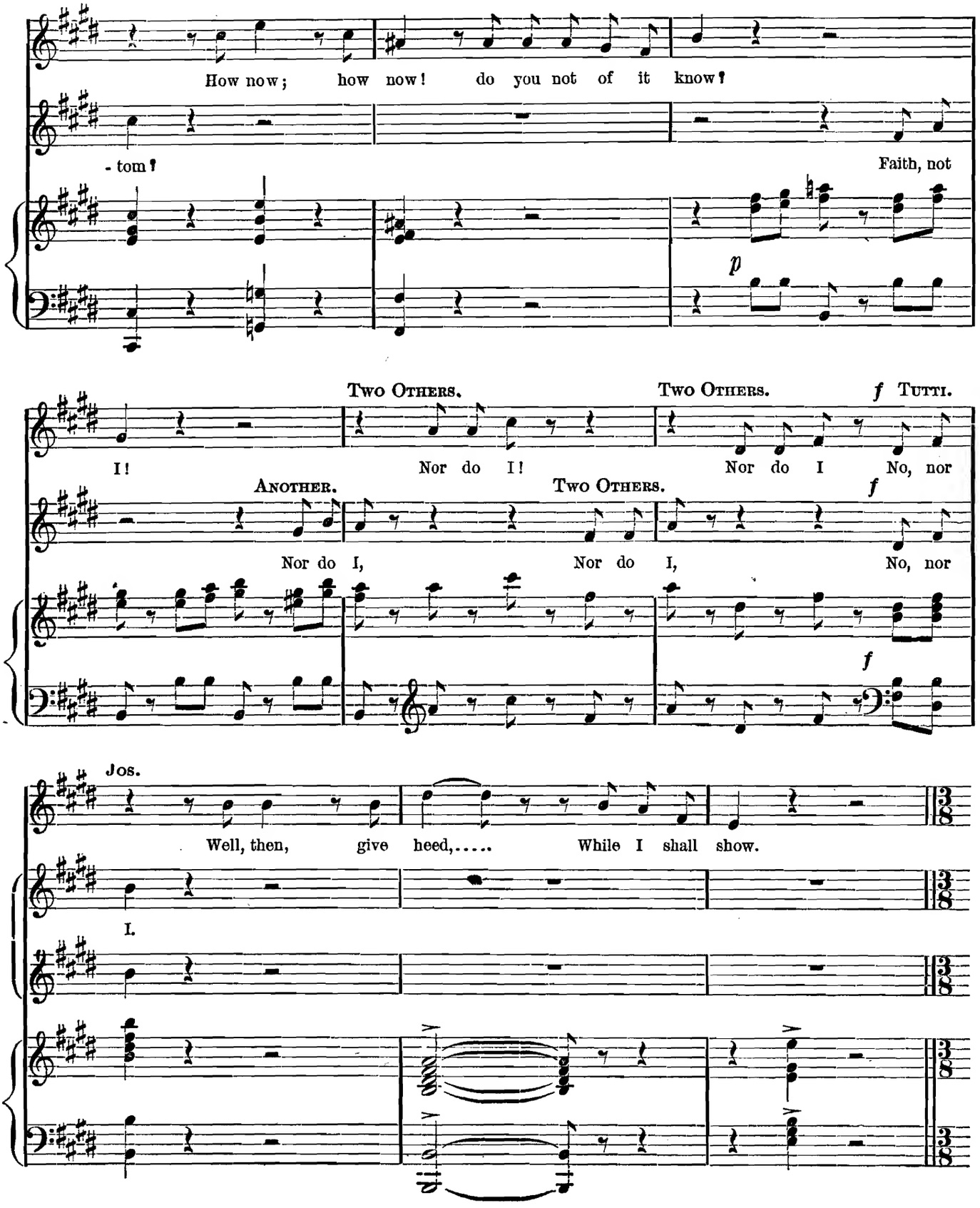
JOSEFA *reads: We, King of Arragon, in honor of the marriage of our daughter, the Princess Micaela, with his highness, Don Gaetan, Duke of Madeira, order that rejoicings shall take place in our good city.*



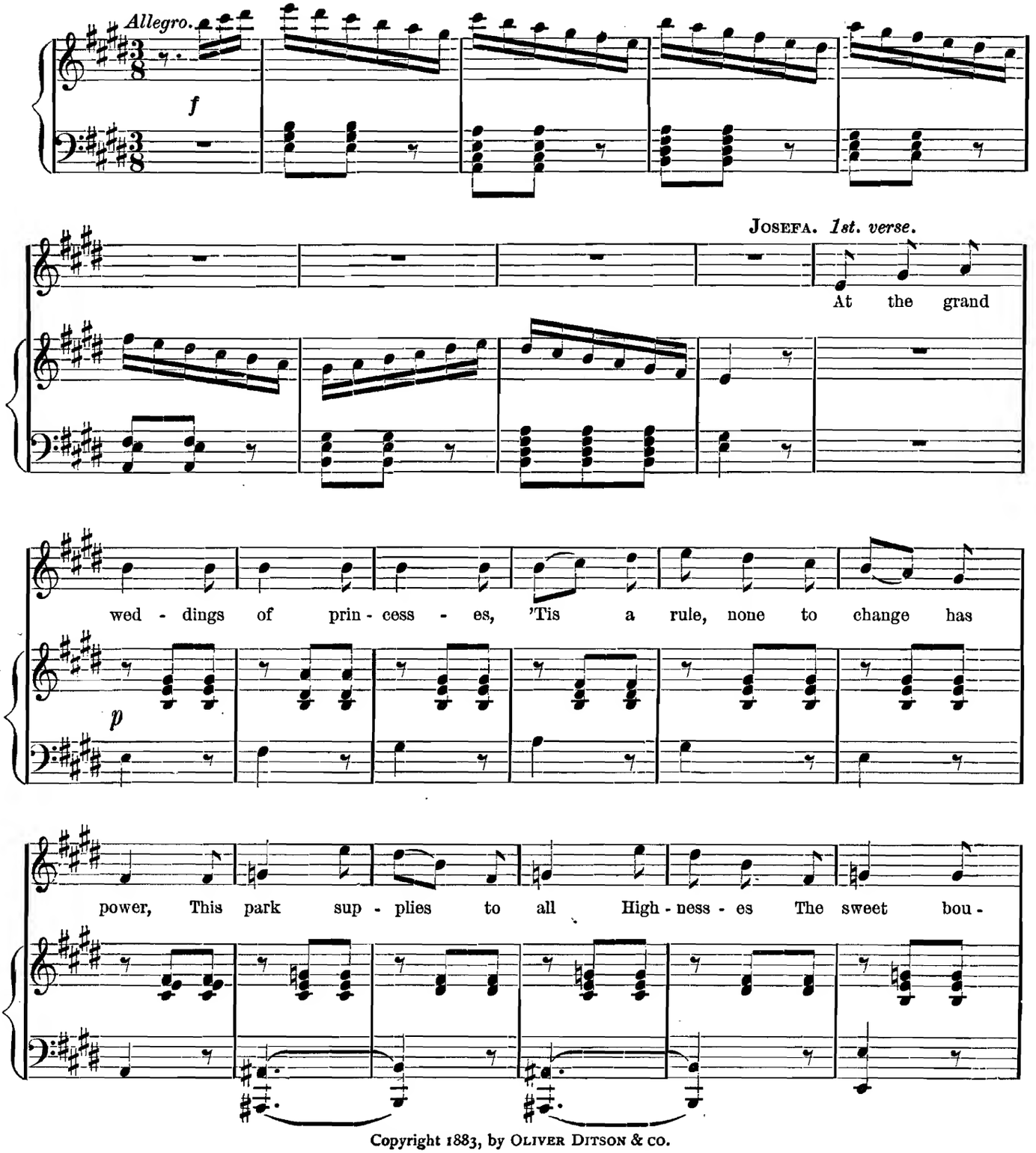
JOSEFA *continues to read, accompanied as before: The young girls who are to be married on this festal occasion, will, according to custom, be married at the treasury's expense, and in the evening, during the bridal feast, they will wait upon the Princess, our august daughter.*




Jos.
Meanwhile, we all..... will gather
try.
dim.
now..... These blos-soms sweet, of snow - y white - - ness, For
Soprano.
'tis our pri - vi - lege, and cus - tom thro' po - lite - ness. What is this cus -


How now; how now! do you not of it know?
- tom?
Faith, not
p
Two Others.
Two Others.
f Tutti.
I!
Nor do I!
Nor do I
No, nor
Another.
Two Others.
f
Nor do I,
Nor do I,
No, nor
f
Jos.
Well, then, give heed,.....
While I shall show.
I.

AT THE GRAND WEDDINGS.



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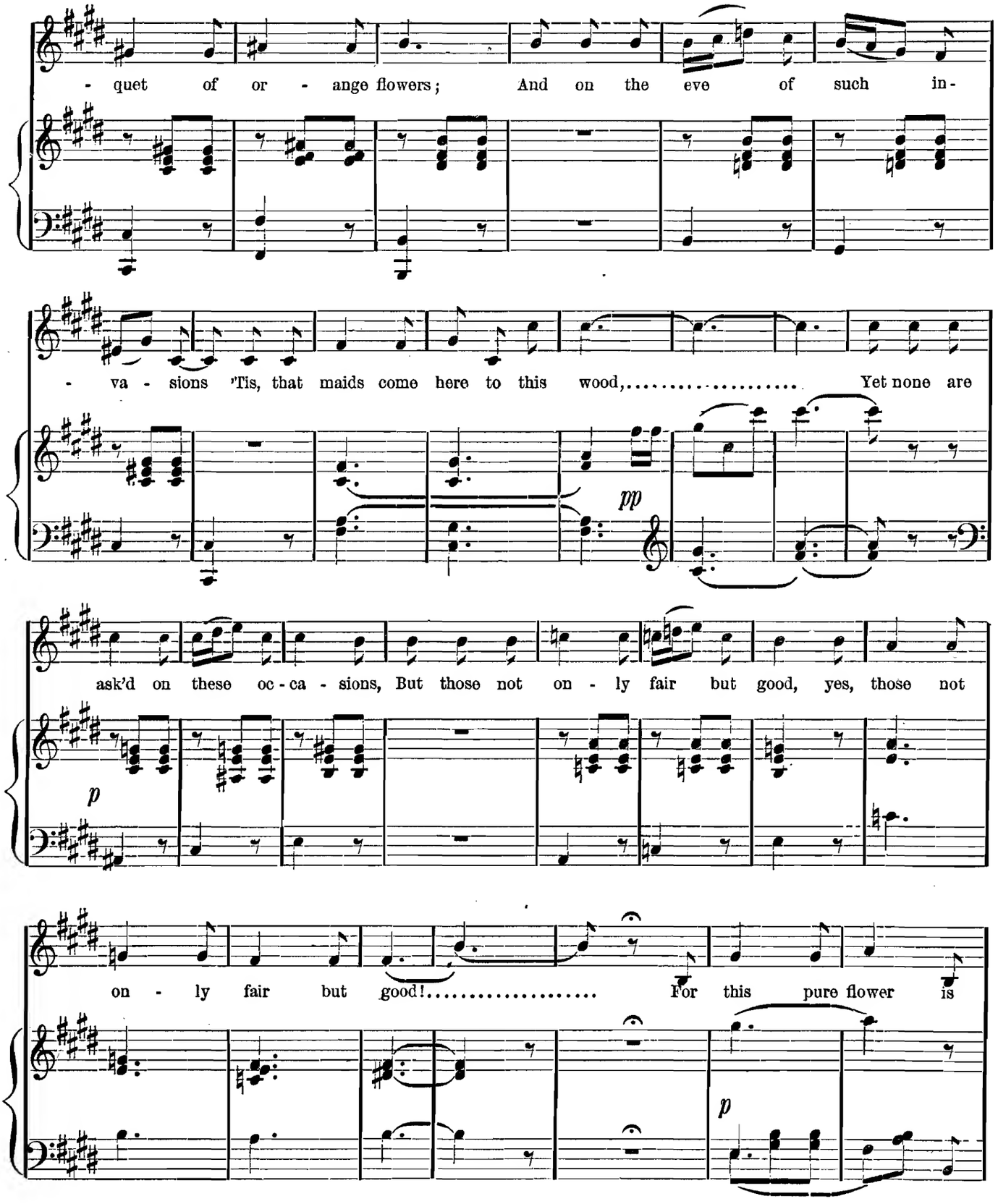
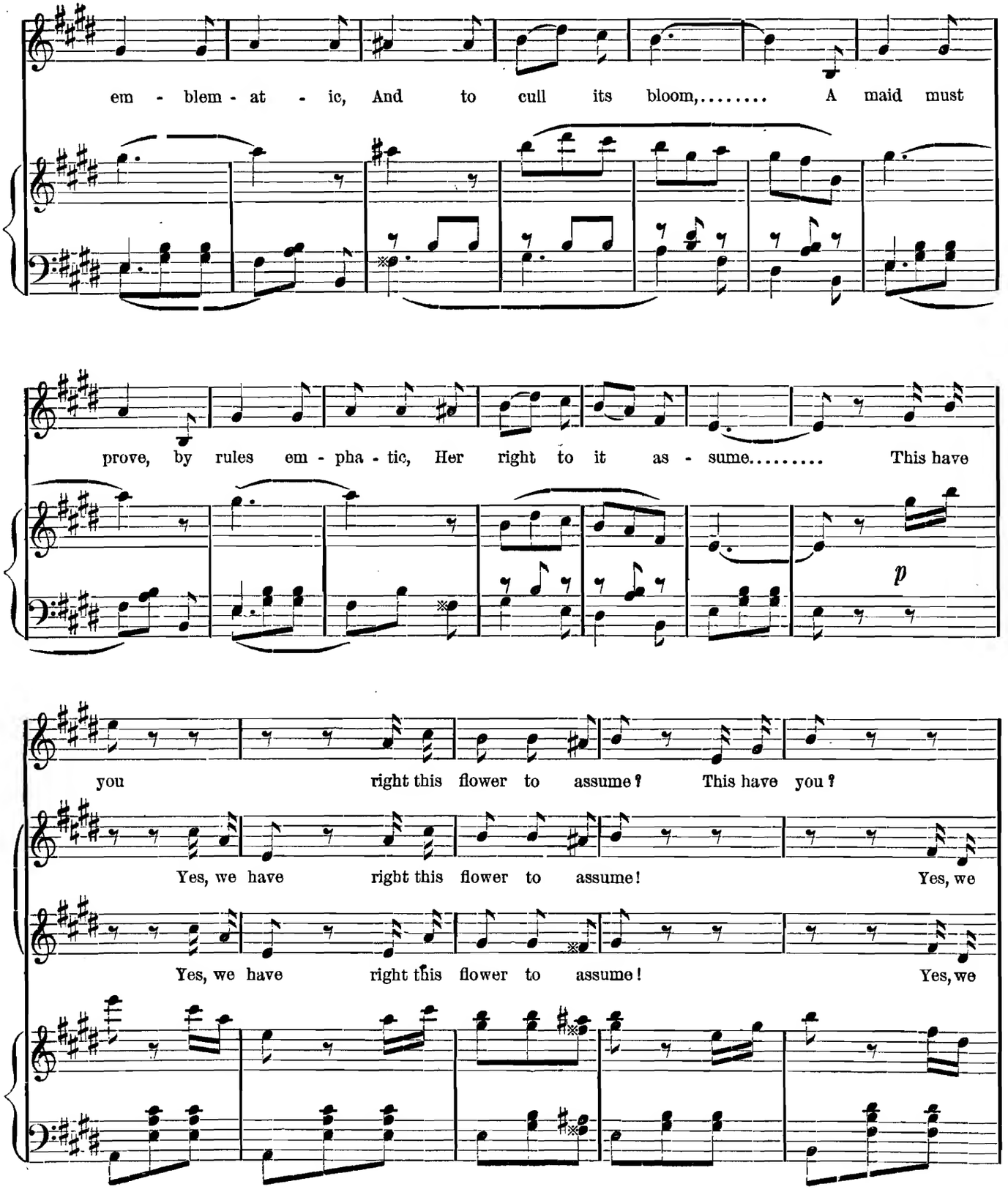
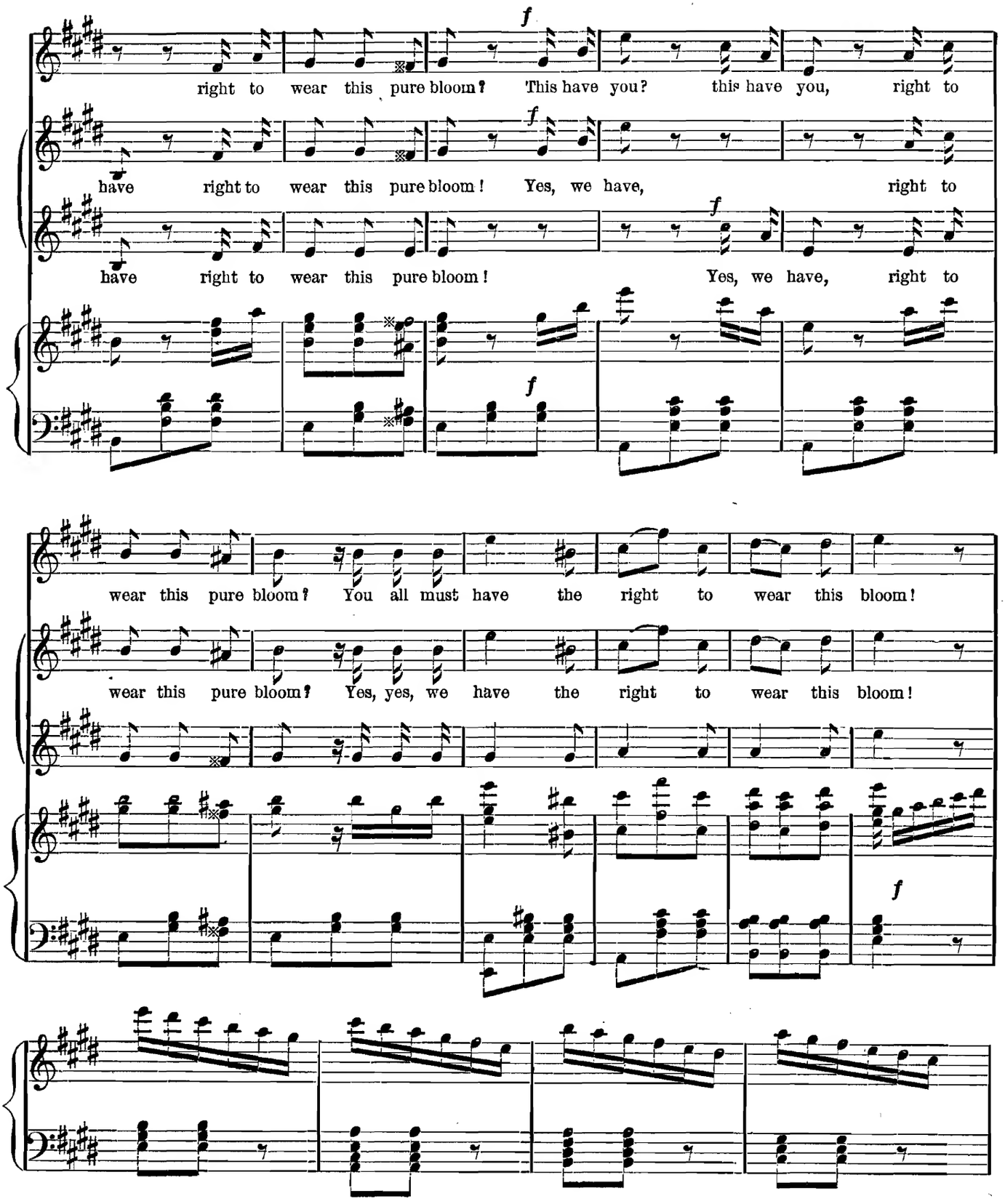
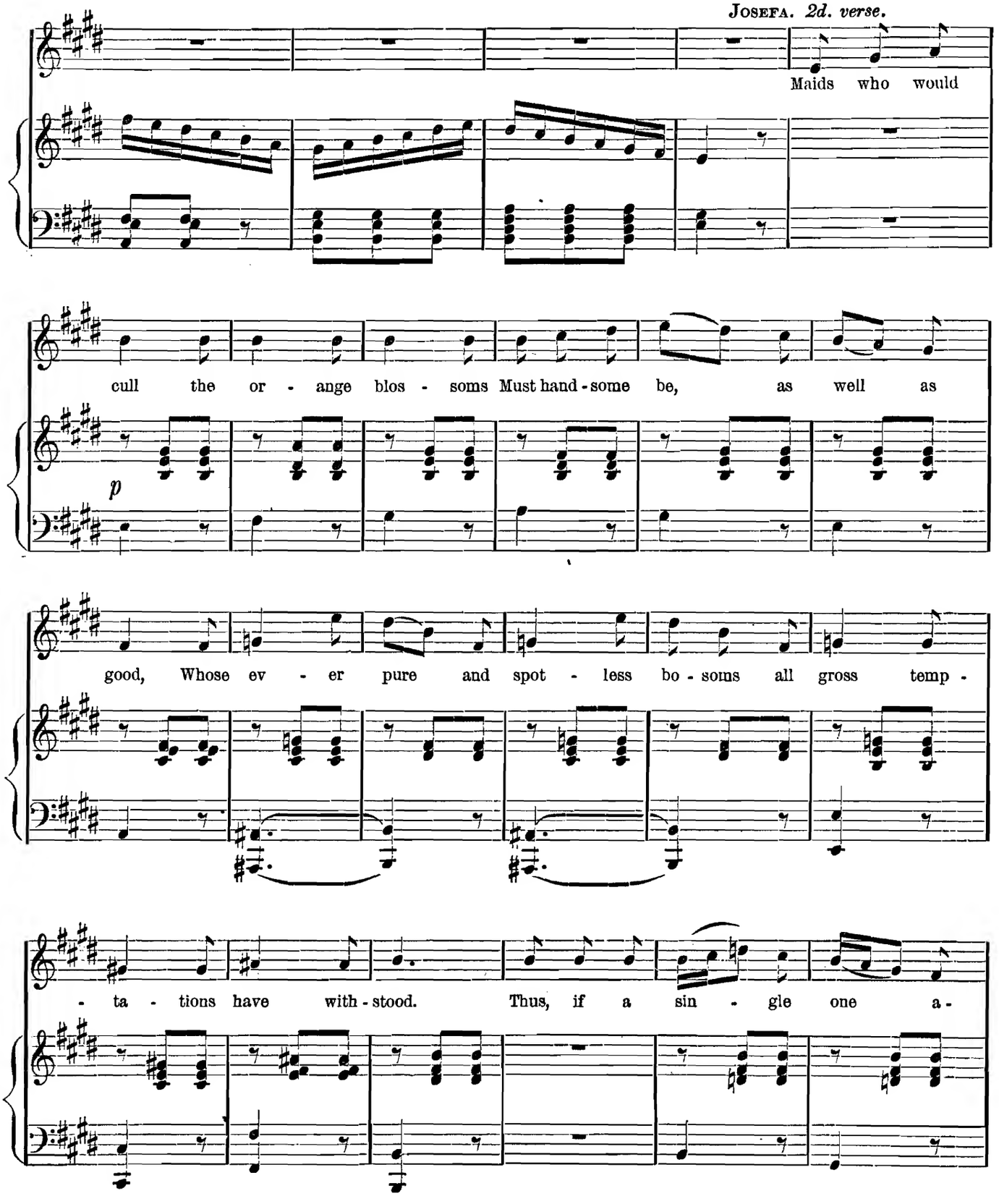
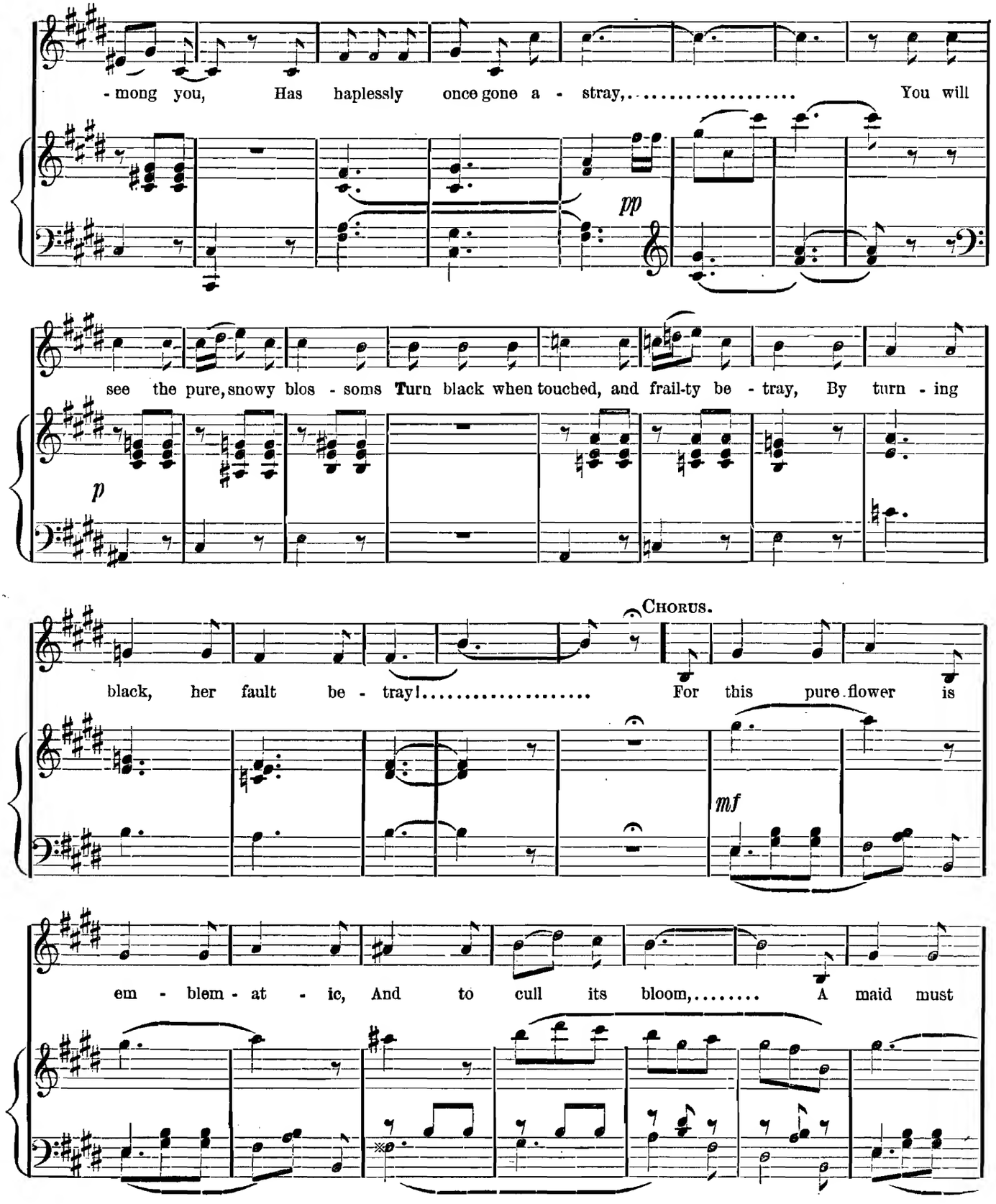
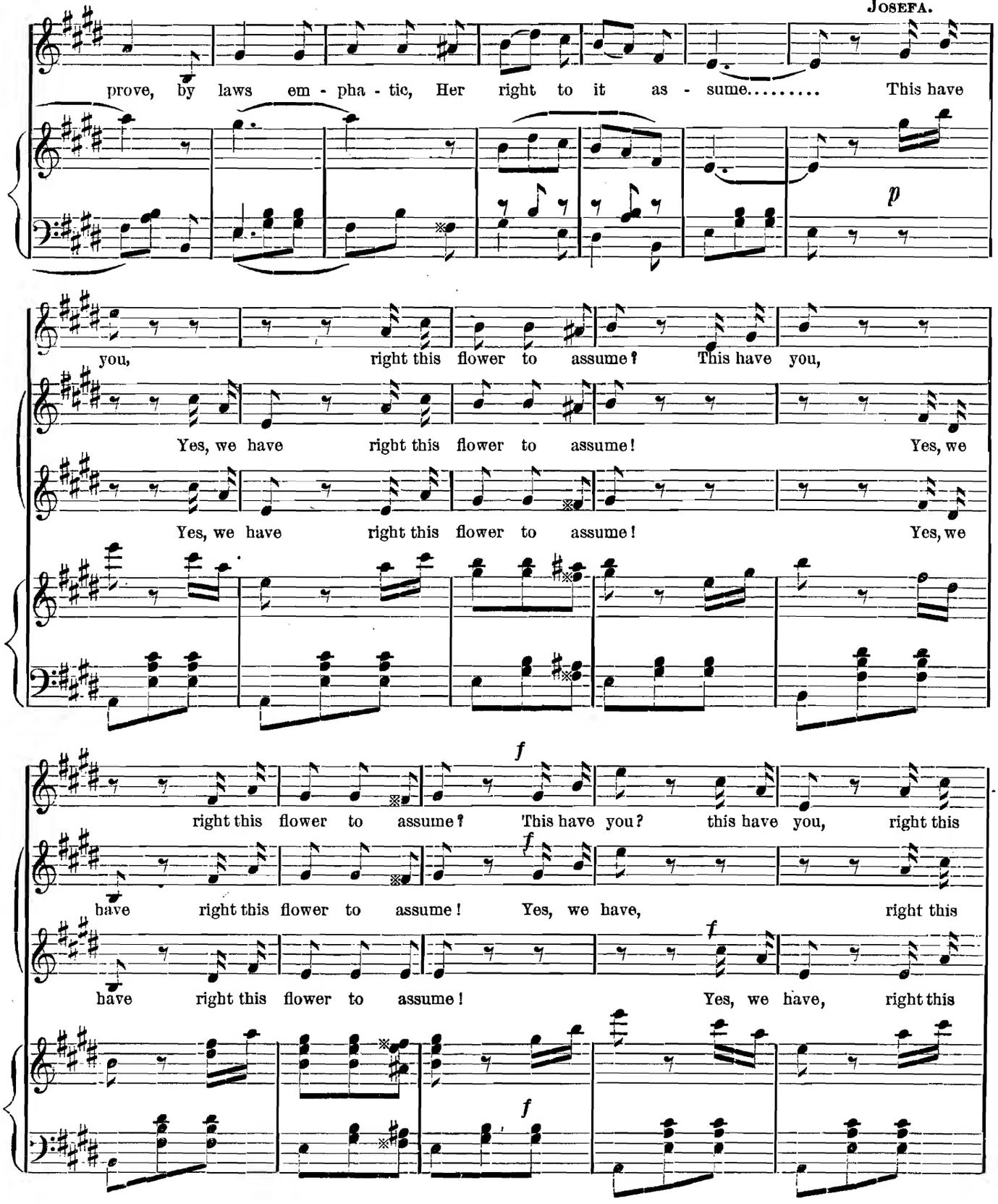

- quet of or - ange flowers; And on the eve of such in-
- va - sions 'Tis, that maids come here to this wood,..... Yet none are
pp
ask'd on these oc - ca - sions, But those not on - ly fair but good, yes, those not
p
on - ly fair but good!..... For this pure flower is
p


em - blem - at - ic, And to cull its bloom,..... A maid must
prove, by rules em - pha - tic, Her right to it as - sume..... This have
p
you right this flower to assume? This have you?
Yes, we have right this flower to assume! Yes, we
Yes, we have right this flower to assume! Yes, we


f
right to wear this pure bloom? This have you? this have you, right to
f
have right to wear this pure bloom! Yes, we have, right to
f
have right to wear this pure bloom! Yes, we have, right to
f
wear this pure bloom? You all must have the right to wear this bloom!
wear this pure bloom? Yes, yes, we have the right to wear this bloom!
f


JOSEFA. 2d. verse.
Maids who would
cull the or - ange blos - soms Must hand - some be, as well as
p
good, Whose ev - er pure and spot - less bo - soms all gross temp -
- ta - tions have with - stood. Thus, if a sin - gle one a -


-mong you, Has haplessly once gone a - stray,..... You will
pp
see the pure, snowy blos - soms Turn black when touched, and frail-ty be - tray, By turn - ing
p
Chorus.
black, her fault be - tray!..... For this pure flower is
mf
em - blem - at - ic, And to cull its bloom,..... A maid must


JOSEFA.
prove, by laws em - pha - tic, Her right to it as - sume..... This have
p
you, right this flower to assume? This have you,
Yes, we have right this flower to assume! Yes, we
Yes, we have right this flower to assume! Yes, we
f
right this flower to assume? This have you? this have you, right this
f
have right this flower to assume! Yes, we have, right this
f
have right this flower to assume! Yes, we have, right this
f

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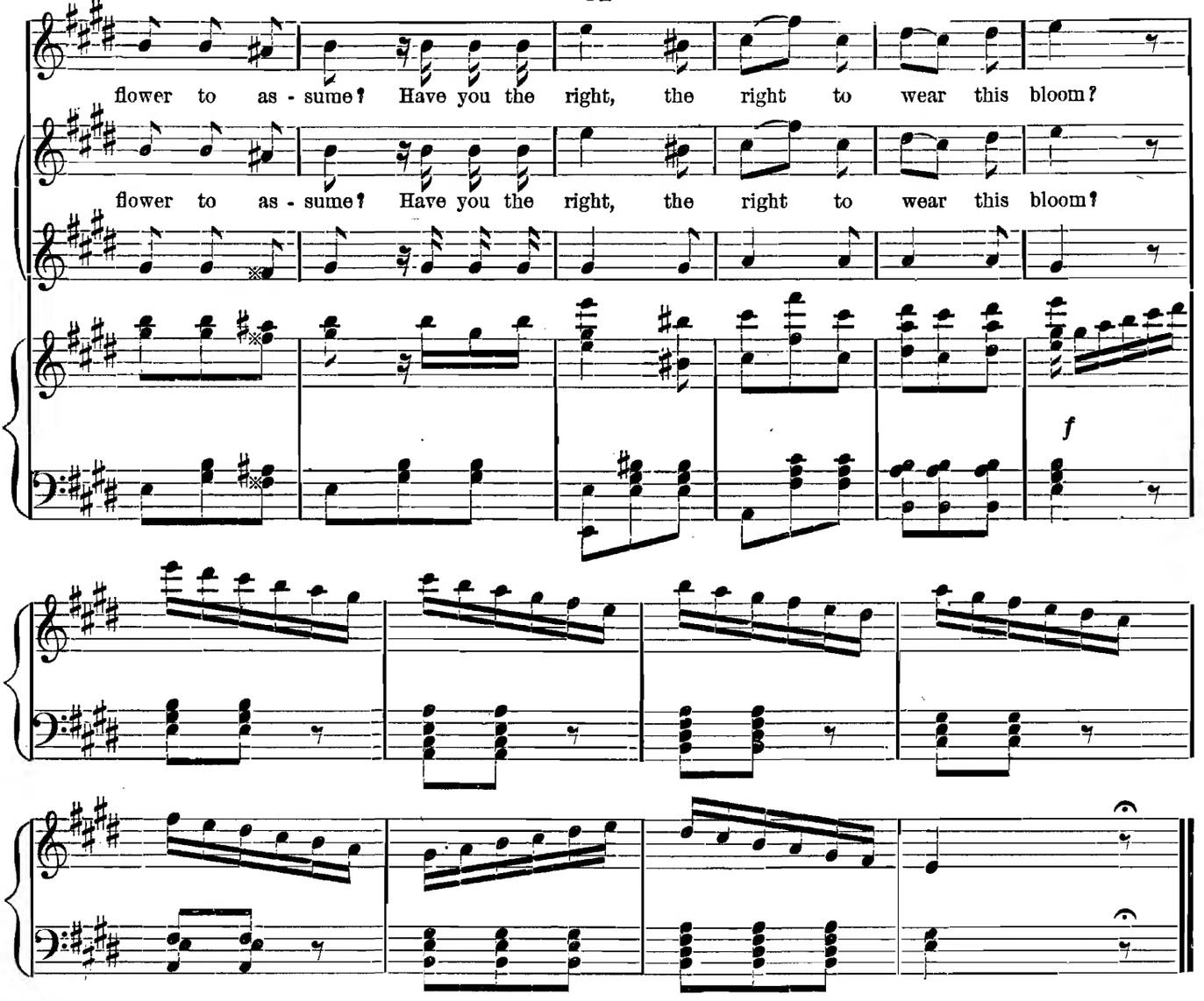
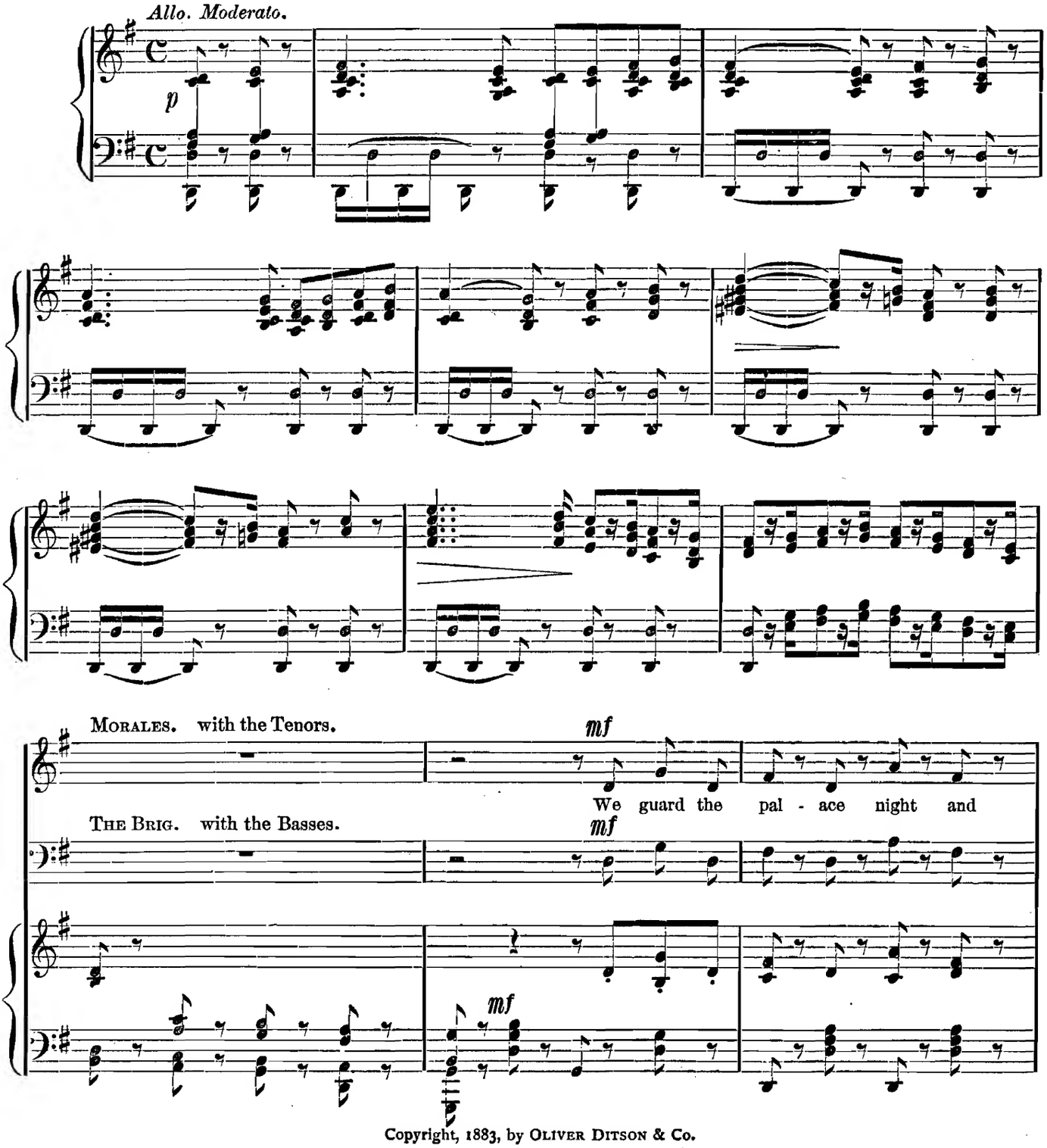


ANITA. Ah! mon Dieu! is all that true?
JOSEFA. Well! perhaps— are you afraid? (*Laughter.*)
CHORUS. (*Resumes.*) For this pure flower, &c.
ANITA. I really think it is a great honor to be married at the government's expense.
PEPA. And to gather from the same orange-trees the princess' bouquet and our own.
DOLORES. But they say that in other times, they gave a dowry besides.
JOSEFA. I have heard it said, by my father, who was gardener to the palace.
INEZ. That was a good custom— and we must get up a petition for its renewal.
ANITA. Look here, Josefa, you are not going to be married, and have no interest in the matter, but you ought, all the same, to get it up for us.
ALL. Yes, yes!
JOSEFA. I should like nothing better. (*Goes into the house for writing materials.*)
DOLORES. How shall we word it?
INEZ. Put it in the smallest possible shape— great people are always in a hurry.
ANITA. Yes, but we must put everything in, meanwhile. (*They all group themselves around* JOSEFA, *who has returned with pen, ink and paper, and has seated herself at a rustic table*)
PEPA. It is a simple matter!
DOLORES. We are young brides— (JOSEFA *writes.*)
INES. Each about to take a husband—
PEPA. We are not rich—
ANITA. To establish ourselves, there are expenses to be met.
DOLORES. Oh! yes, indeed there are—
PEPA. But when there is a dowry—
ANITA. It is the best aid to happiness in the house—
PEPA. Of course—
JOSEFA. (*Who has written it all.*) Well, that is very well.
DOLORES. You think so?
JOSEFA. Certainly!
INEZ. Let us sign it then.
ALL. Yes, let us sign it. (*They all sign it.*)
ANITA. How shall we send it to the princess?
PEPA. Simply enough; when we go to carry our flowers. (*They take up their baskets*)
DOLORES. That is perfect— in the midst of flowers—
JOSEFA. (*Looking to the right.*) Here are the palace guards! Be off with you!
ANITA. All right! And we'll come and give an account of our embassy. (*They go off, carrying their flowers.* JOSEFA *returns to the house.*)

WE GUARD THE PALACE.

No. 2. Guards' Chorus.

SCENE III. BRIGADIER BALDOREMO and MORALES



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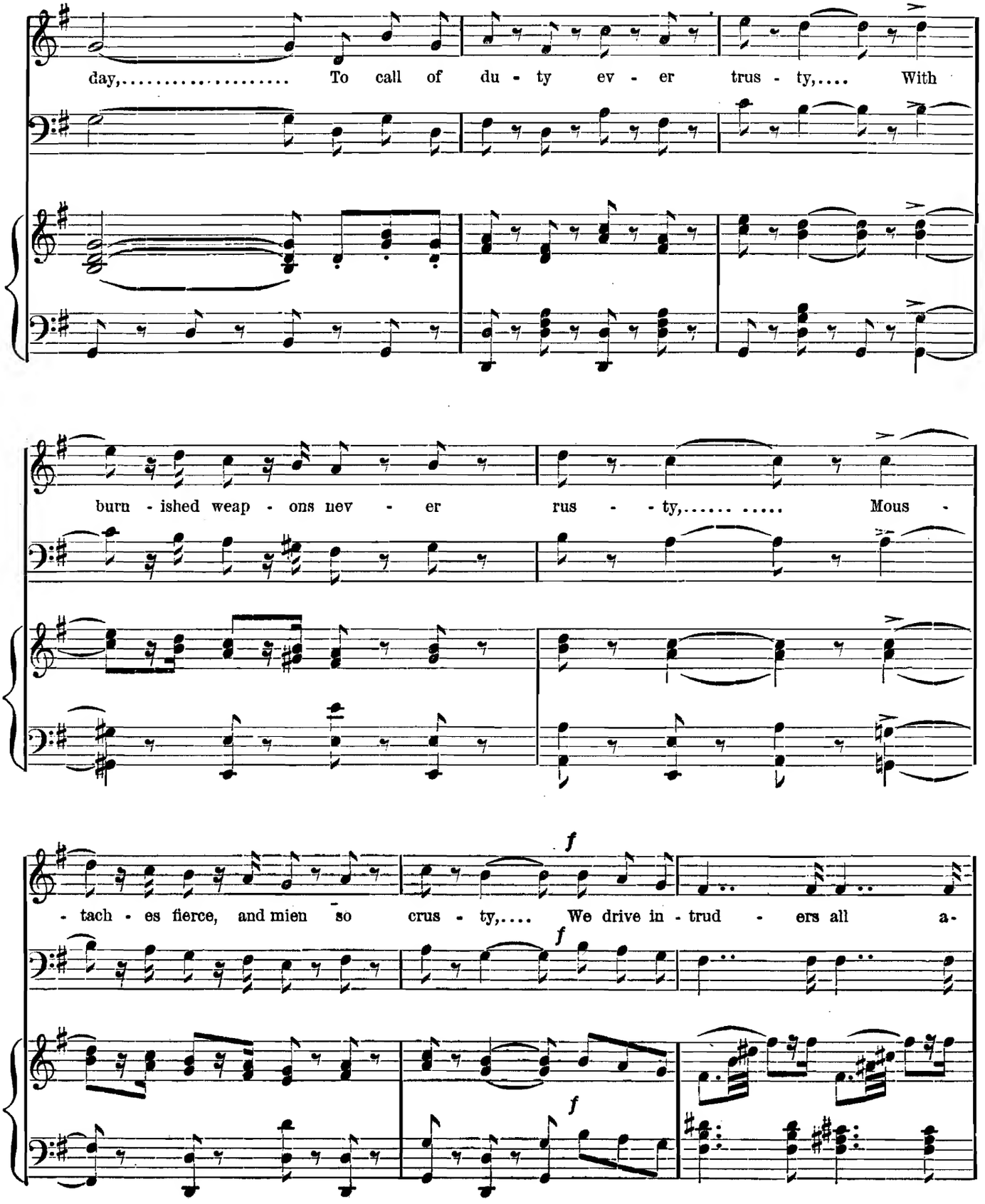
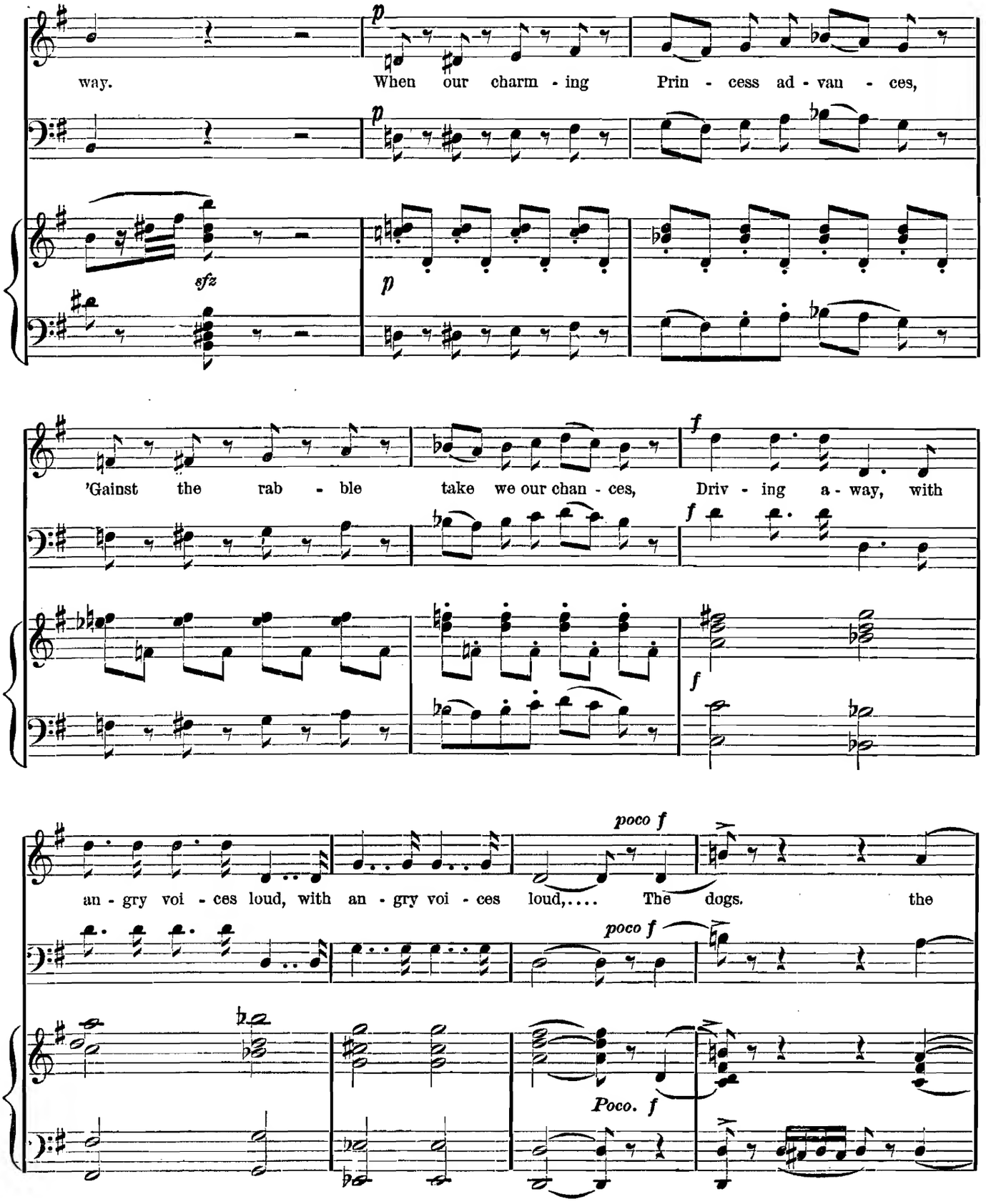
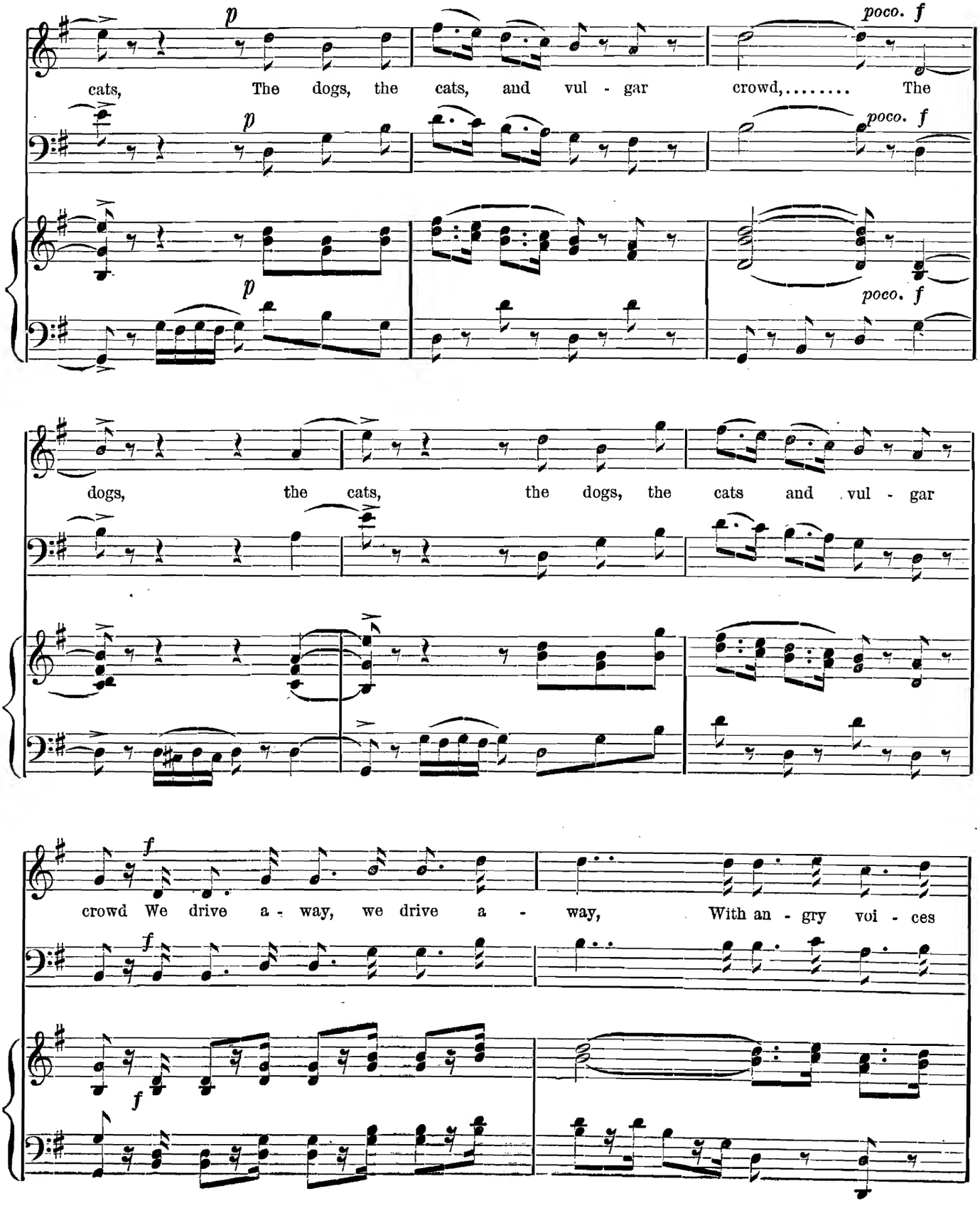
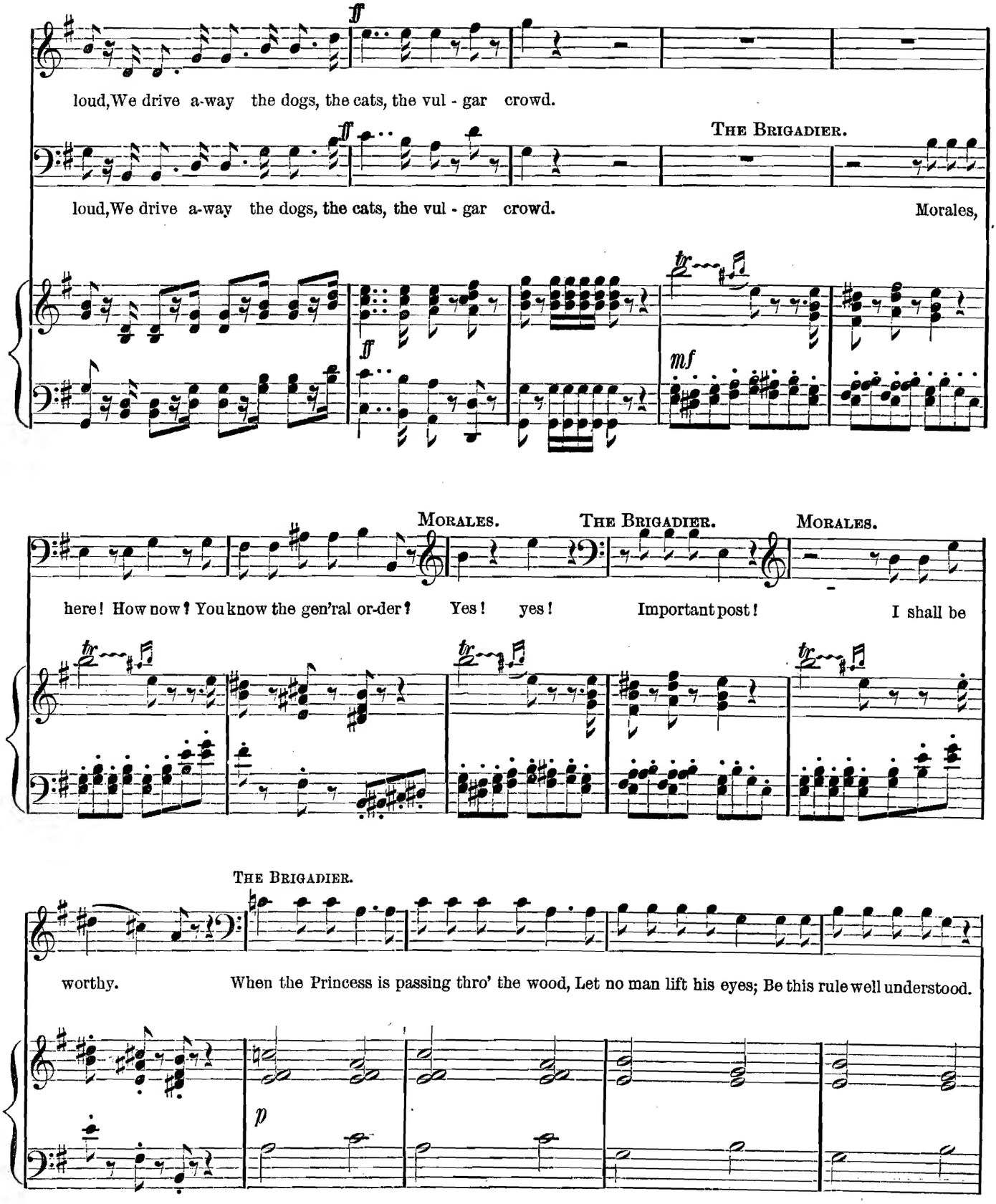
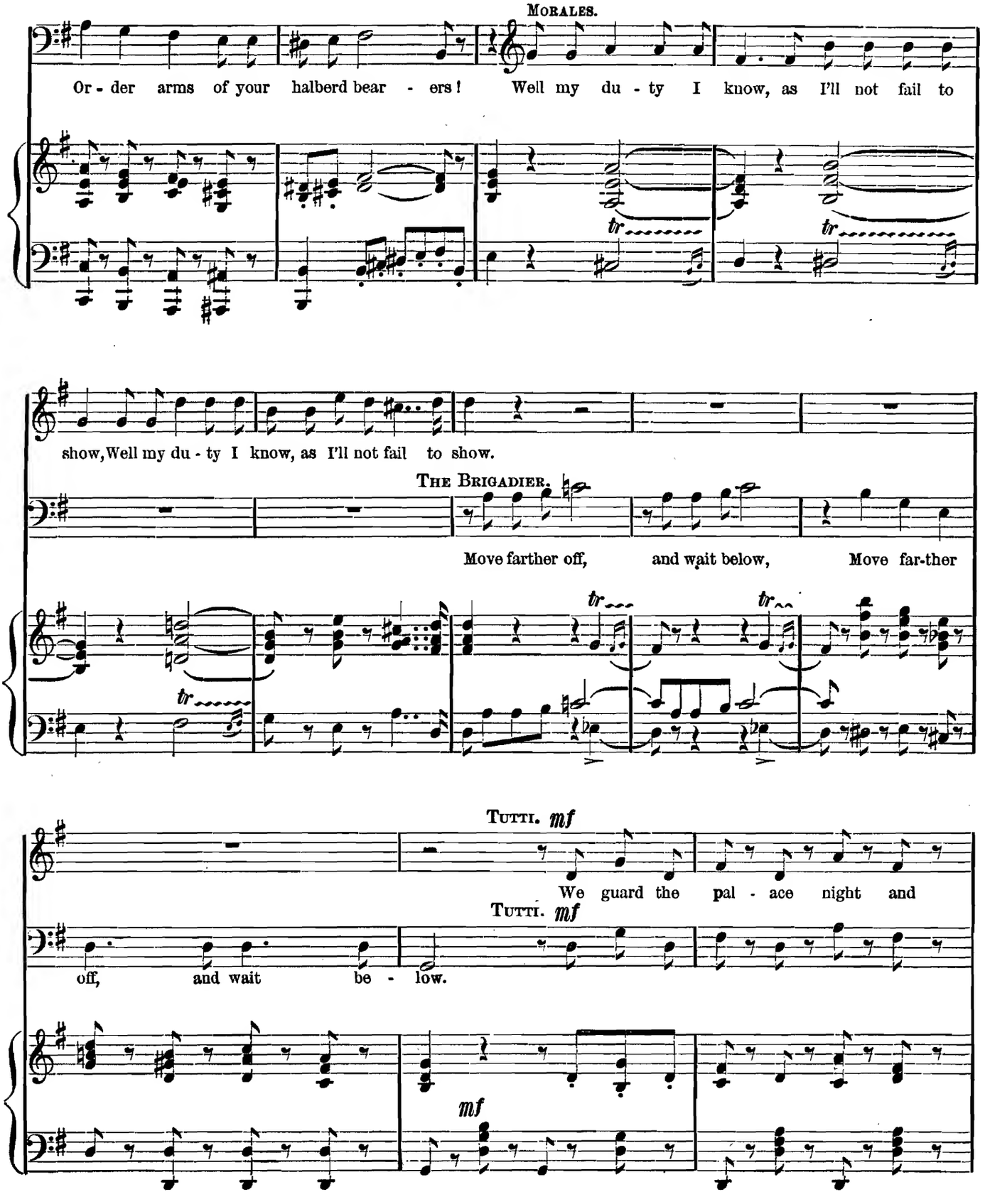
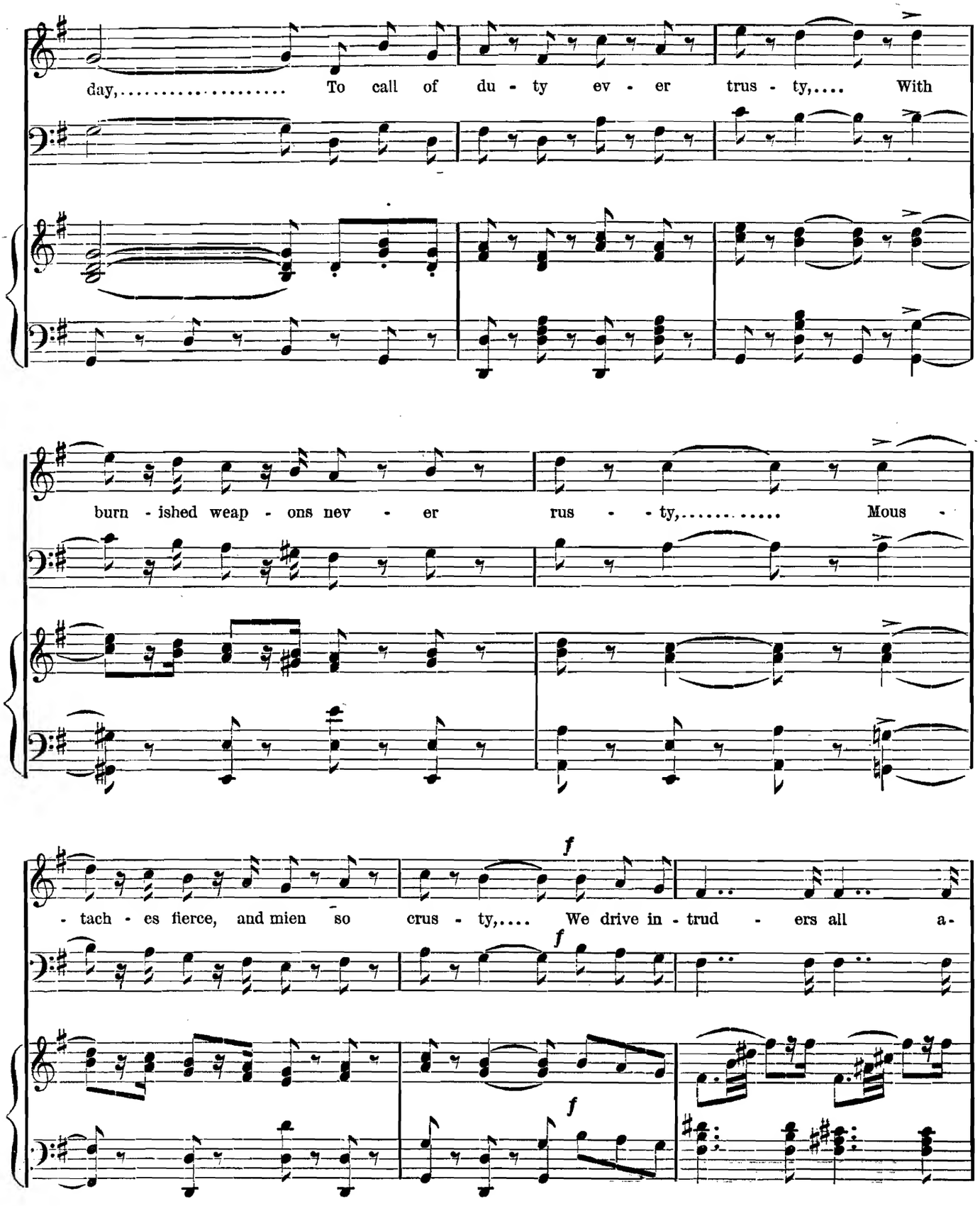

day,..... To call of du - ty ev - er trus - ty,.... With
burn - ished weap - ons nev - er rus - - ty,..... ..... Mous -
f
- tach - es fierce, and mien so crus - ty,.... We drive in - trud - ers all a-
f
f

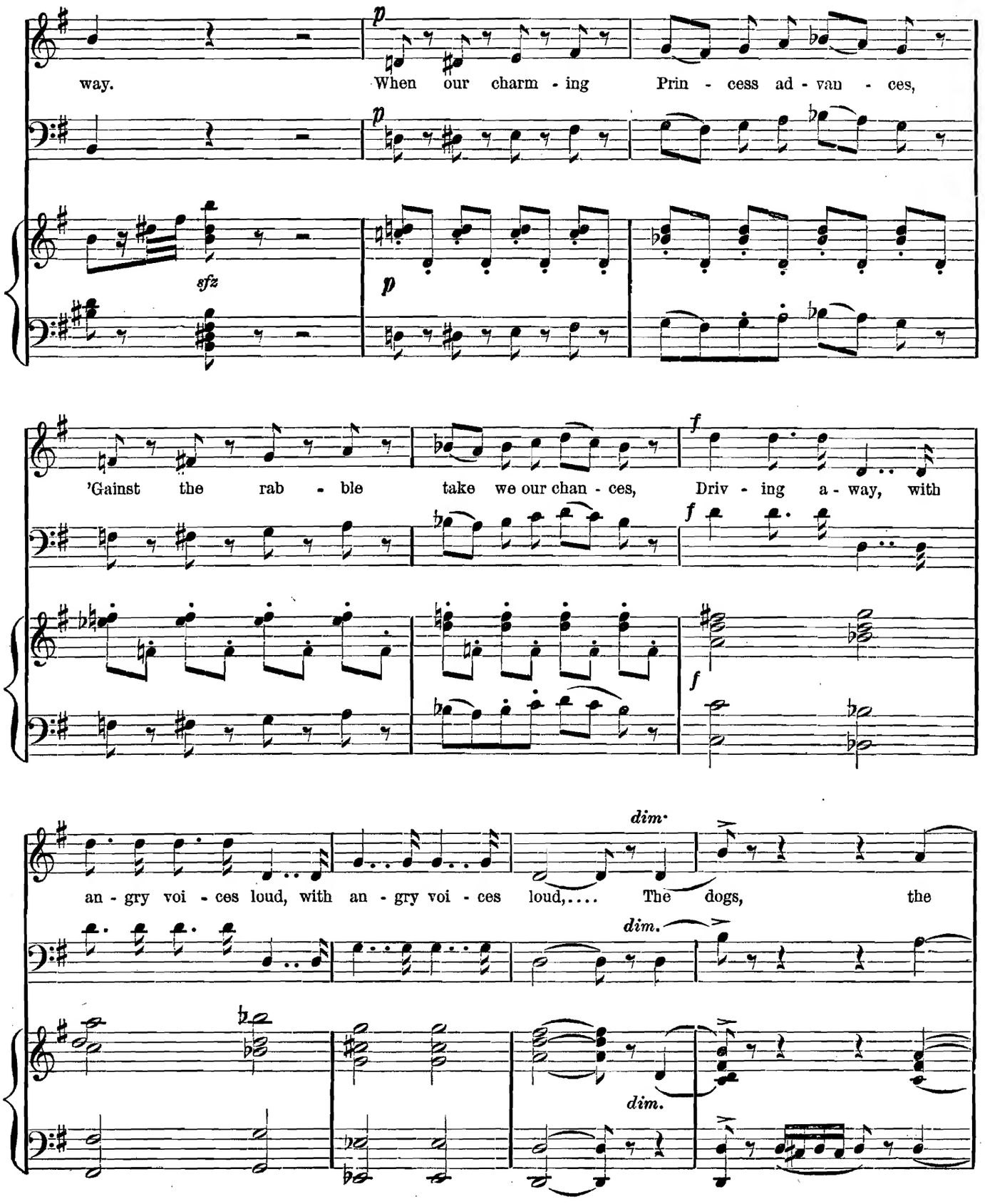

way.
When our charm - ing Prin - cess ad - van - ces,
'Gainst the rab - ble take we our chan - ces, Driv - ing a - way, with
an - gry voi - ces loud, with an - gry voi - ces loud,.... The dogs. the
p
sfz
f
poco f
Poco. f

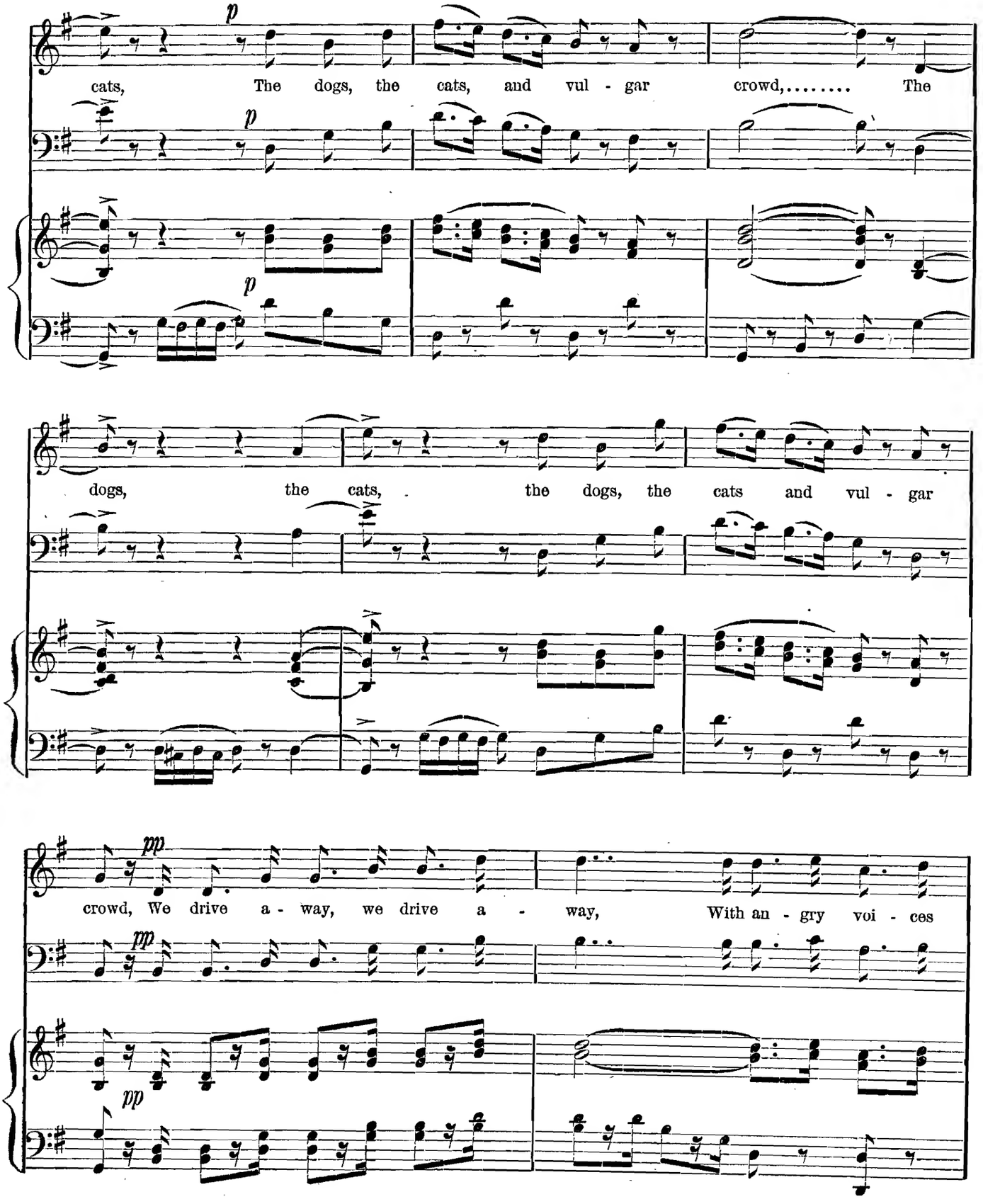

p
poco. f
cats, The dogs, the cats, and vul - gar crowd,..... The
dogs, the cats, the dogs, the cats and vul - gar
f
crowd We drive a - way, we drive a - way, With an - gry voi - ces

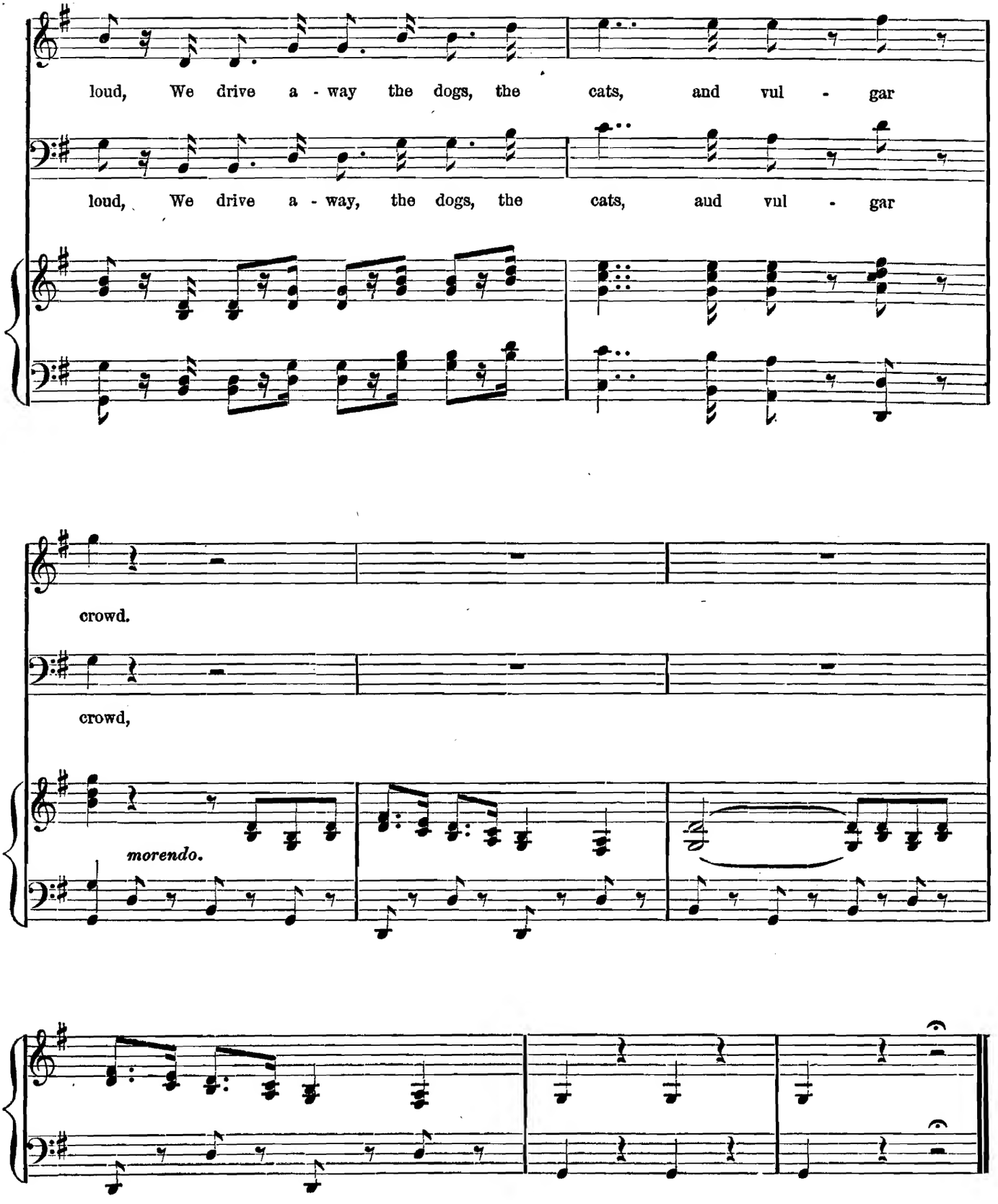

ff
loud, We drive a-way the dogs, the cats, the vul - gar crowd.
THE BRIGADIER.
ff
loud, We drive a-way the dogs, the cats, the vul - gar crowd.
Morales,
ff
mf
MORALES.
THE BRIGADIER.
MORALES.
here! How now? You know the gen'ral or-der? Yes! yes! Important post! I shall be
THE BRIGADIER.
worthy. When the Princess is passing thro' the wood, Let no man lift his eyes; Be this rule well understood.
p


MORALES.
Or - der arms of your halberd bear - ers! Well my du - ty I know, as I'll not fail to
show, Well my du - ty I know, as I'll not fail to show.
THE BRIGADIER.
Move farther off, and wait below, Move far-ther
TUTTI. mf
We guard the pal - ace night and
TUTTI. mf
off, and wait be - low.
mf


day,..... To call of du - ty ev - er trus - ty,.... With
burn - ished weap - ons nev - er rus - - ty,..... Mous -
f
- tach - es fierce, and mien so crus - ty,.... We drive in - trud - ers all a-
f
f


way.
When our charm - ing Prin - cess ad - van - ces,
'Gainst the rab - ble take we our chan - ces, Driv - ing a - way, with
an - gry voi - ces loud, with an - gry voi - ces loud,.... The dogs, the
p
sfz
f
dim.


p
cats, The dogs, the cats, and vul - gar crowd,..... The
p
p
dogs, the cats, the dogs, the cats and vul - gar
pp
pp
pp
crowd, We drive a - way, we drive a - way, With an - gry voi - ces


loud, We drive a - way the dogs, the cats, and vul - gar
loud, We drive a - way, the dogs, the cats, and vul - gar
crowd.
crowd,
morendo.

SCENE IV.—*Guards march off.* MORALES, *then* JOSEFA.

MOR. (*Stands sentry a moment, looks to the right and left, then, seeing no one, goes and knocks at the window of* JOSEFA.) Alone at last! Josefa, Josefa!

JOS. (*Opens the window.*) Morales, you here?

MOR. Yes, I arranged with my comrades to be placed as sentry under your window.

JOS. Ah! that is nice! The princess, then, is coming this way?

MOR. That is to say—they are going to bring her here. You know well enough that she is not allowed to take a single step without being accompanied by the Cam rera Major, and her maids of honor.

JOS. Yes, that is etiquette. No joke for her is that etiquette!

MOR. And that Camérera!—She is a nuisance; she is not a woman; she is a gendarme! If she saw me talking with you, she would have me put under arrest.

JOS. Beware of her!

MOR. I keep my eyes open. You understand that I have no desire to catch a punishment. That would retard still farther my advancement.

JOS. And thus postpone our marriage.

MOR. As you say—since my Colonel does not permit starting a household, except on an up-grade.

JOS. Simple guards must be patient waiters.

MOR. Or wait very impatiently. Oh! if I could but kiss you once.

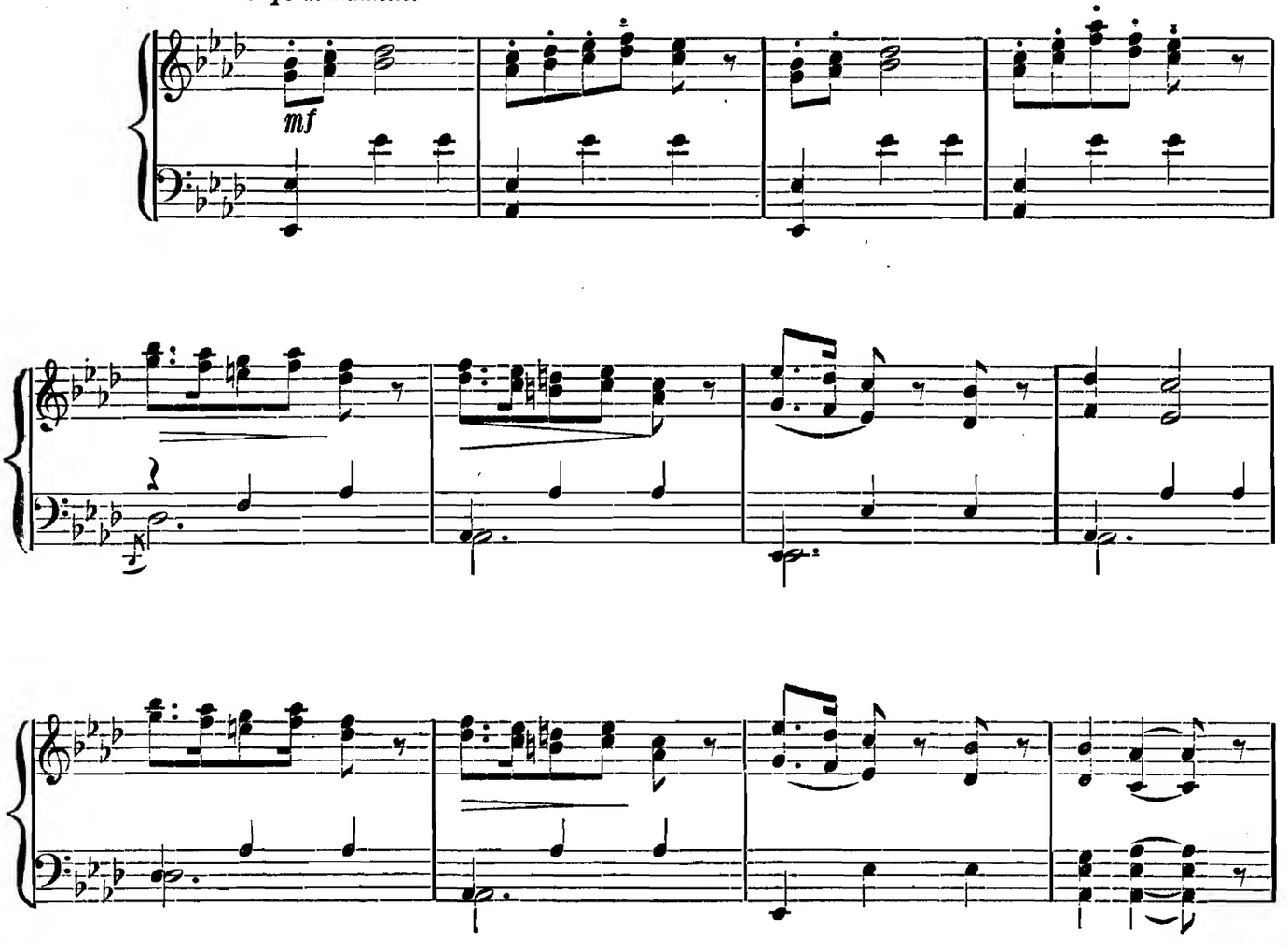
JOS. Take care, they are coming! (MORALES *runs off quickly, and goes off to resume his post.*)

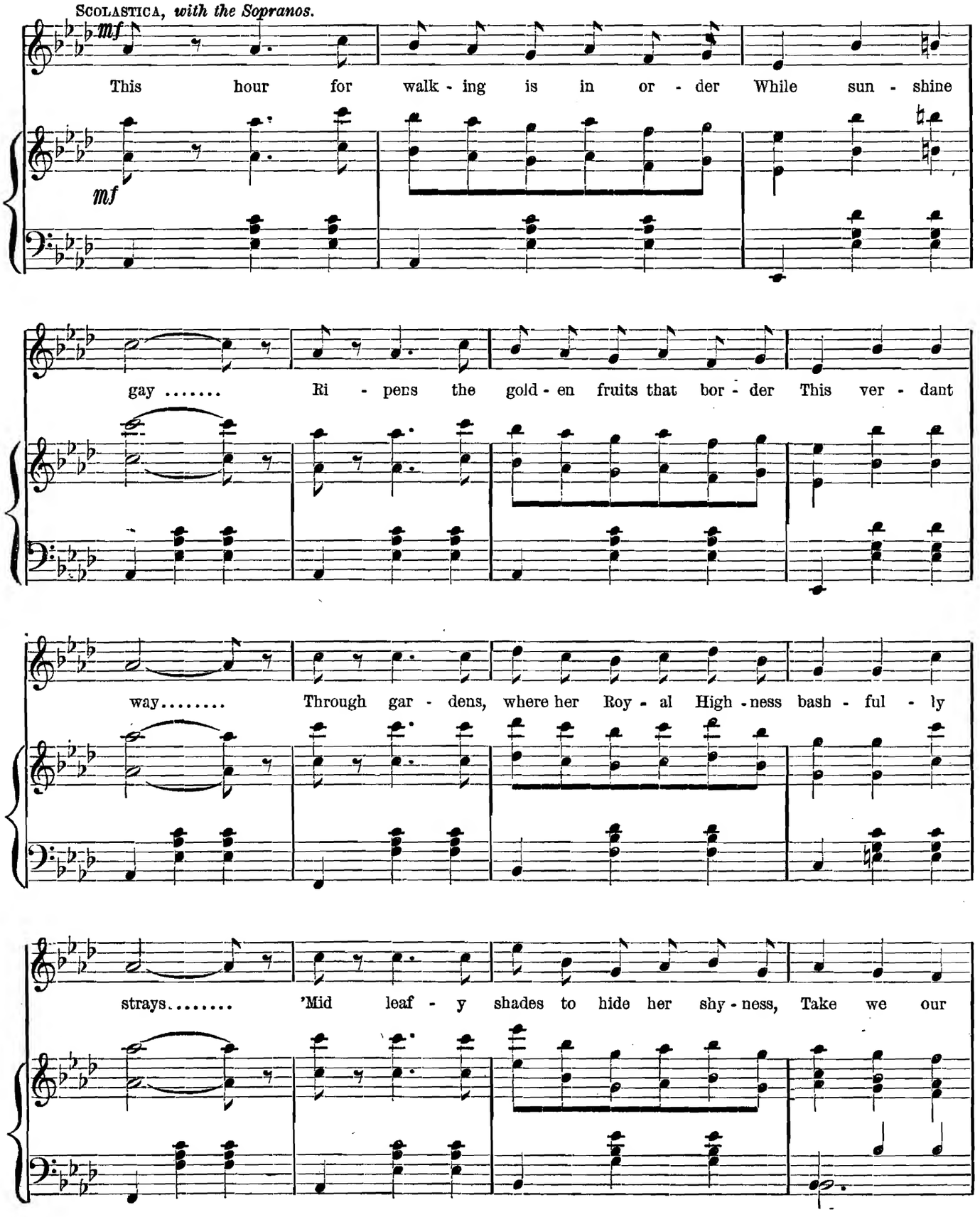
SCENE V.—*The* PRINCESS MICAELA, DONNA SCOLASTICA, BALLESTEROS, *Ladies in waiting, Pages.* MORALES *in the background, presents arms, motionless and silent all through the scene.*

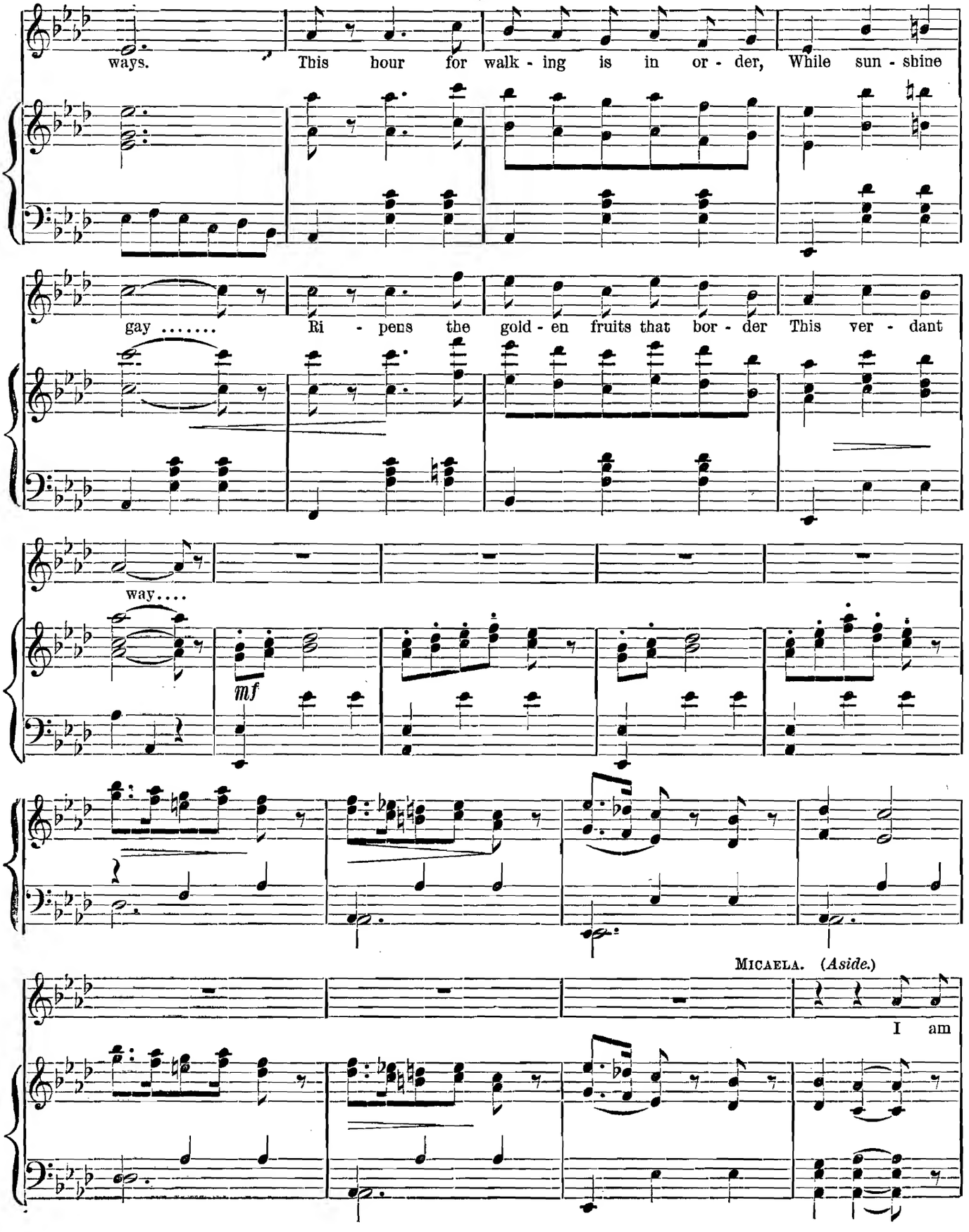
THIS HOUR FOR WALKING.

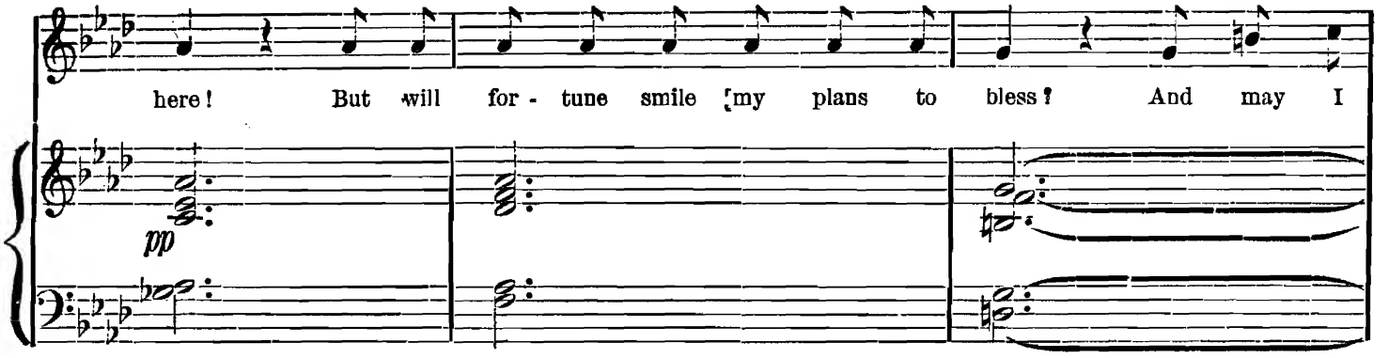
No. 3. Chorus and Melody.

Tempo di minuetto.

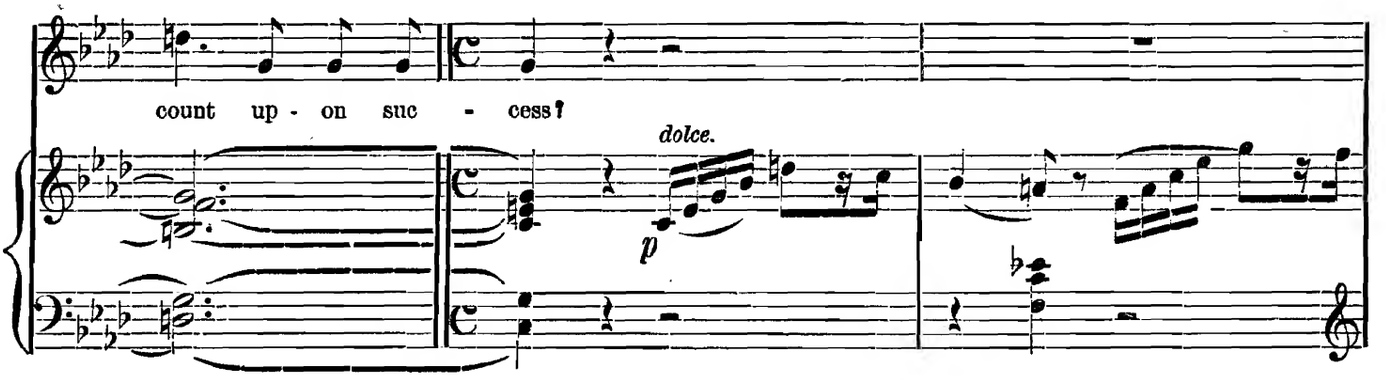


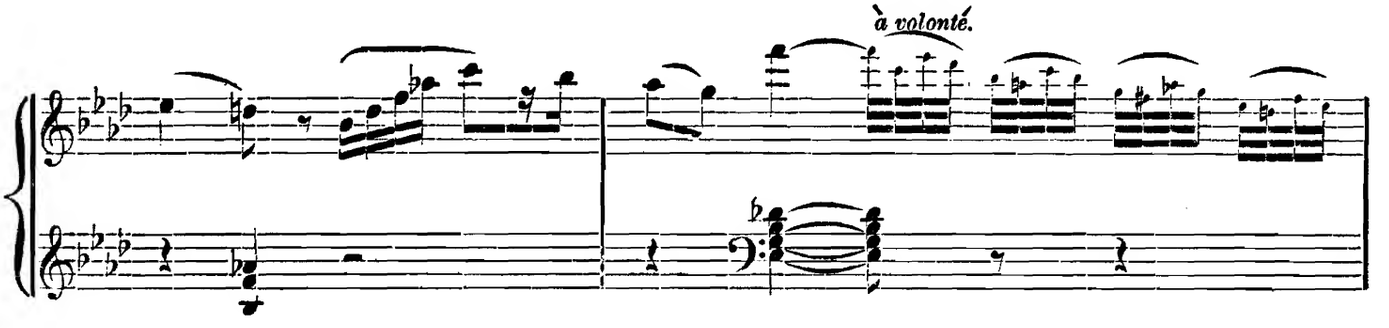

SCOLASTICA, with the Sopranos.
mf
This hour for walk - ing is in or - der While sun - shine
mf
gay ..... Ri - pens the gold - en fruits that bor - der This ver - dant
way..... Through gar - dens, where her Roy - al High - ness bash - ful - ly
strays..... 'Mid leaf - y shades to hide her shy - ness, Take we our

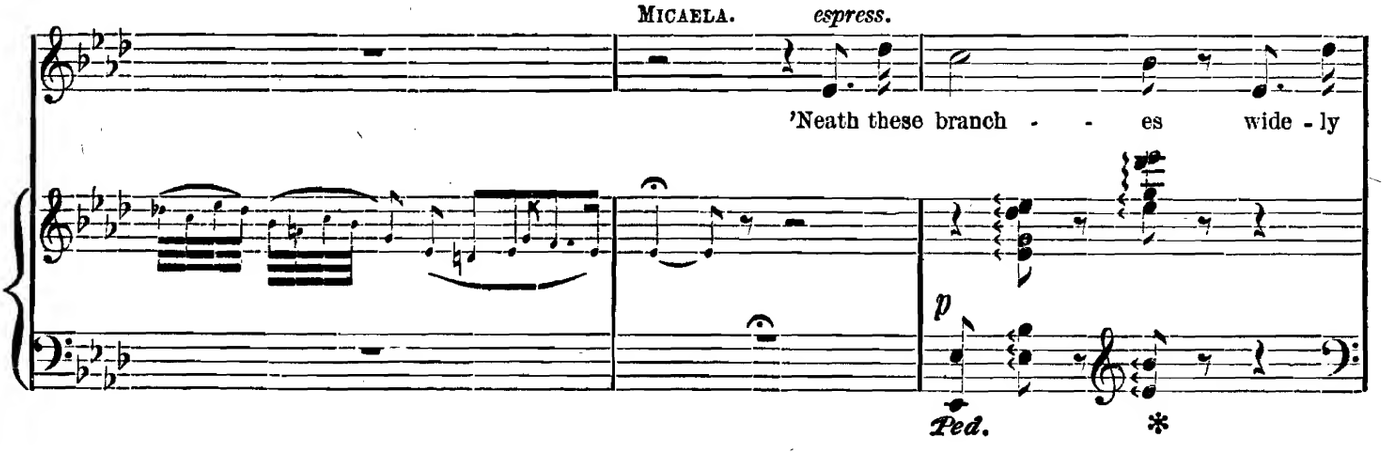

ways. This hour for walk - ing is in or - der, While sun - shine
gay ..... Ri - pens the gold - en fruits that bor - der This ver - dant
way....
mf
MICAELA. (Aside.)
I am

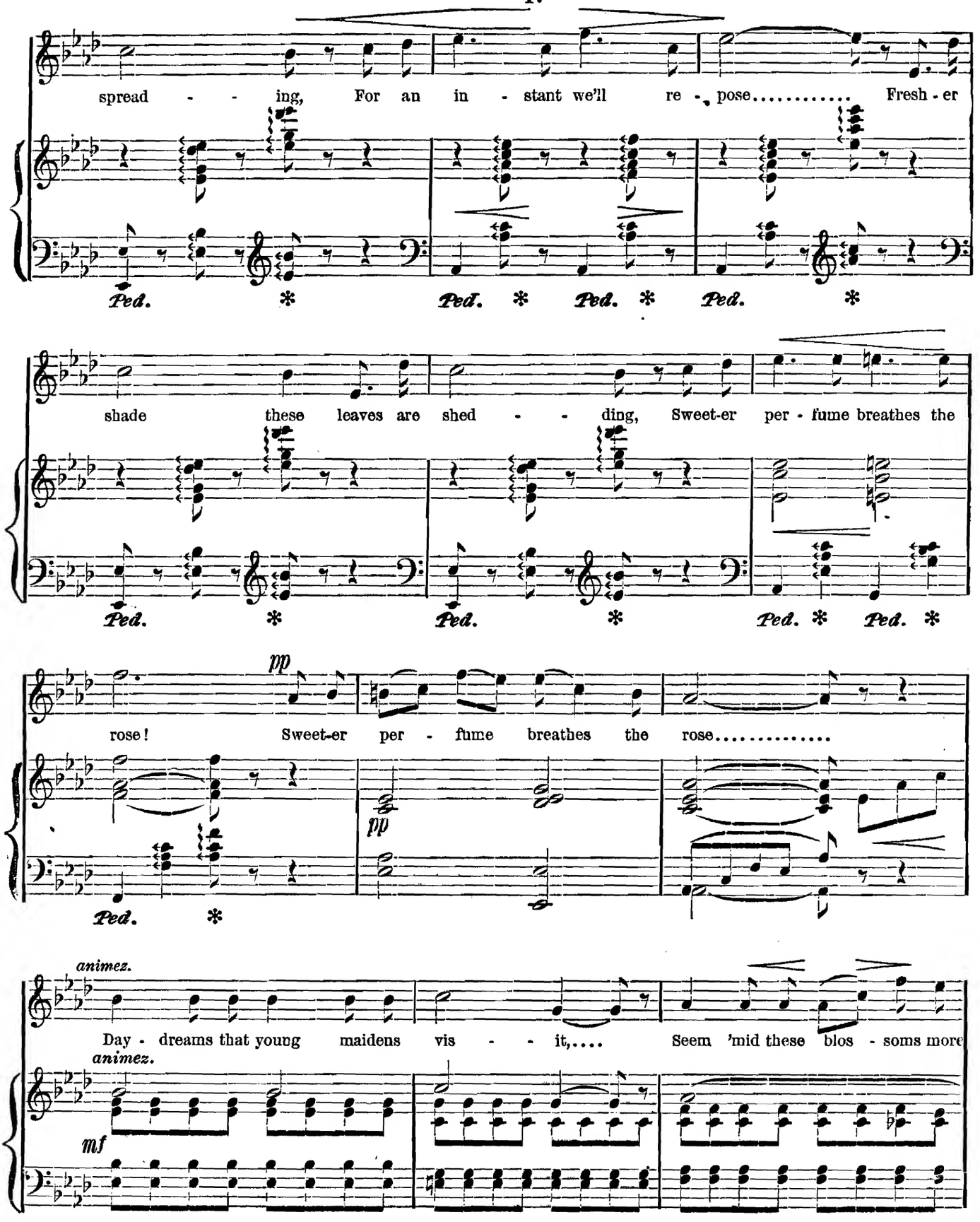

here! But will for - tune smile my plans to bless? And may I
pp

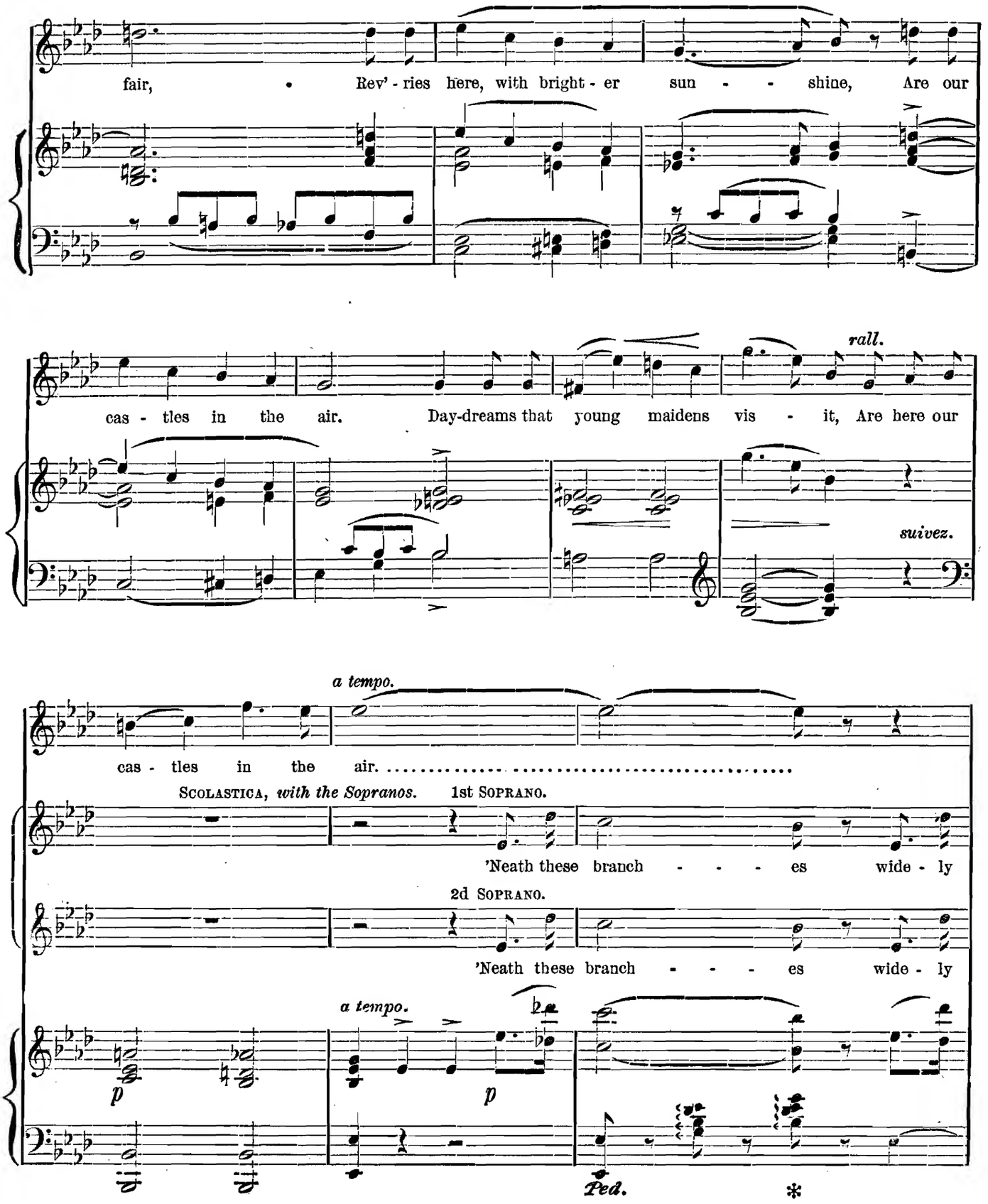
MELODIE.

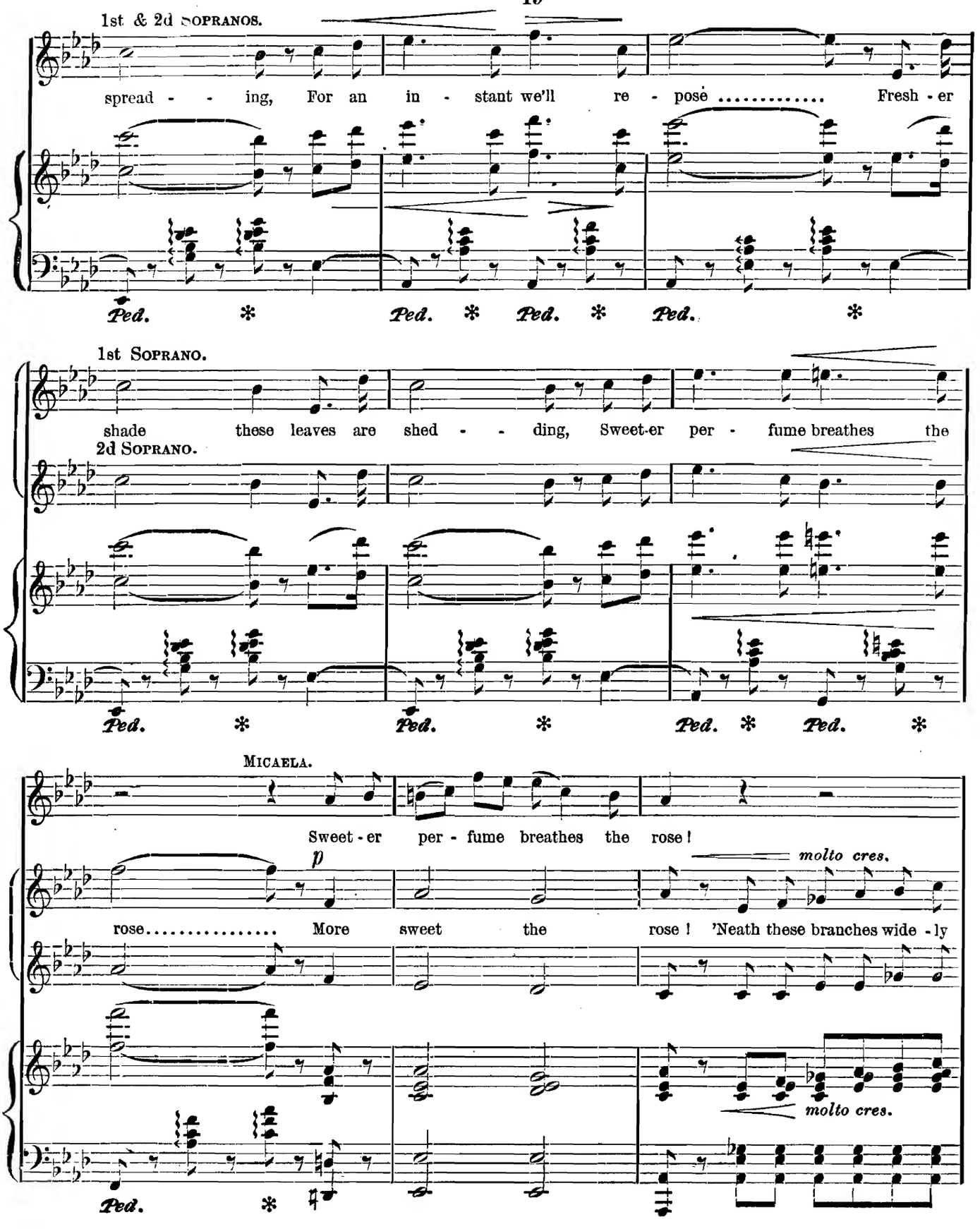

count up - on suc - cess?
dolce.
p

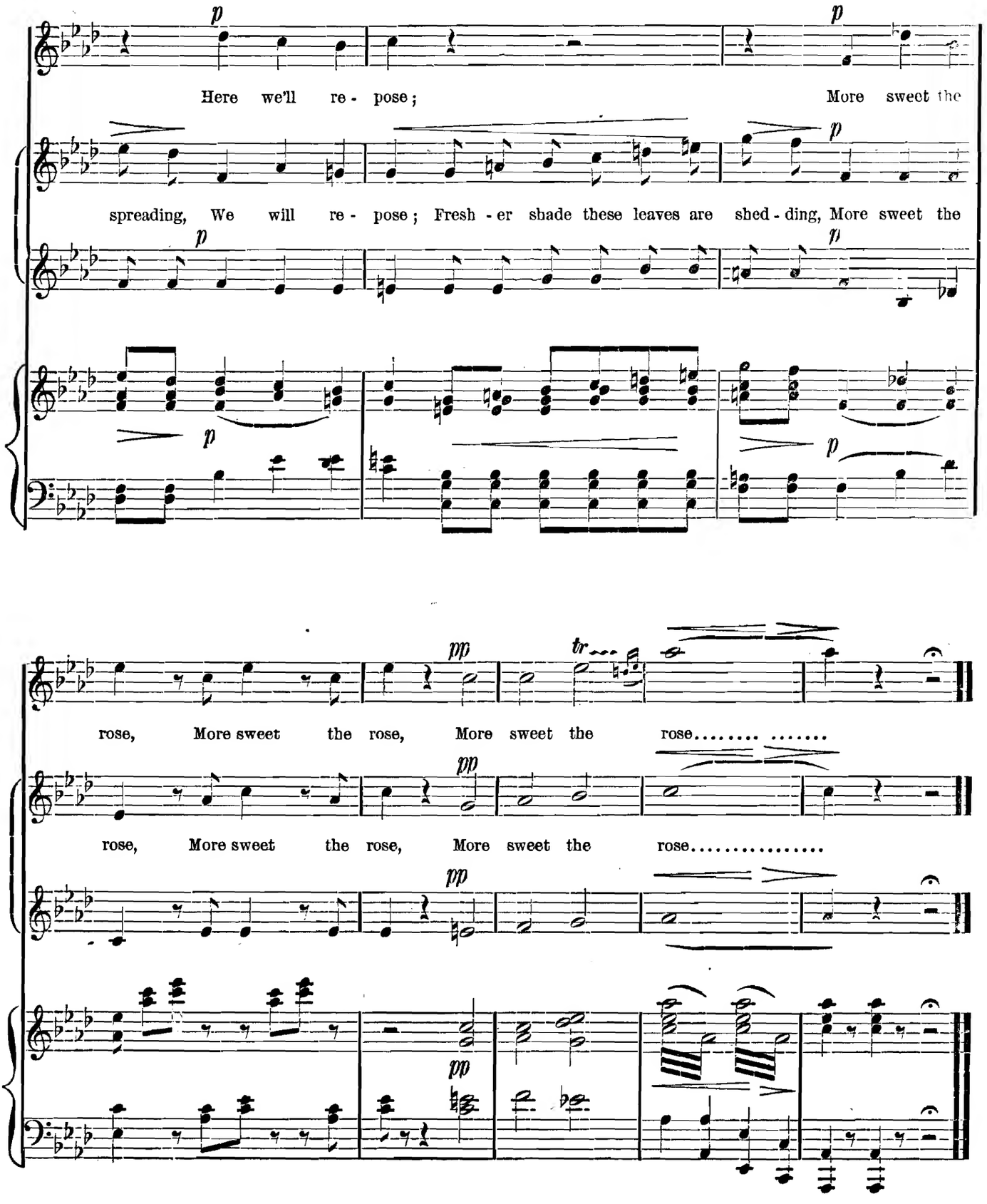

à volonté.


MICAELA. espress.
'Neath these branch - - es wide - ly
p
Ped.
*


spread - - ing, For an in - stant we'll re - pose..... Fresh - er
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
shade these leaves are shed - - ding, Sweet-er per - fume breathes the
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
rose! Sweet-er per - fume breathes the rose.....
pp
Ped. *
animez.
Day - dreams that young maidens vis - - it,.... Seem 'mid these blos - soms more
animez.
mf


fair, Rev' - ries here, with bright - er sun - - shine, Are our
cas - tles in the air. Day-dreams that young maidens vis - it, Are here our
rall.
suivez.
a tempo.
cas - tles in the air.
Scolastica, with the Sopranos.
1st Soprano.
'Neath these branch - - - es wide - ly
2d Soprano.
'Neath these branch - - - es wide - ly
a tempo.
p
p
Ped.
*


1st & 2d SOPRANOS.
spread - - ing, For an in - stant we'll re - pose ..... Fresh - er
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
1st SOPRANO.
shade these leaves are shed - - ding, Sweet-er per - fume breathes the
2d SOPRANO.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
MICAELA.
Sweet - er per - fume breathes the rose!
p
molto cres.
rose..... More sweet the rose! 'Neath these branches wide - ly
molto cres.
Ped. *

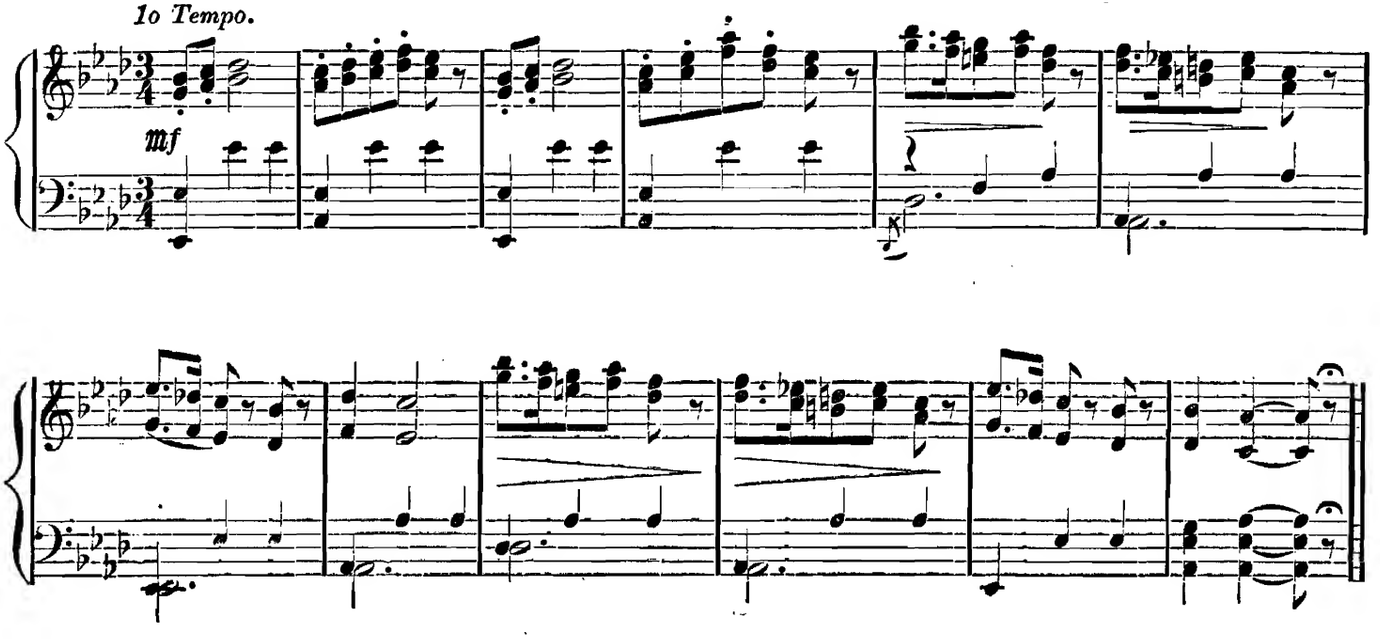

p
Here we'll re - pose;
More sweet the
spreading, We will re - pose; Fresh - er shade these leaves are shed - ding, More sweet the
pp
tr
rose, More sweet the rose, More sweet the rose.....
rose, More sweet the rose, More sweet the rose.....

MICA. It is a capital place for a talk here. (*to the pages.*) Give seats to those ladies.
SCOL. (*Making signs to the pages not to move.*) We do not sit down in presence of your highness.
MICA. But suppose I allow it?
SCOL. Etiquette forbids it. I am the chief lady in waiting.
MICA. So be it! we won't talk then. (*aside*) We'll turn off her attention. (*Aloud, approaching* JOSEFA'S *cottage.*) Oh! what lovely flowers! how nice to make a bouquet of them. (*She goes to pluck a flower.*)
SCOL. (*Interposing herself.*) Your highness must not pick them herself. I will order a chamberlain.
MICA. It is not worth while. (*aside*) I have not succeeded. (*aloud to* SCOL.) In truth, you are very rigid!
SCOL. I fulfil the duties of my charge.
MICA. Yes, you fulfil them! except, when by chance you go to sleep, as you did the other night
SCOL. Could I have gone to sleep!
MICA. Oh! I find no fault— quite the contrary— for it gave me the chance of descending to the terrace.
SCOL. What— alone!
MICA. Quite alone! And from there I saw some young persons who played— what do you call that game? Ah! hot cockles!
SCOL. Hot cockles! Ah! fie.
MICA. You don't like that game? Well, I don't know what caprice came into my head, but in my turn, I felt an inclination to annoy you a little.
SCOL. Me, Princess!
MICA. Yes, I wanted to see you playing with these ladies, as the peasants played the other night.
SCOL. What! at hot cockles! never! (*scandalised.*)
MICA. Very well. Then, since you refuse me that pleasure, I will inform my father that you go to sleep instead of keeping watch on me.
SCOL. But, princess, that would compromise my position.
MICA. And I will add that you snore.
SCOL. I snore!
MICA. Very loud, too! Well, have you decided?
SCOL. Princess, your wishes are orders.
MICA. Now begin! you are it!
SCOL. I am it!— what?
MICA. Turn your back, and hold out your hand.
SCOL. That I— Oh! my ancestors. (*to* MORALES.) Go further away, sentry! (*Morales moves off.*)
MICA. (*to ladies of honor.*) Ladies, be careful that all goes loyally.
SCOL. What a position for a grand lady in waiting! (*She lowers her head in the hands of two maids of honor, who approach her.* MICAELA *during that time, stealthily places a bit of ribbon among the flowers before* JOSEFA'S *window.*)
MICA. (*Aside.*) 'Tis done! just in time.

SCENE VI. *The same. The* KING. (*The King arrives furious. He stops, seeing the Camérera, who with her back turned towards him, holds out her hand, which he slaps vigorously on the palm.*)

No. 3. Bis. Sortie.

SCOL. (*turning round quickly.*) 'Tis you! (*then recognizing him.*) The King!
THE KING. 'Tis you I am in search of, Camérera! I have two words to say to you. Leave the princess with her maids of honor. (*to* MICAELA, (*kissing her on the brow.*) Good morning, my daughter! Now go away, my child, go! (*aside.*) She is charming! (MICAELA *departs, escorted by her maids of honor.*)
CHO. (*resumed*) 'Neath these branches, &c.

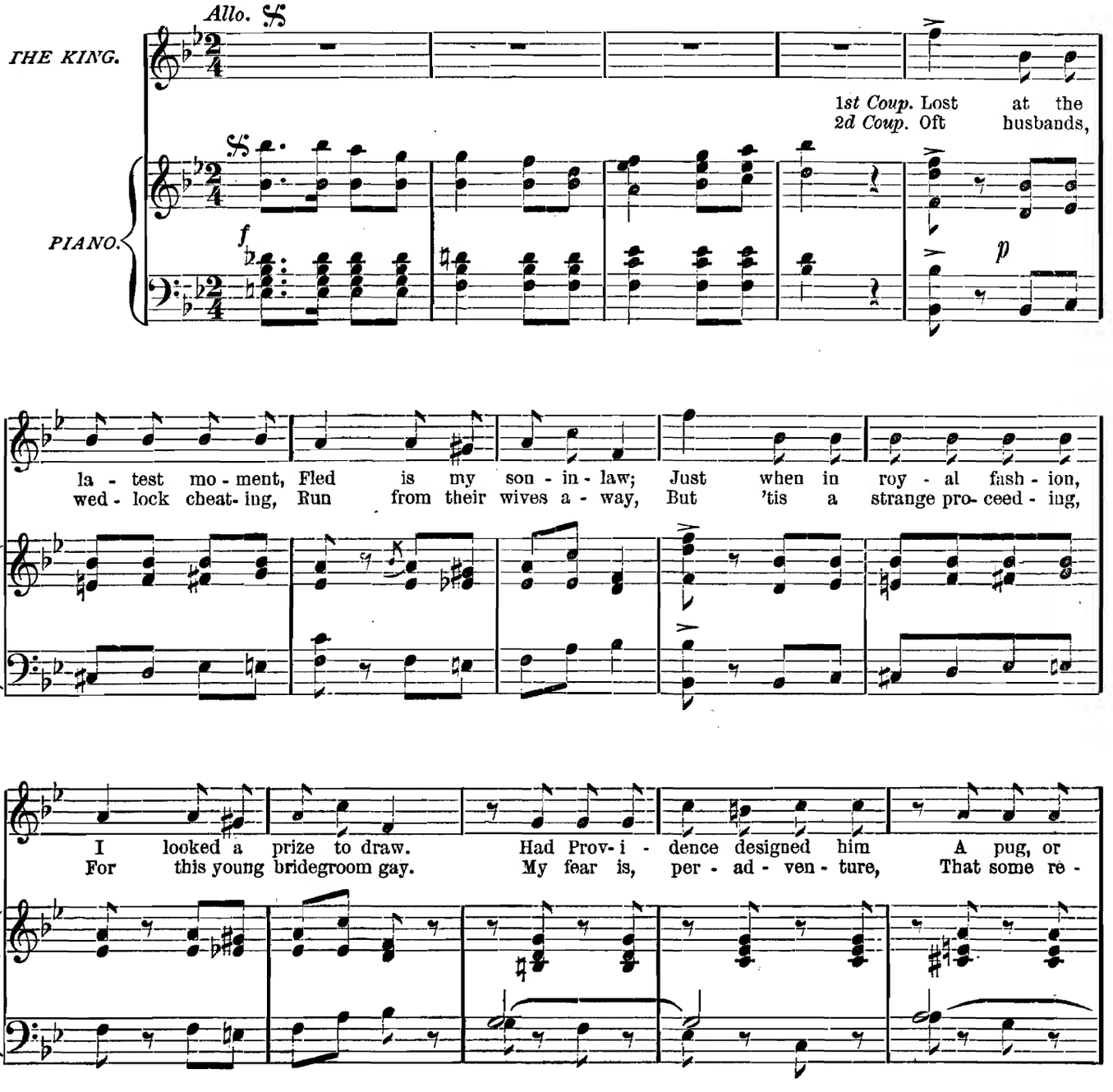


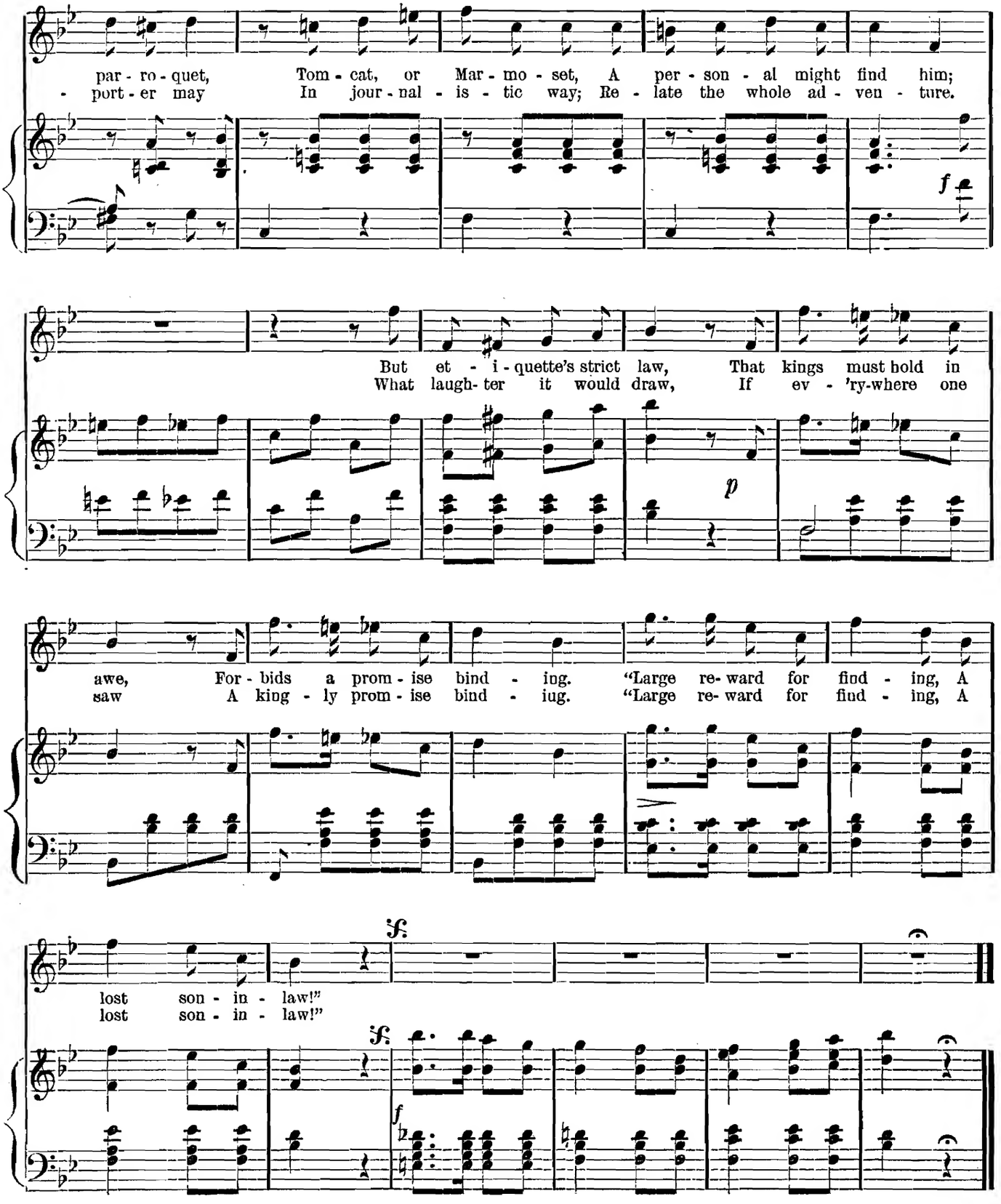
SCENE VII. *The* KING. SCOLASTICA, *then* DON MOSQUITOS.

MOSQUITOS. (*Arriving out of breath.*) Sire!
KING. Yes,— I know,— you have failed! Stay! you are not in the way
SCOLASTICA. What brings your majesty here contrary to custom?
KING. This!— I will take no roundabout way— the prince has disappeared.
SCOLASTICA. Is it possible!
MOSQUITOS. Yes, it is possible!

LOST AT THE LATEST MOMENT.

No. 4. Couplets of the King.




par - ro - quet, Tom - cat, or Mar - mo - set, A per - son - al might find him;
- port - er may In jour - nal - is - tic way; Re - late the whole ad - ven - ture.
f
But et - i - quette's strict law, That kings must hold in
What laugh- ter it would draw, If ev - 'ry-where one
p
awe, For - bids a prom - ise bind - ing. "Large re- ward for find - ing, A
saw A king - ly prom - ise bind - ing. "Large re- ward for find - ing, A
lost son - in - law!"
lost son - in - law!"
ff
ff
f

KING. He has slipped out of our hands. Impossible to find him! He is not a prince, he is an eel!

SCOL. Ah, sire, your Majesty astonishes me!

KING. Well, I don't astonish myself! I never, never do that. Besides, I was forewarned! I knew that the prince, while having the air of obeying the king, his august father, in reality cared little to marry my daughter.

SCOL. Truly!

KING. He is an original. He wanted to make a love match, — to choose a wife for himself, — like any commoner, without caring for the balance of power in Europe.

SCOL. Oh, sire! who could have supposed it?

KING. Nobody; 't is a state secret. I unfold it to you, but it is only because I cannot do otherwise. Were it not for that —

SCOL. I am no less flattered!

KING. That does not matter. Just see how grave the affair is! The king, his august father, — the father of my son-in-law, — had atrociously beaten our armies. He held the half of our states, and the European balance of power was disturbed. But I found a way to arrange all that. I proposed my daughter to him, for his son. We agreed. The peace is signed, the marriage fixed, and then, at the moment of being presented to me, nobody comes! The eel — I should say the prince — has disappeared!

SCOL. If any one had thought of mistrusting him!

KING. But I mistrusted him myself. I am always mistrusting people. The escort of honor which I sent to him was despatched only to watch him.

MOS. My troop of bombadiers! A chosen corps!

KING. Well, he allowed himself to be placed there in your chosen corps, yourself included, and stupidly, too. (*To* SCOLASTICA.) Just figure to yourself that I, this morning, after a restless night, started off to meet my son-in-law. Suddenly I saw a cloud of dust. In it was he, followed by his brilliant escort, dusty but splendid. I advanced and held out my hand. He opened his mouth and shouted, "Left wheel, close column, gallop, march!" (*To* MOSQUITOS.) And you and your bombadiers followed him into the wood.

MOS. The habit of obeying orders, sire! A chosen corps!

KING. Once in the wood, he has escaped you.

MOS. Oh! but we shall retake him, sire!

KING. I hope so; at last! That is not all of it. Listen to me, camérera; the princess must suspect nothing of this! That would be the devil to pay; you must make some pretext for telling her to shut herself up in her oratory for an hour or two. You will let no one have access to her. Meanwhile we 'll keep on the lookout; he cannot be far away!

MOS. Not far!

KING. And to think that all the dignitaries are come together; that the grand entrée is fixed for four o'clock; it is three now, and the bridegroom has failed us. (SCOLASTICA *raises her arms to heaven.*) Order arms! 't is useless. You have understood? Execute my orders, and let nobody suspect anything. Go! (SCOLASTICA *goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

The KING, MOSQUITOS; *then* BALDOMÉRO, MORALES, *platoon of Guards.*

KING. Now, colonel, bestir yourself! You stand there like a stump.

MOSQUITOS. A noble stump, nevertheless, sire! for my ancestors.

KING. There is no question of them! Beat the bush; send out a company, — two companies; seeing that I am forced to track my son-in-law like a common rabbit!

BAL. (*enters, sees the* KING). The King! halt.

KING (*to* MOSQUITOS). Come, now; good! What is all that?

MOS. The relief guard, sire!

KING. (*Aside.*) All right! don't look vexed; a monarch must never seem — (*Aloud.*) Ah! 't is you, my braves; very well, very well! I am content; quite content! Brigadier, 't is a festival to-day; do not refuse any favors to your men. (BALDOMÉRO *salutes with his sword.*) (*To* MOSQUITOS.) And now, — more than forty-five minutes — Attention! Bombadier Mosquitos, forward, quick time, mar-r-r-ch! (*He goes out, followed by* MOSQUITOS.)

SCENE VIII.

BALDOMÉRO, MORALES, *Guards; then* JOSÉFA.

BAL. You have heard, messieurs, that in honor of the princess's marriage there will be leaves granted for everybody. Break ranks!

MOR. Well, then, my brigadier, instead of returning to the inn I beg you will allow me to remain here, near my promised bride!

BAL. How! your promised bride!

MOR. Yes, she lives here. (*Knocks at the door.*) Joséfa, you can come out. (JOSÉFA *appears.*)

BAL. Ah! that is your bride; that young girl?

JOS. At your service, Mr. Brigadier, and if your men here have need to refresh themselves, I have all that will be wanted.

BAL. That is not to be refused, my fair damsel. (JOSÉFA *returns to the house.*) (*To* MORALES.) She is charming, that young girl

MOR. I flatter myself so, brigadier!

JOS. (*returns with bottles and glasses*). Here you are, gentlemen!

BAL. Thanks, my charmer!

JOS. And you, Morales, help me do the honors.

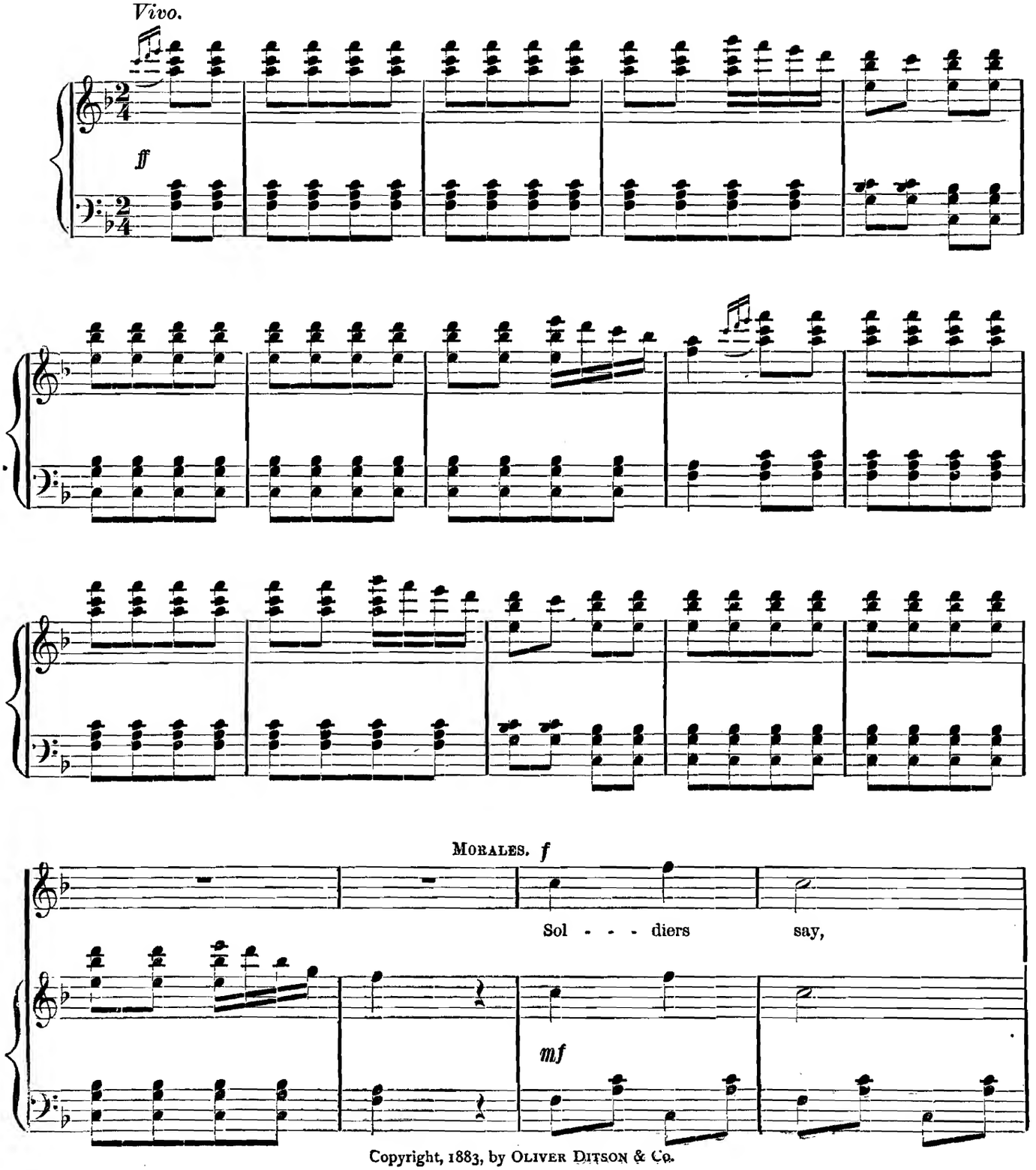
MOR. Willingly. Come, gentlemen, let us drink to my Joséfa.

BAL. Yes, yes! to Joséfa.

ALL. To Joséfa!

SOLDIERS SAY.

No. 5. Drinking Song.



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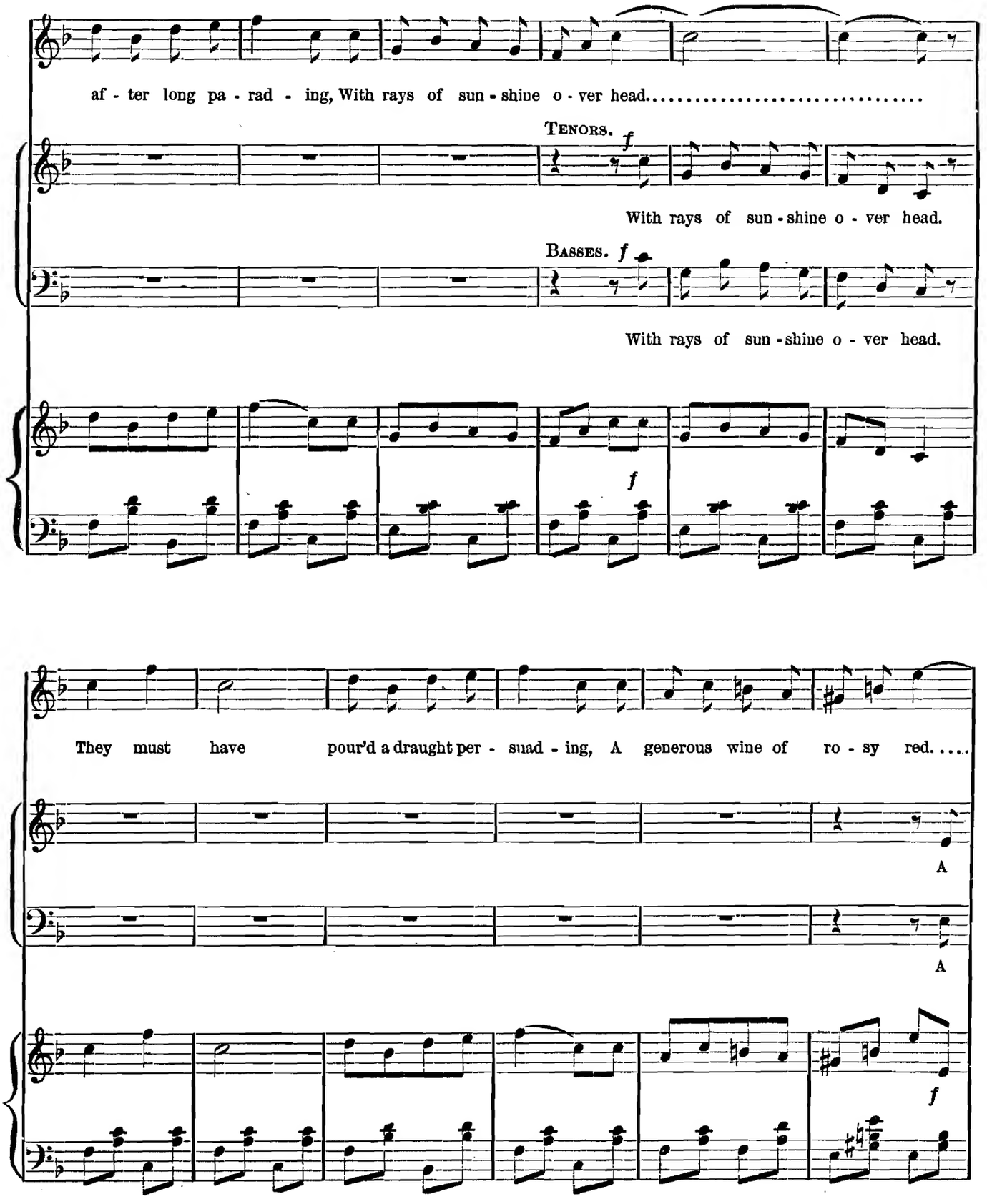
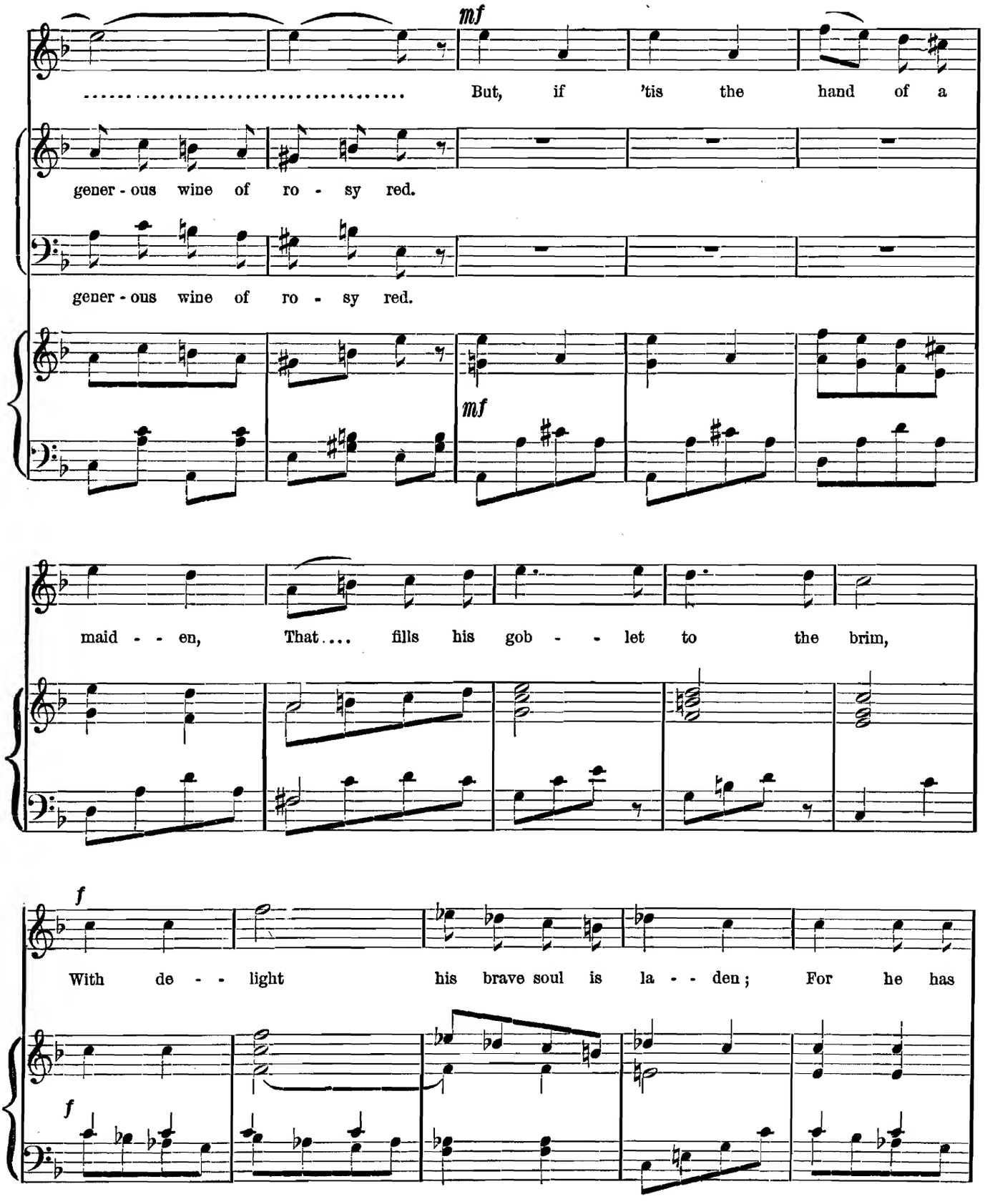
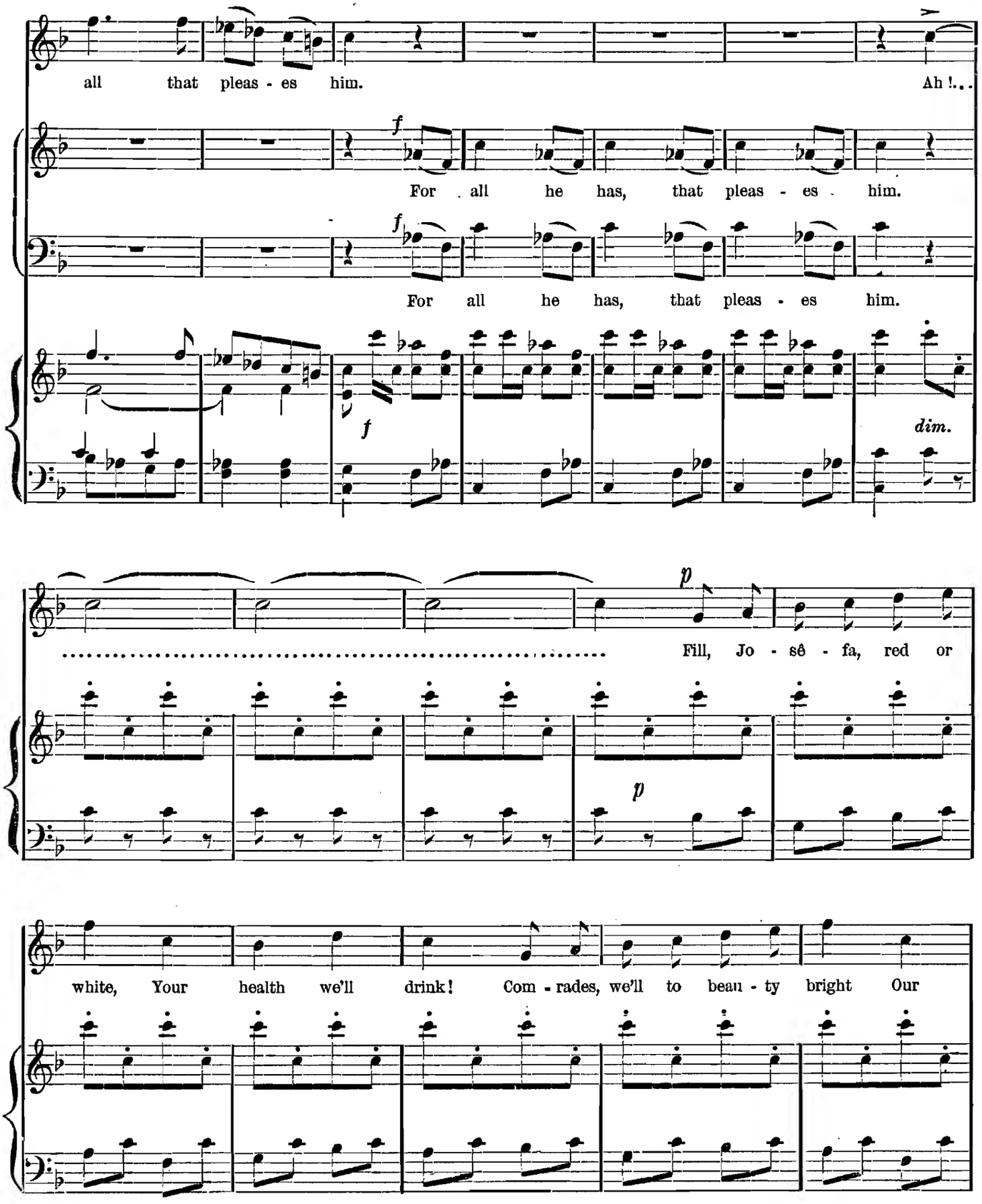
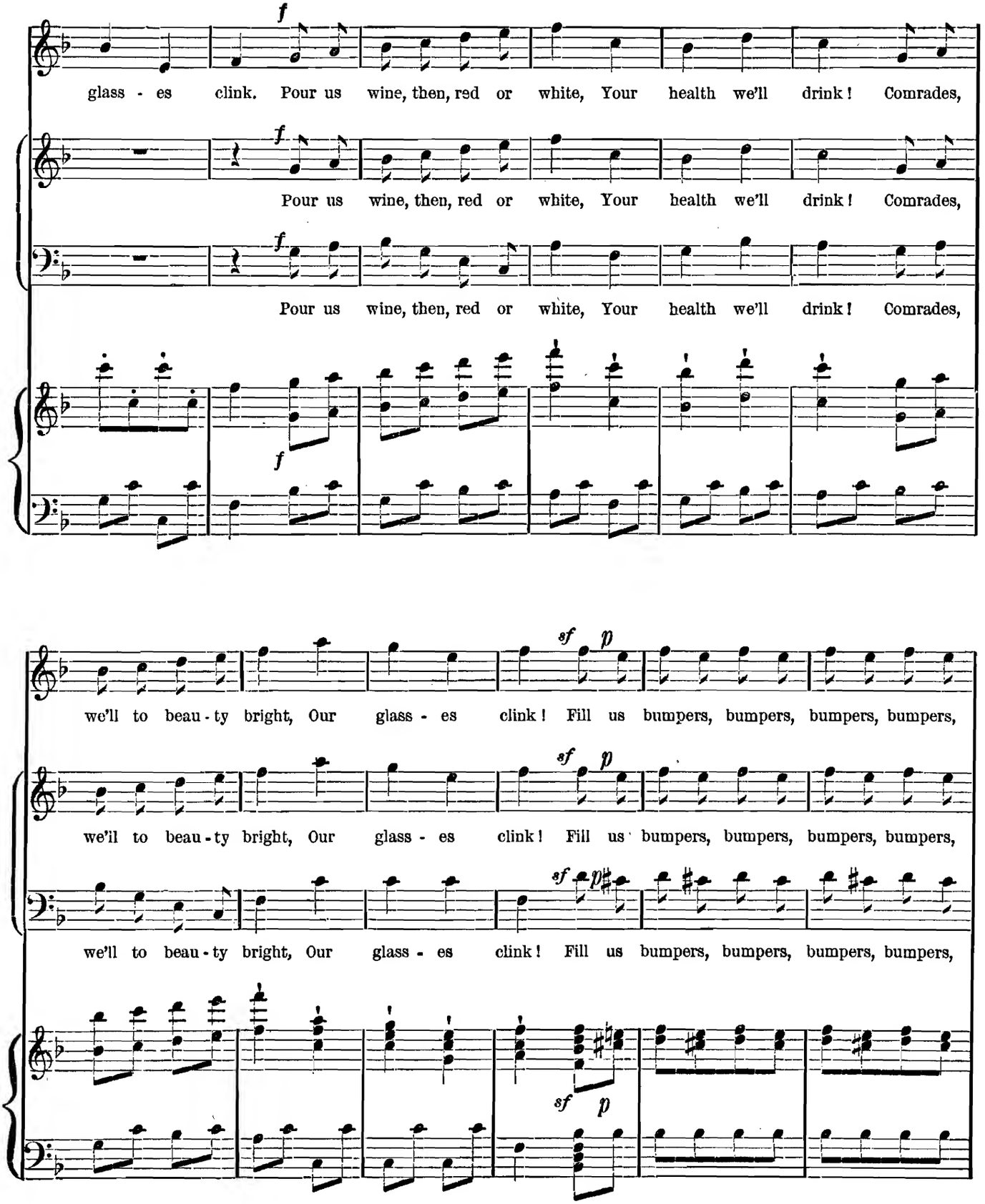
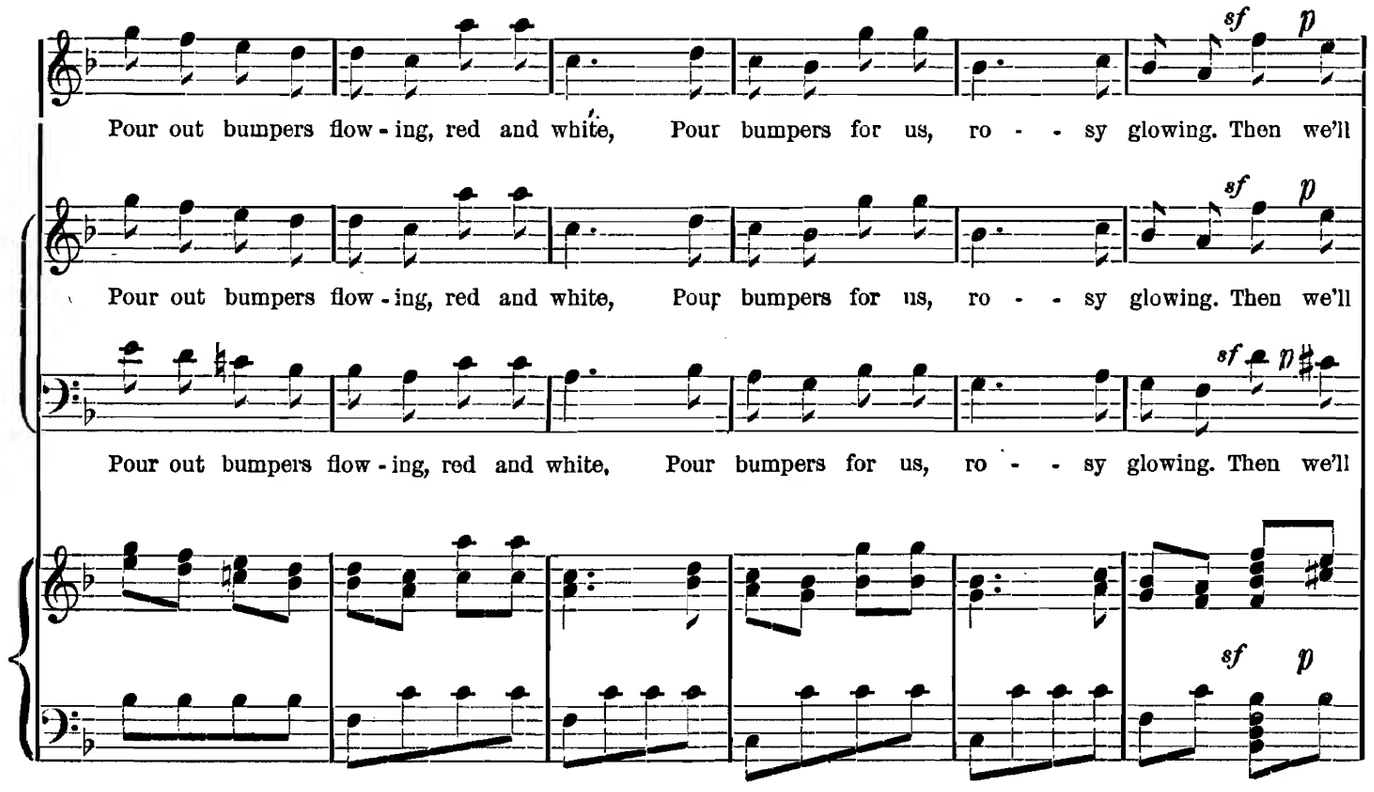
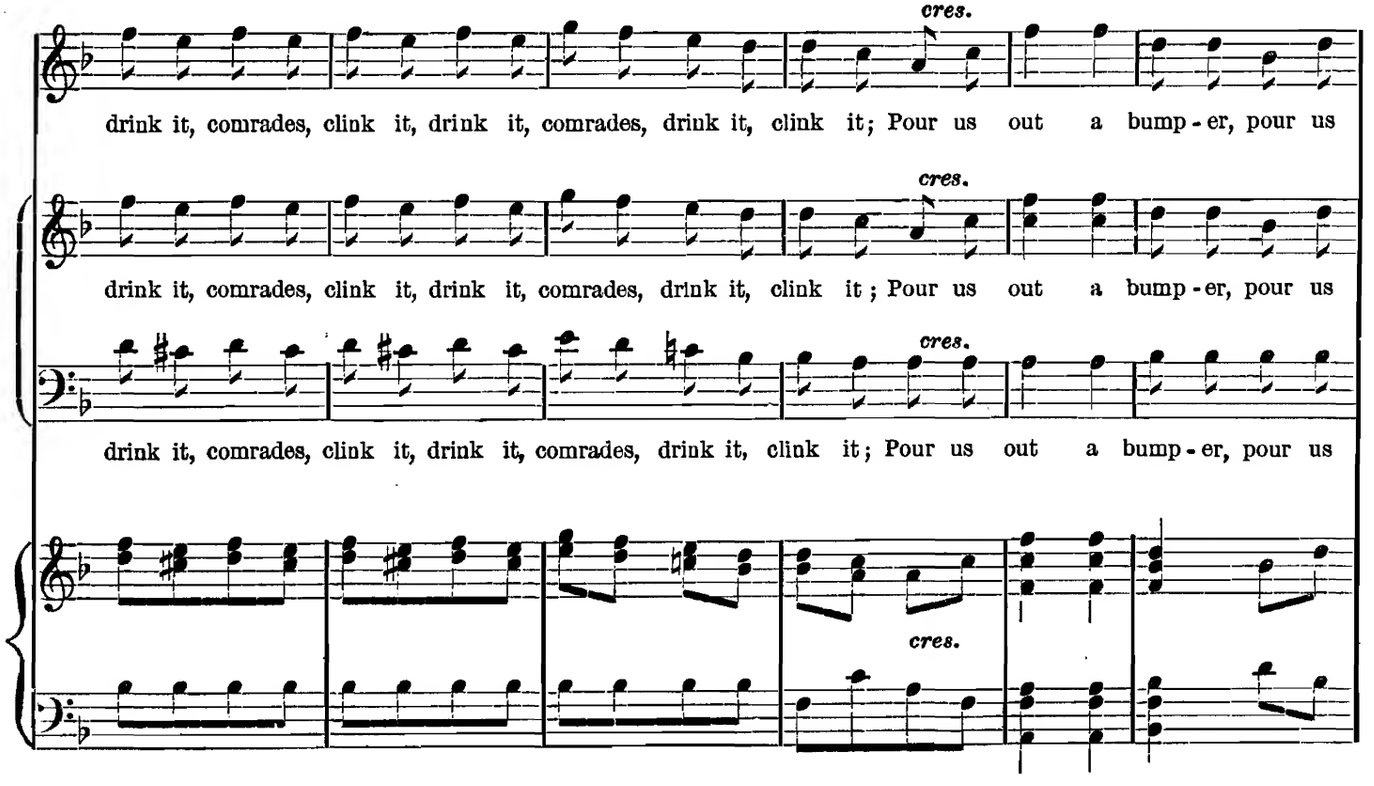

af - ter long pa - rad - ing, With rays of sun - shine o - ver head.....
Tenors.
f
With rays of sun - shine o - ver head.
Basses. f
With rays of sun - shine o - ver head.
f
They must have pour'd a draught per - suad - ing, A generous wine of ro - sy red.....
A
A
f

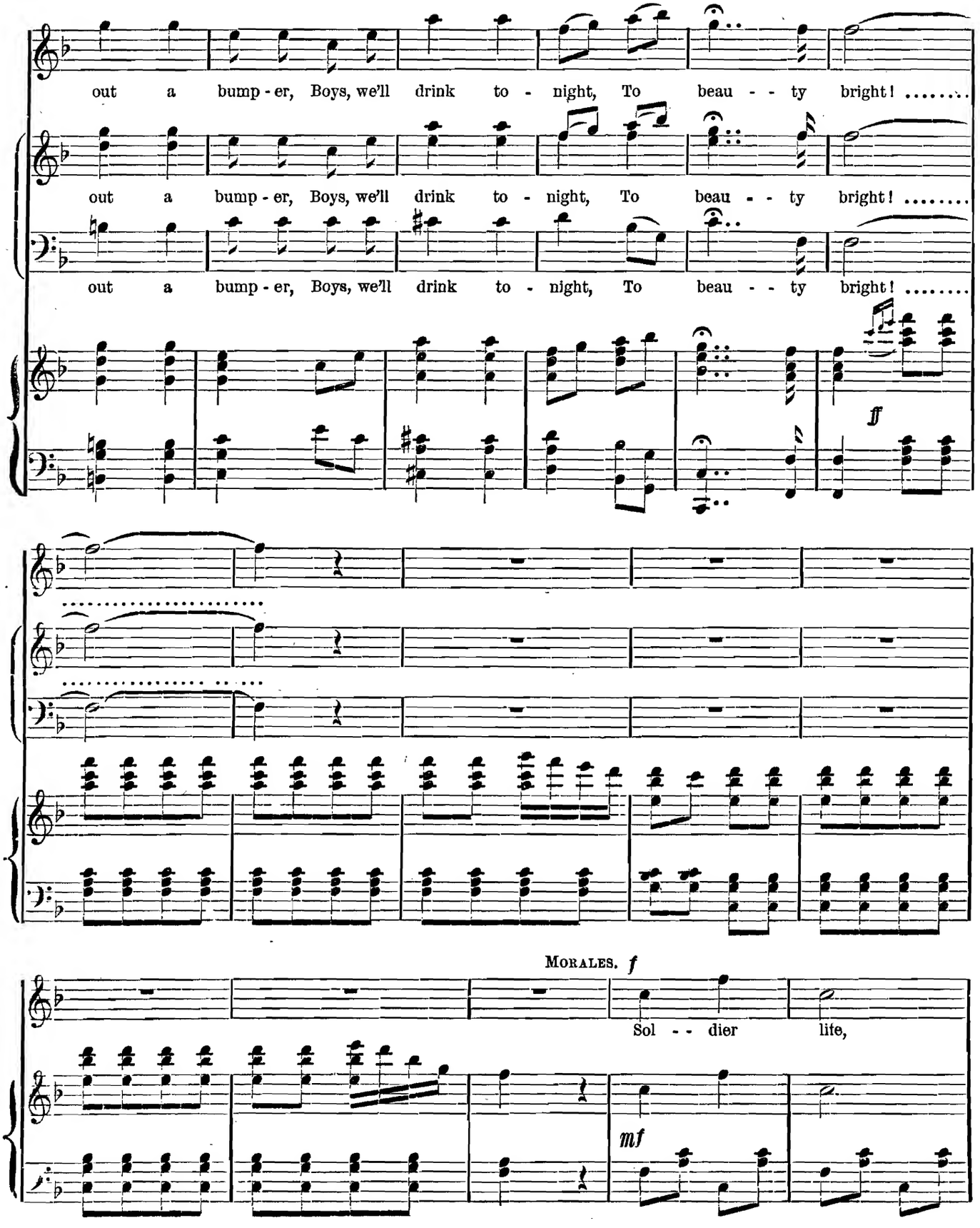

mf
But, if 'tis the hand of a
gener - ous wine of ro - sy red.
gener - ous wine of ro - sy red.
mf
maid - - en, That.... fills his gob - - let to the brim,
f
With de - - light his brave soul is la - - den; For he has
f

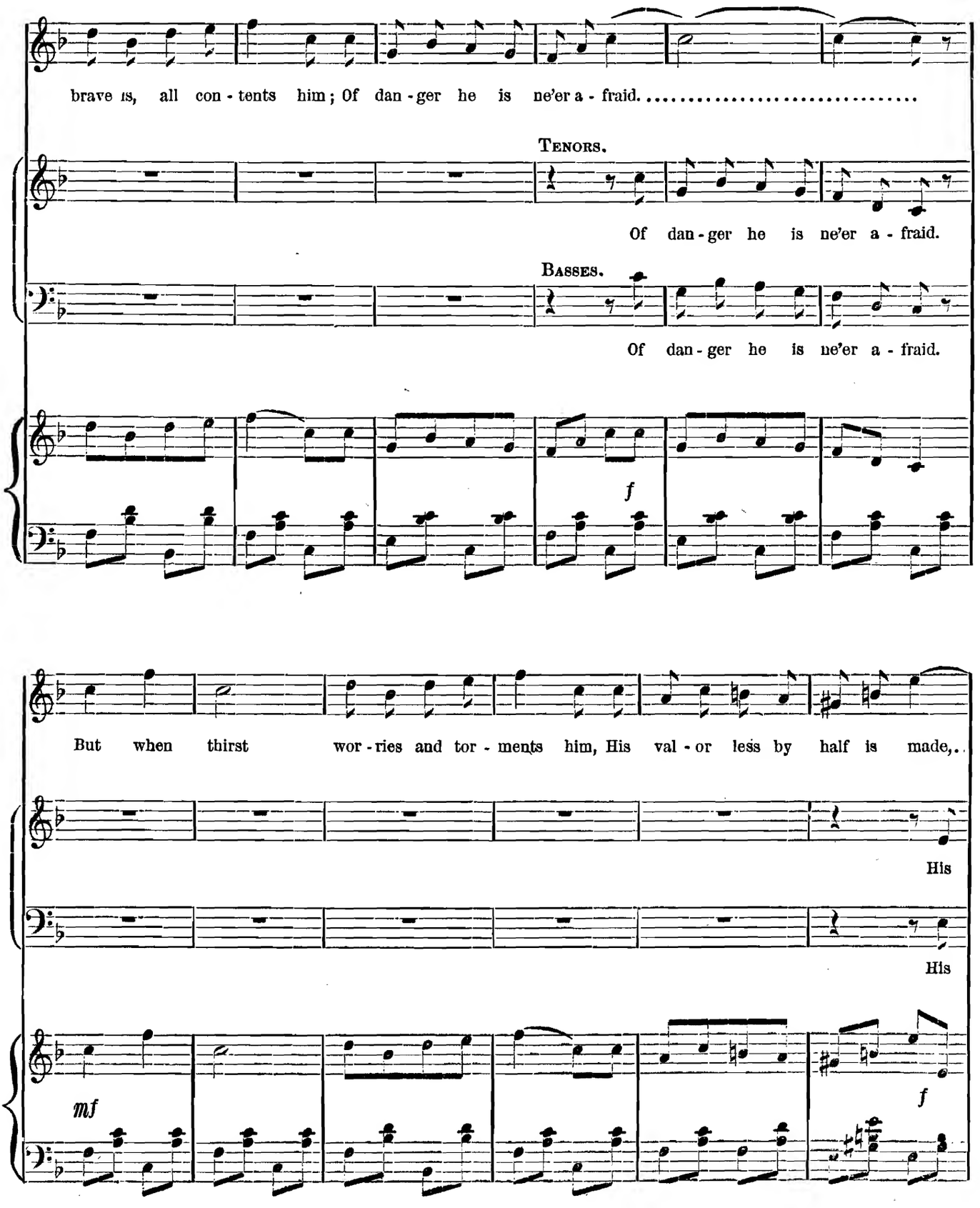

all that pleas - es him.
Ah !..
For all he has, that pleas - es him.
For all he has, that pleas - es him.
dim.
Fill, Jo - sê - fa, red or
white, Your health we'll drink! Com - rades, we'll to beau - ty bright Our

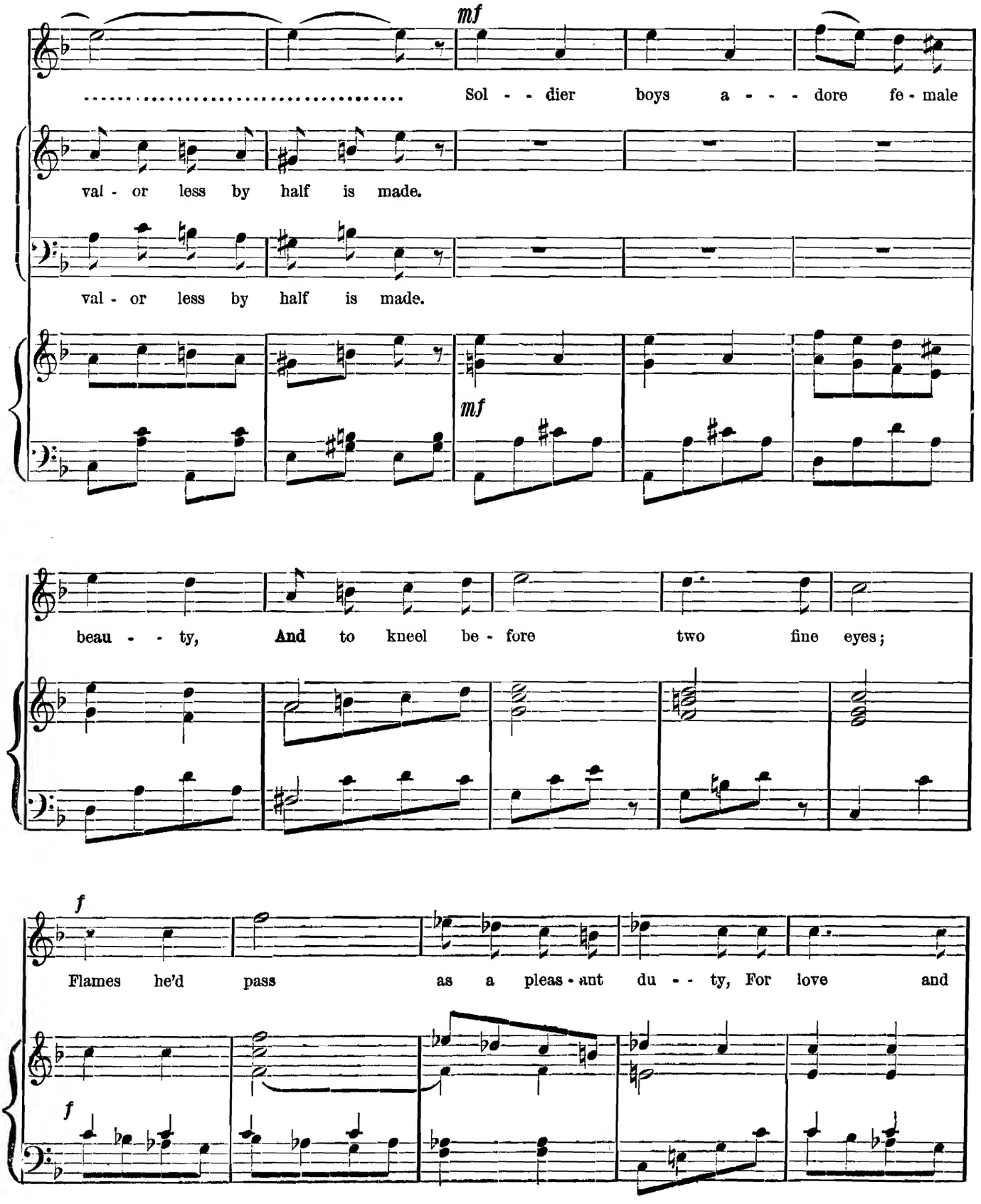

glass - es clink. Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,

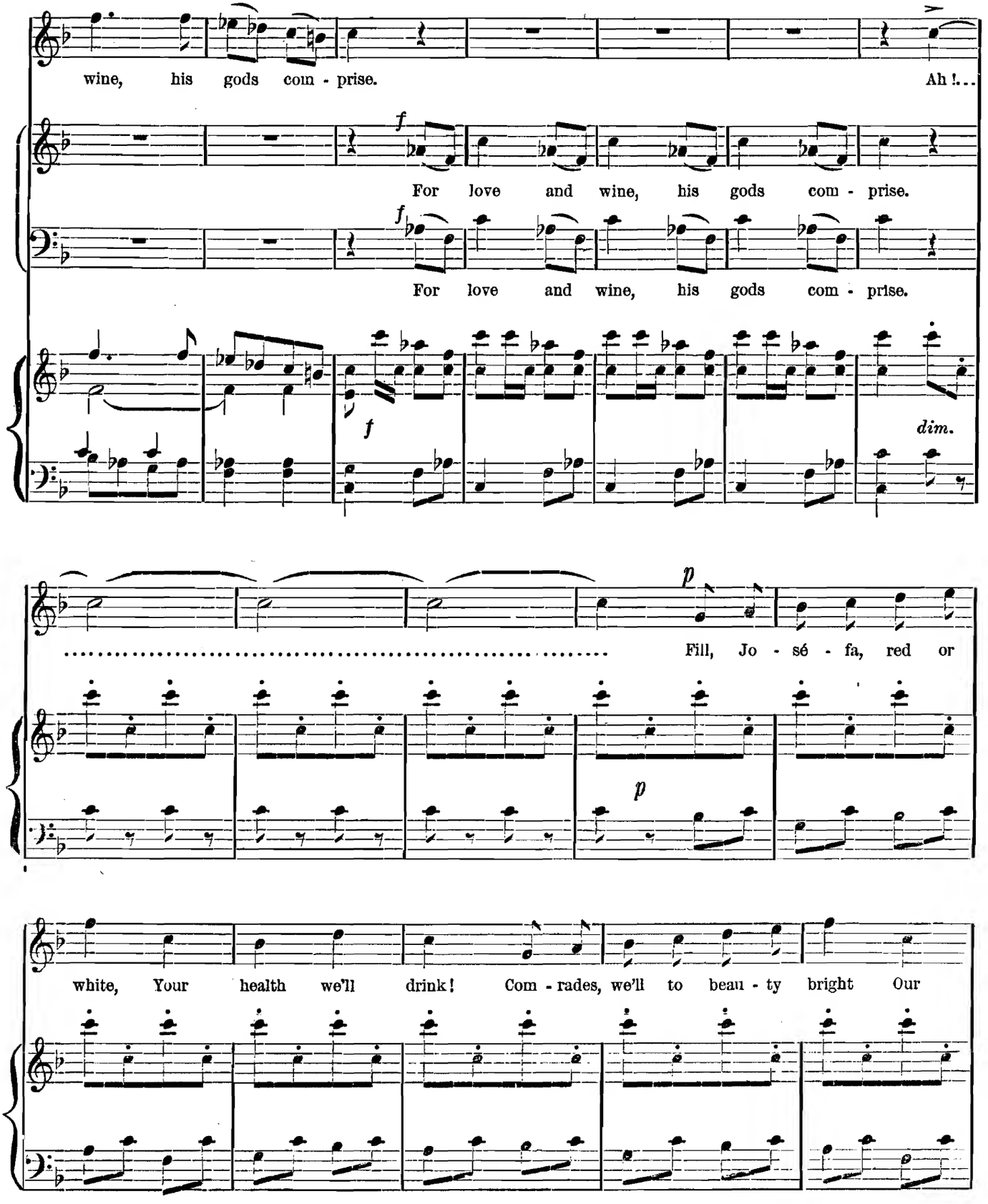

sf p
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red and white, Pour bumpers for us, ro - - sy glowing. Then we'll
sf p
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red and white, Pour bumpers for us, ro - - sy glowing. Then we'll
sf p
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red and white, Pour bumpers for us, ro - - sy glowing. Then we'll
sf p

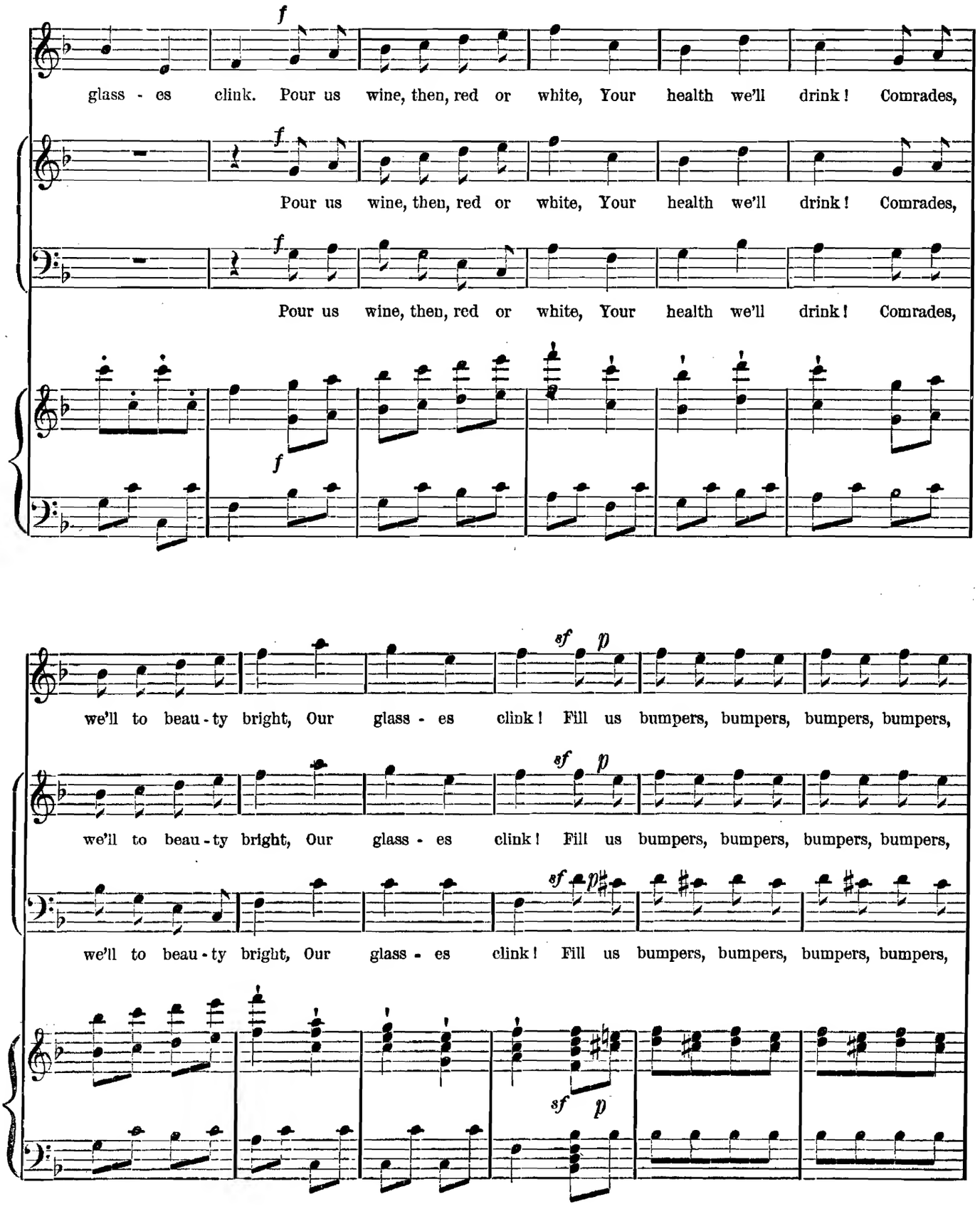

cres.
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
cres.
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
cres.
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
cres.

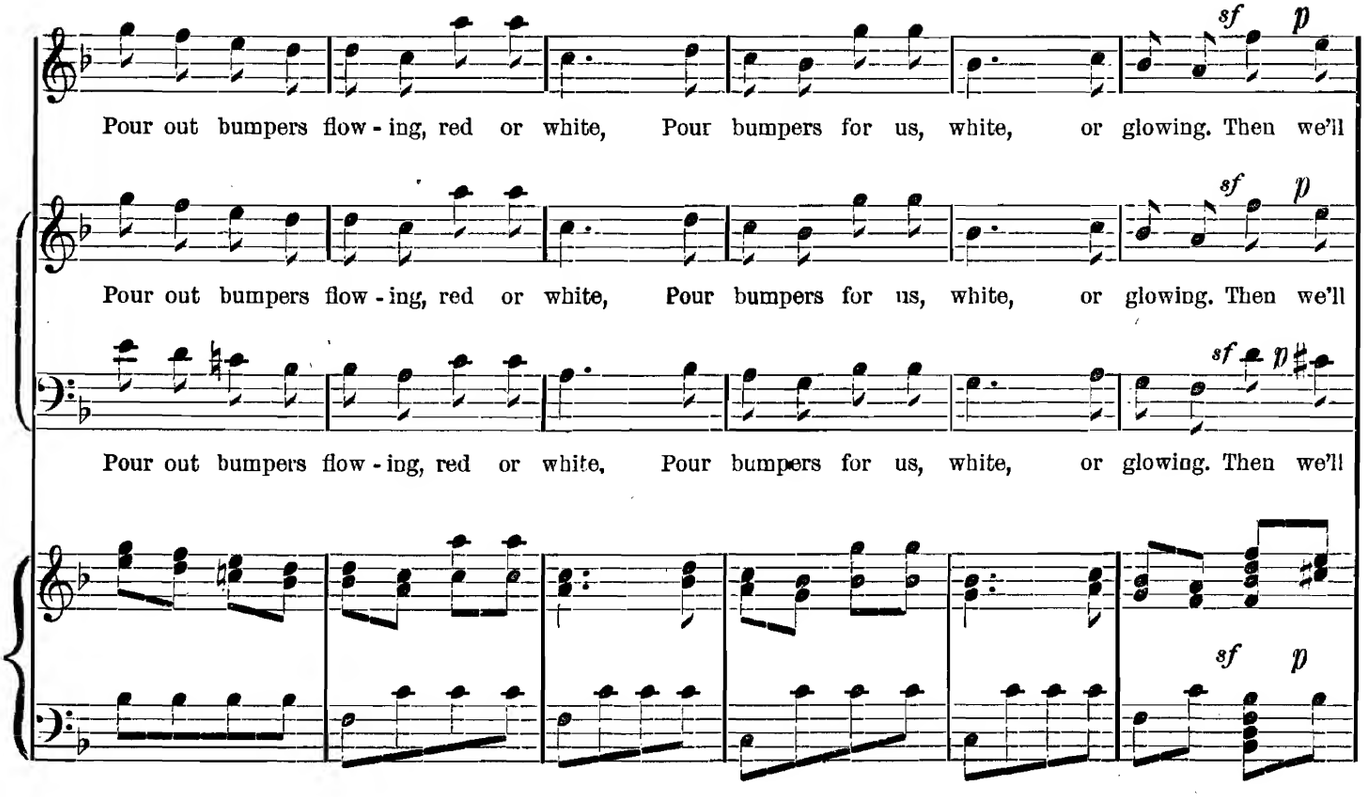

out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
ff
MORALES. f
Sol - - dier life,
mf

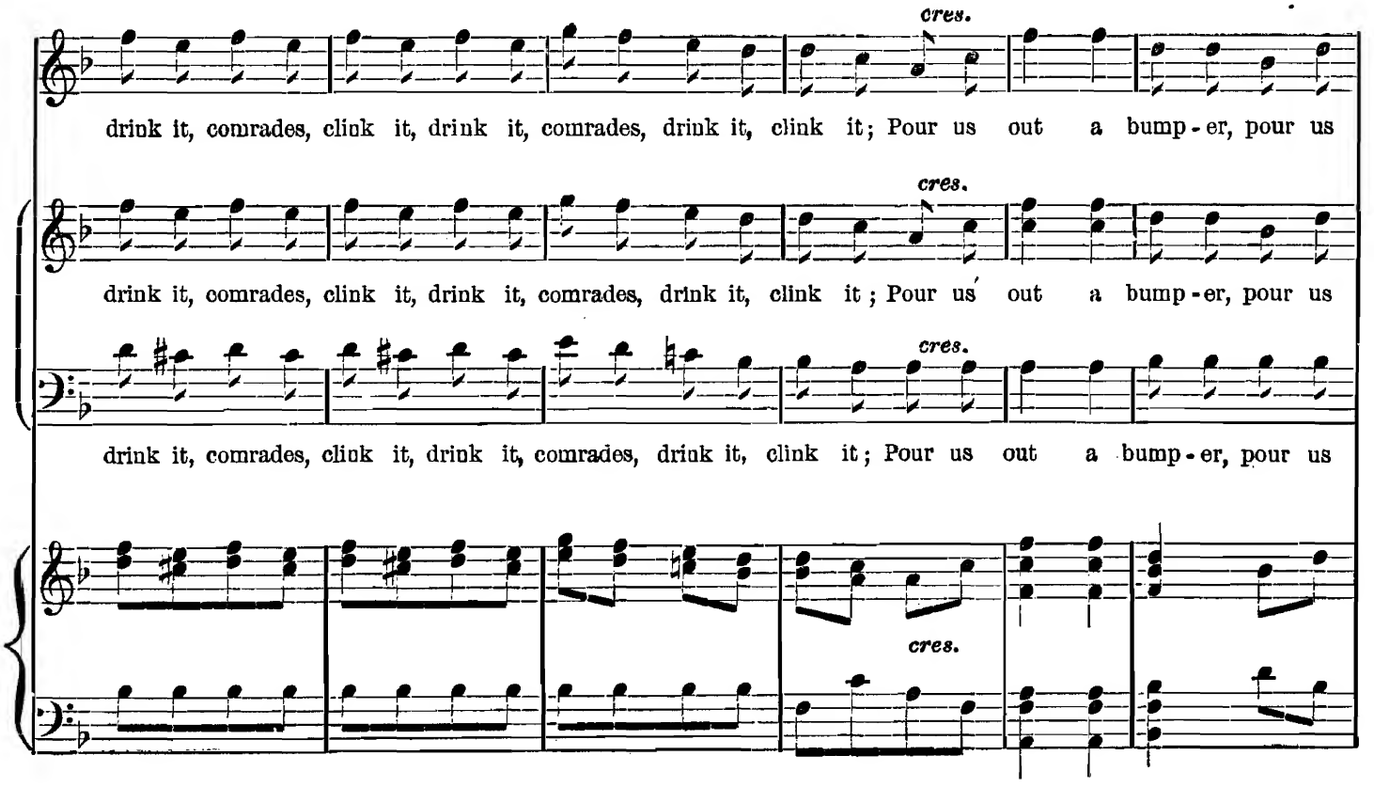

brave is, all con - tents him; Of dan - ger he is ne'er a - fraid.
Tenors.
Of dan - ger he is ne'er a - fraid.
Basses.
Of dan - ger he is ne'er a - fraid.
f
But when thirst wor - ries and tor - ments him, His val - or less by half is made,
His
His
mf
f

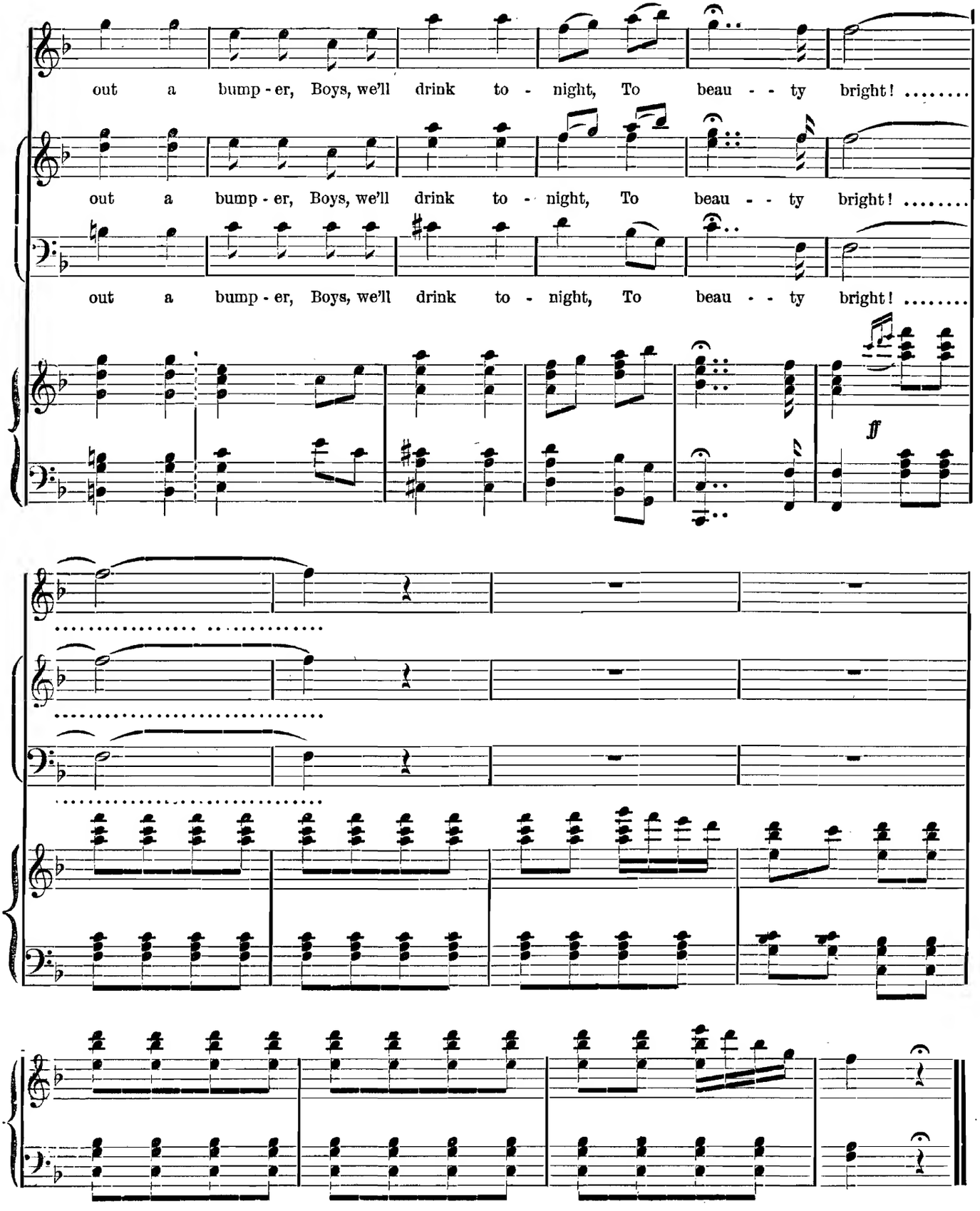

mf
Sol - - dier boys a - - - dore fe - male
val - or less by half is made.
val - or less by half is made.
mf
beau - - ty, And to kneel be - fore two fine eyes;
f
Flames he'd pass as a pleas - ant du - - ty, For love and
f


wine, his gods com - prise. Ah !...
For love and wine, his gods com - prise.
For love and wine, his gods com - prise.
dim.
Fill, Jo - sé - fa, red or
white, Your health we'll drink! Com - rades, we'll to beau - ty bright Our


f
glass - es clink. Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
sf
p

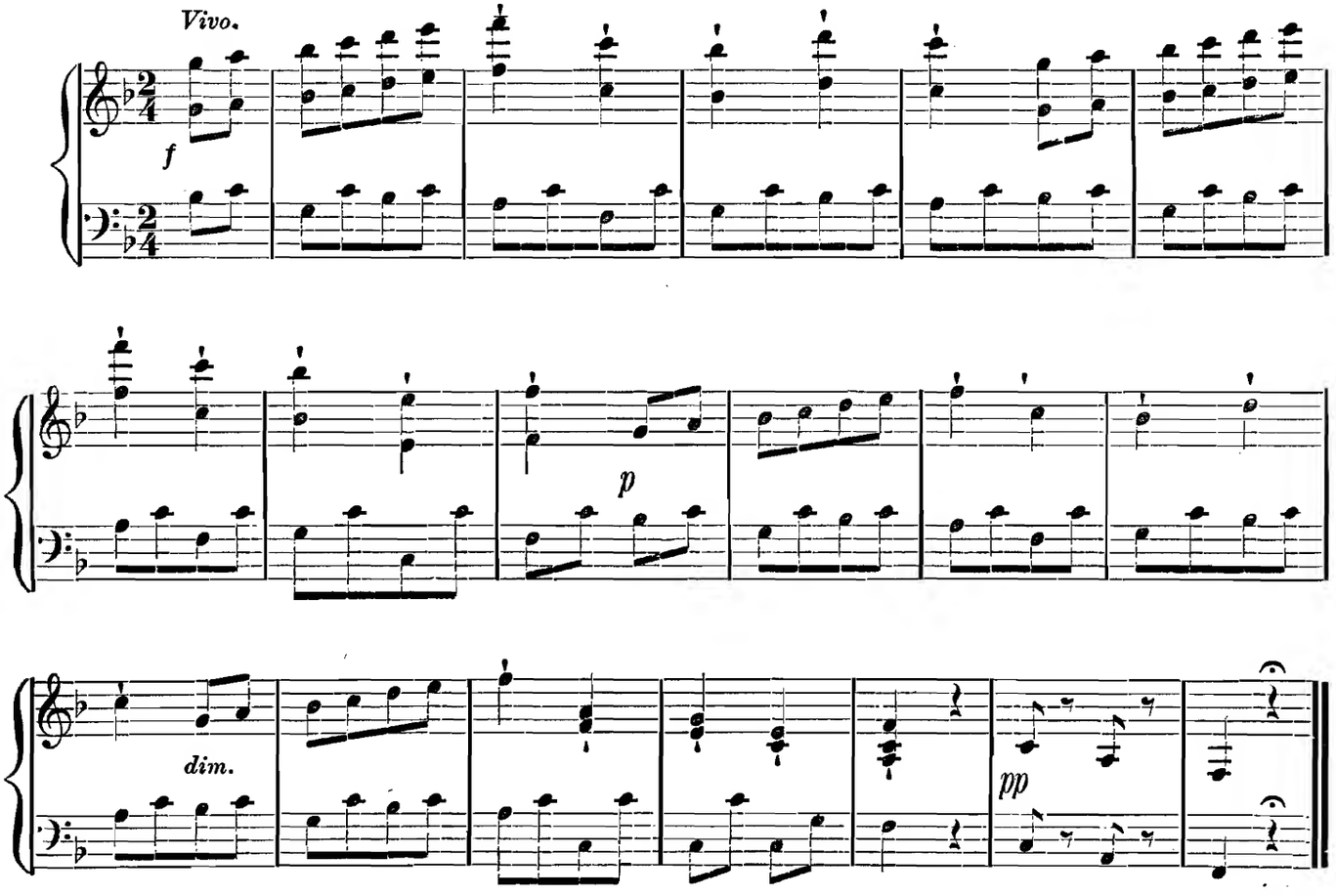

Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red or white, Pour bumpers for us, white, or glowing. Then we'll
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red or white, Pour bumpers for us, white, or glowing. Then we'll
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red or white, Pour bumpers for us, white, or glowing. Then we'll
sf p
sf p
sf p
sf p


drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
cres.
cres.
cres.
cres.


out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
ff

BAL. (*To his men.*) Come boys! (*to* MORALES.) you stay here?
MOR. Well—yes, my brigadier, since you allow me.
BAL. All right! I understand your motive. Above all, since I have seen your lady-love.
JOS. Mr. Brigadier is very amiable.
BAL. Especially, when he is going away; is it not so, little one? It is quite natural! Come on, the rest of you! shoulder arms and forward, march! (*resumption of the Sortie by the Orchestra.* MORALES *gives his halberd to one of his comrades. The guards march off with the Brigadier.*)

No. 5. Bis. SORTIE.



SCENE X.—MORALES, JOSEFA.

MOR. At length we are by ourselves, we two—while awaiting a day when we shall be still more by ourselves; still more face to face!
JOS. (*lowering her eyes.*) That will come!
MOR. My darling Josefa! how charming you are!
JOS. You think so?
MOR. I really think so! fresher than flowers. Say now, is it to-day again, that you will give me one of those lovely roses?
JOS. If you like! (*She goes to the rose bush by herself, and sees the signal.*) Oh!
MOR. Happily, we have time before us.
JOS. Yes, we have time, but you must go away, now.
MOR. How—must go away?
JOS. Yes, go away—just now.
MOR. But it is not two minutes—
JOS. 'Tis all the same—
MOR. But why do you wish to be left alone?
JOS. (*embarrassed.*) Why--for nothing.
MOR. (*seeing the ribbon in her hand.*) What ribbon is that? a signal, perhaps!
JOS. And suppose it should be?
MOR. From some lover? Ah! Josefa! if ever—
JOS. Jealous pate! (*she laughs in his face.*)
MOR. Well no—I am all confidence—but tell me all about it!
JOS. You swear to be silent? well! this ribbon is a signal, announcing to me that the princess Micaela is coming here, to talk with me.
MOR. Here! the princess! who never goes out, unless accompanied by her ladies!
JOS. Precisely so! It is that which depresses her, the poor lady Micaela! so for distraction, and to rest herself from all court ceremonials, she comes here sometimes disguised.
MOR. Disguised?
JOS. Eh! yes! I have loaned her one of my robes, and when she knows she will not be disturbed or noticed, she leaves all her beautiful surroundings and comes to talk with me, or take me to walk with her.
MOR. Who would ever have suspected that! (*looking out back.*) 'Tis true, all the same, one would say that is she coming now.
JOS. Yes, it is she—be off!
MOR. Only one kiss—
JOS. (*pushing him away.*) Go along! (*he goes.*)

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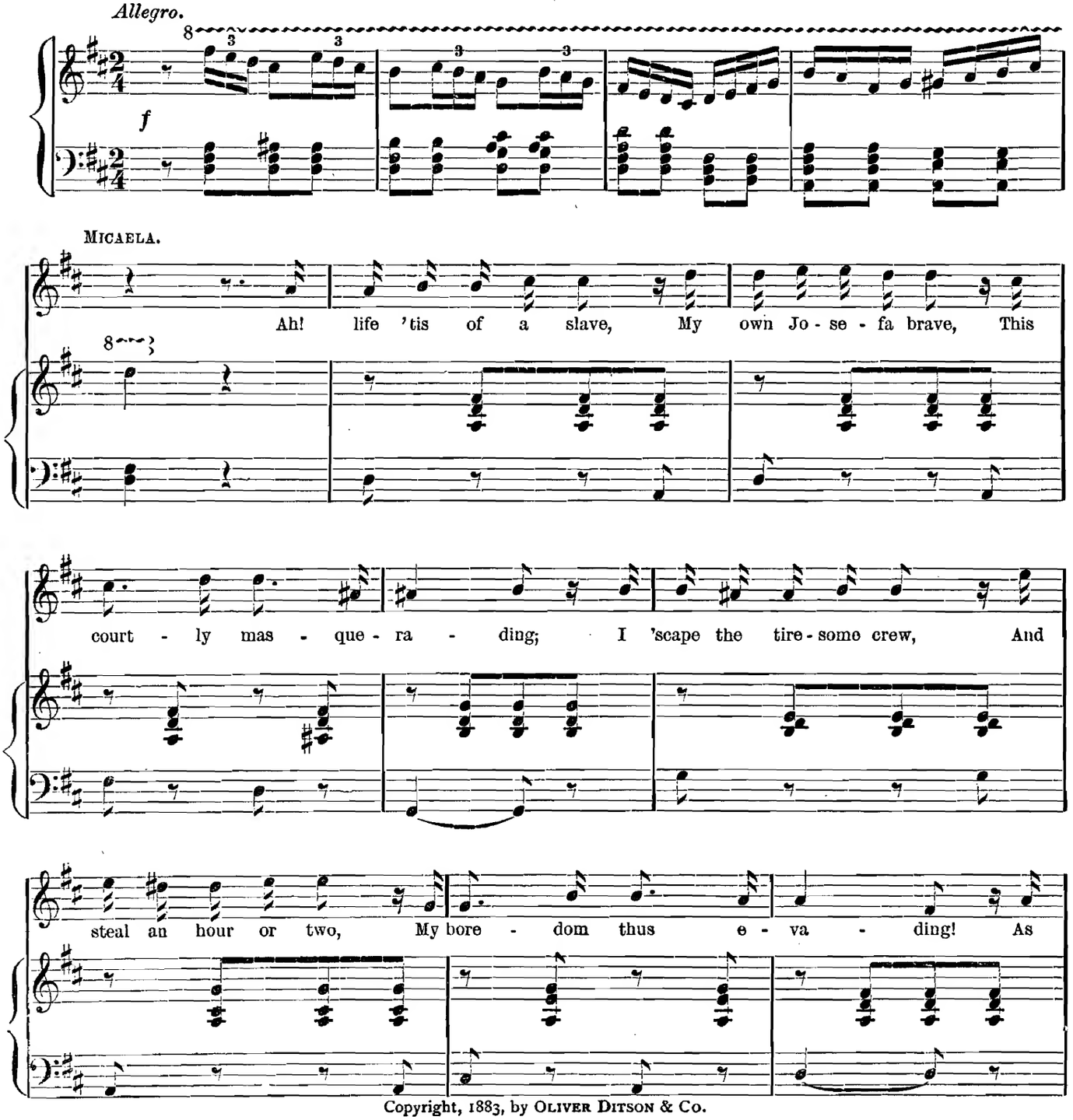
SCENE XI. MICAELA *is unrecognisable, she has left off her powder and high heels, and wears a costume like that of* JOSEFA

MICAELA. Josefa, are you alone?
JOSEFA. Yes!
MICAELA. So much the better.

AH! LIFE 'TIS OF A SLAVE.

No. 6. Rondeau.

Allegro.



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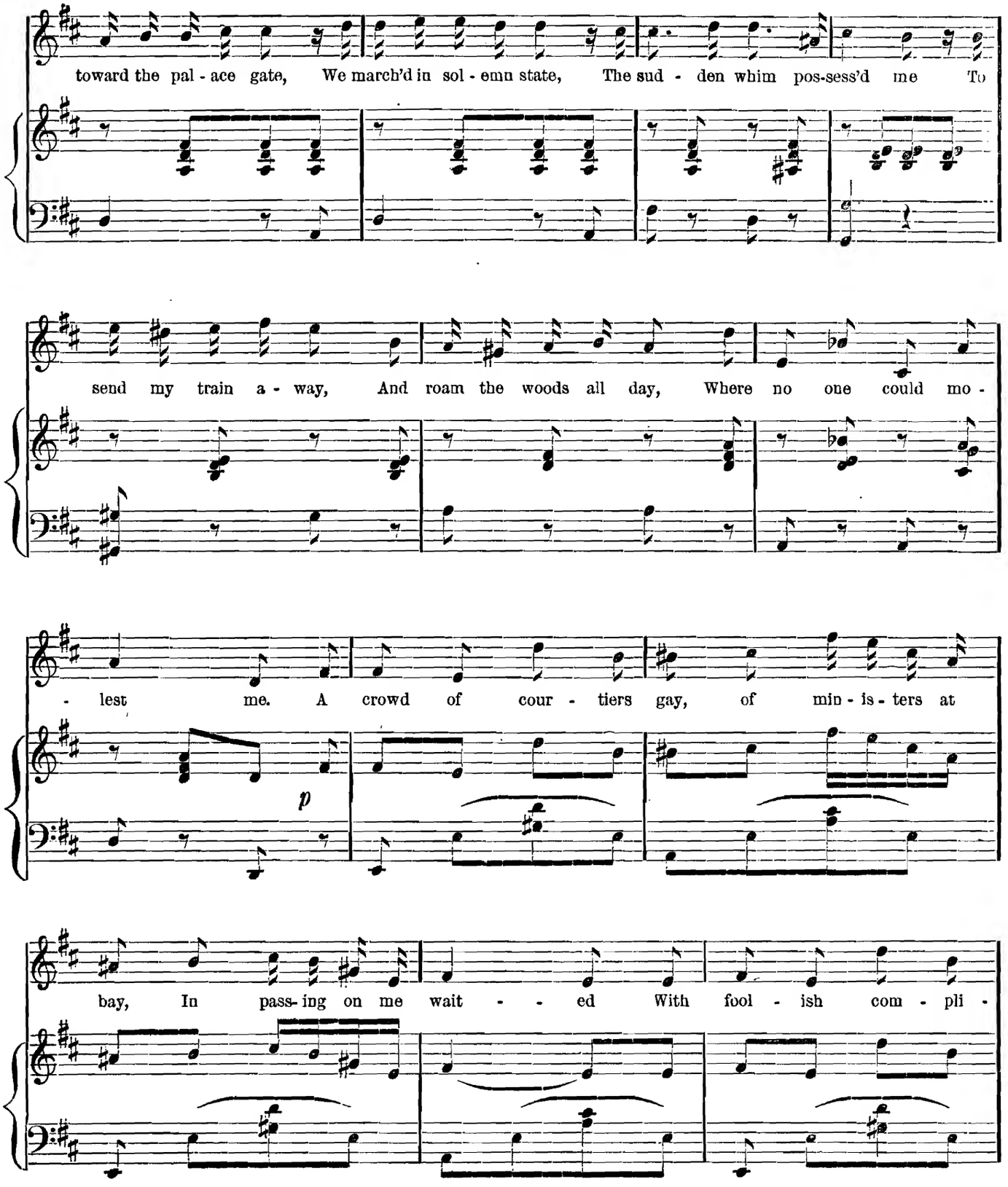
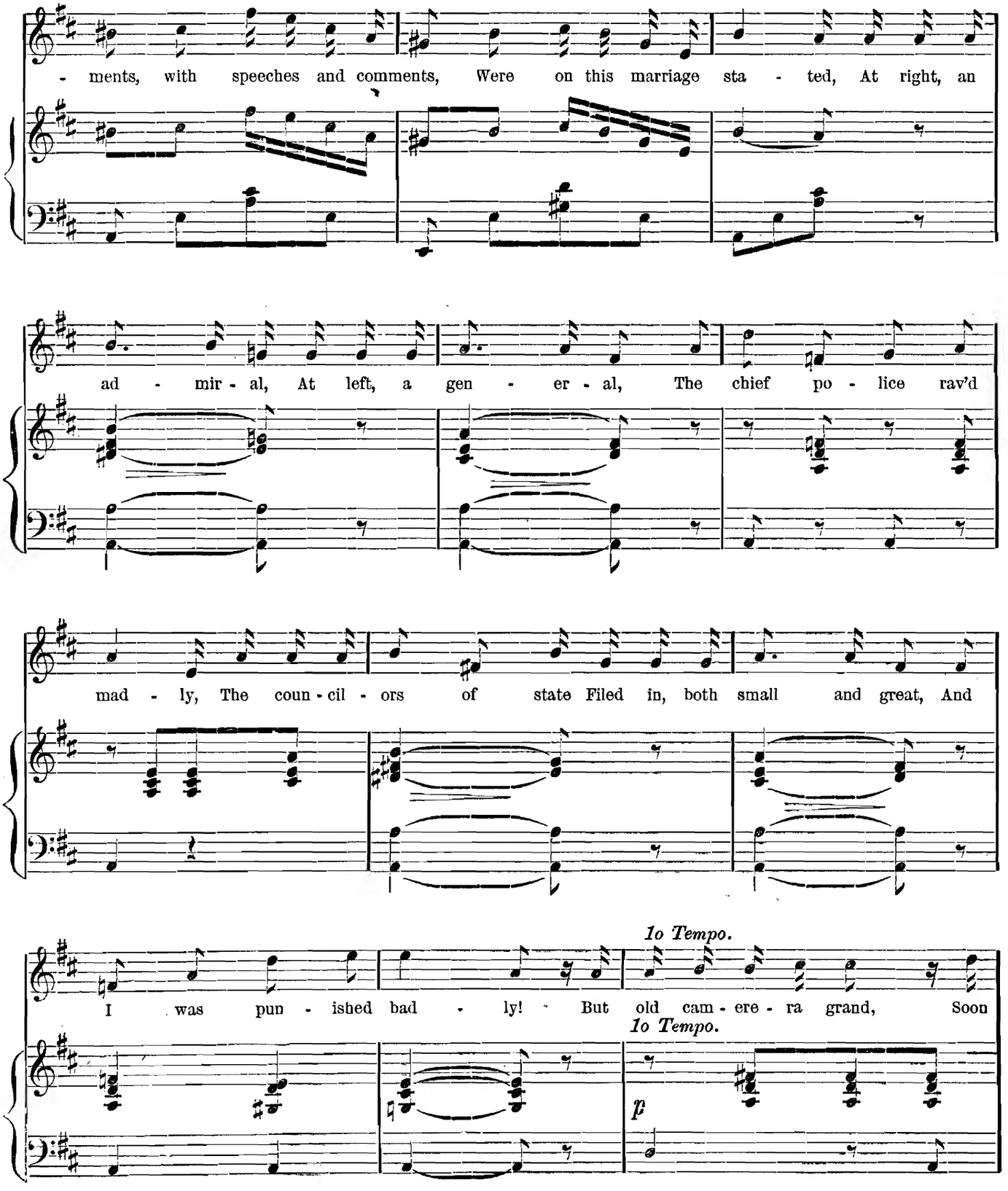
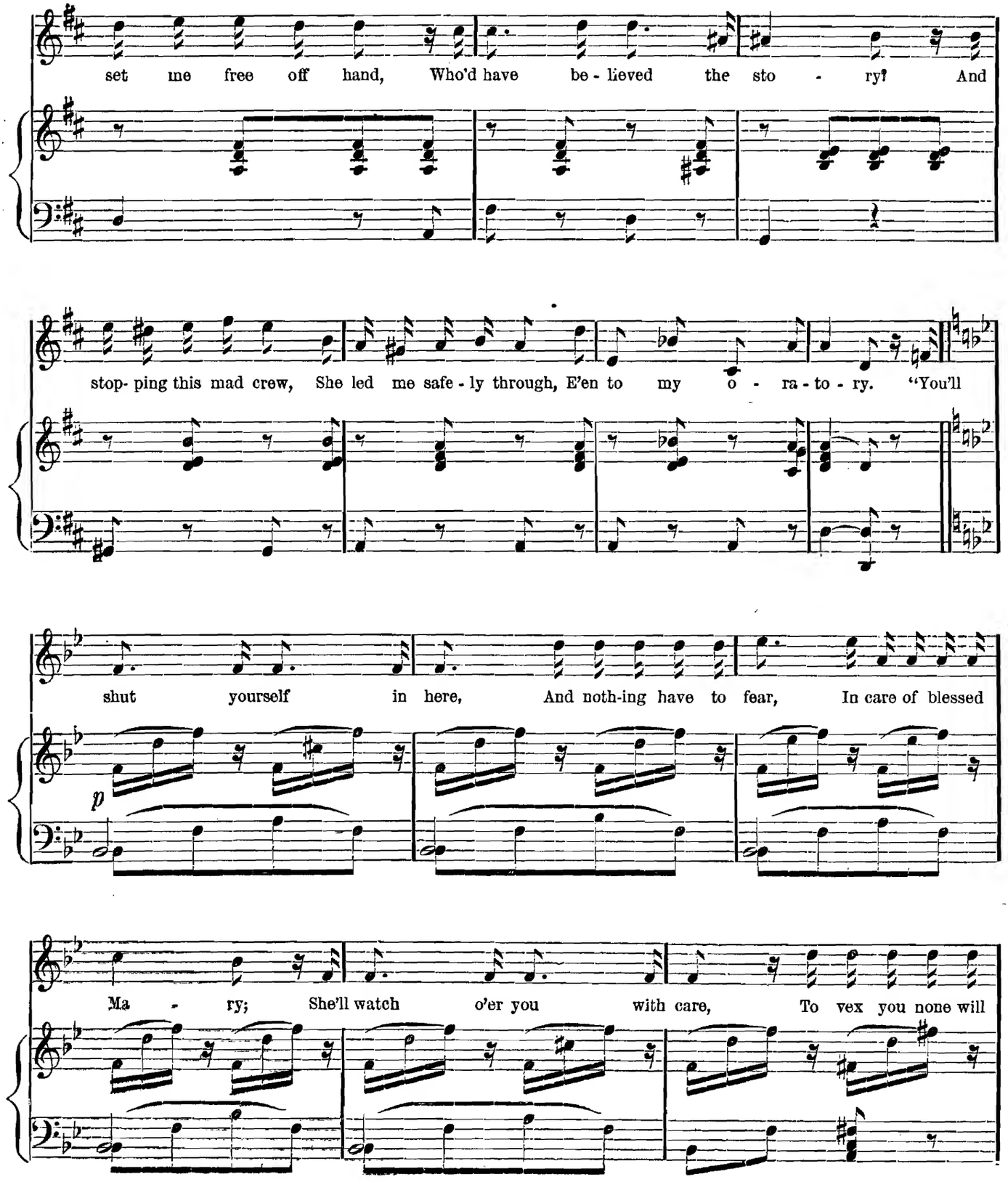
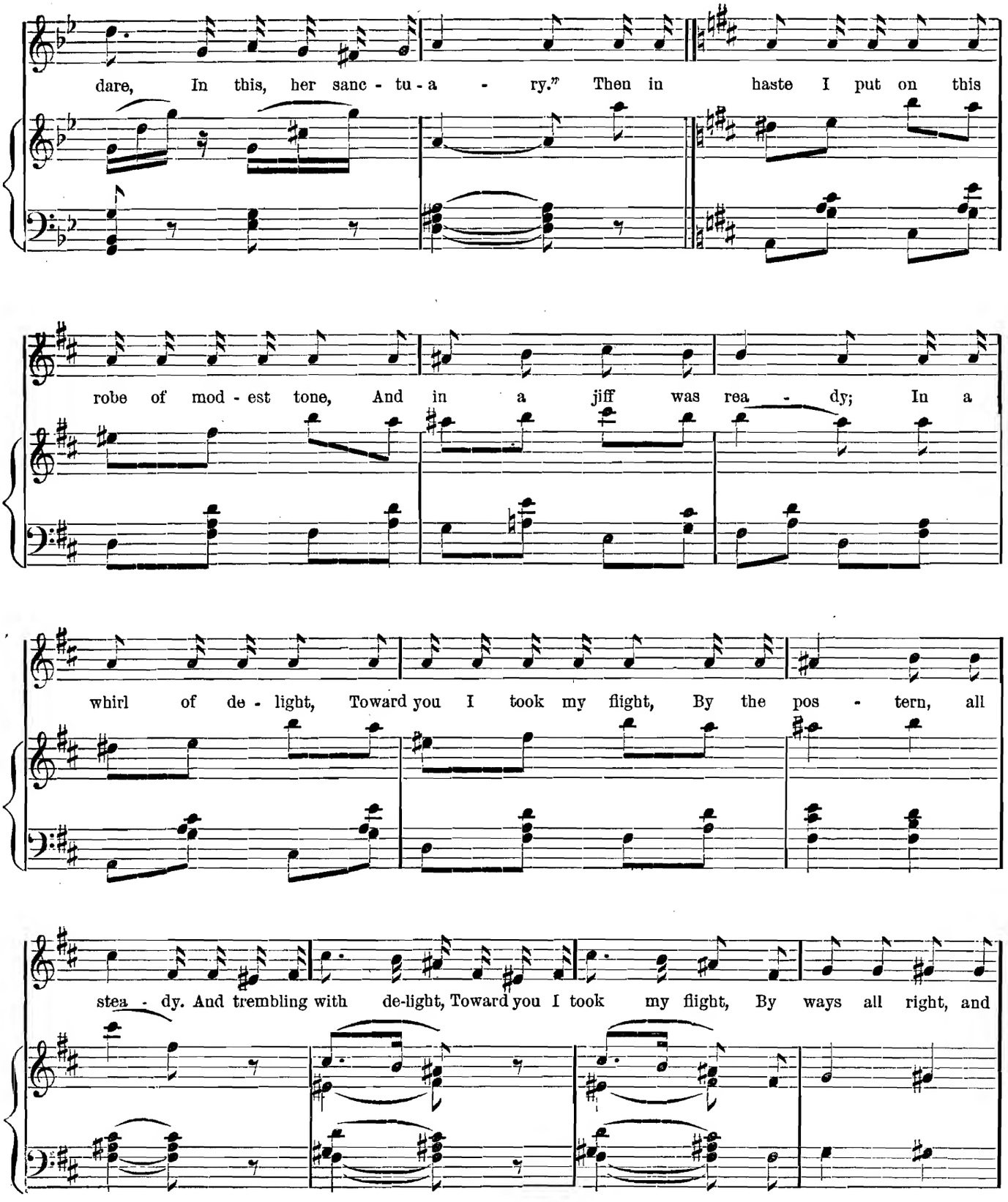
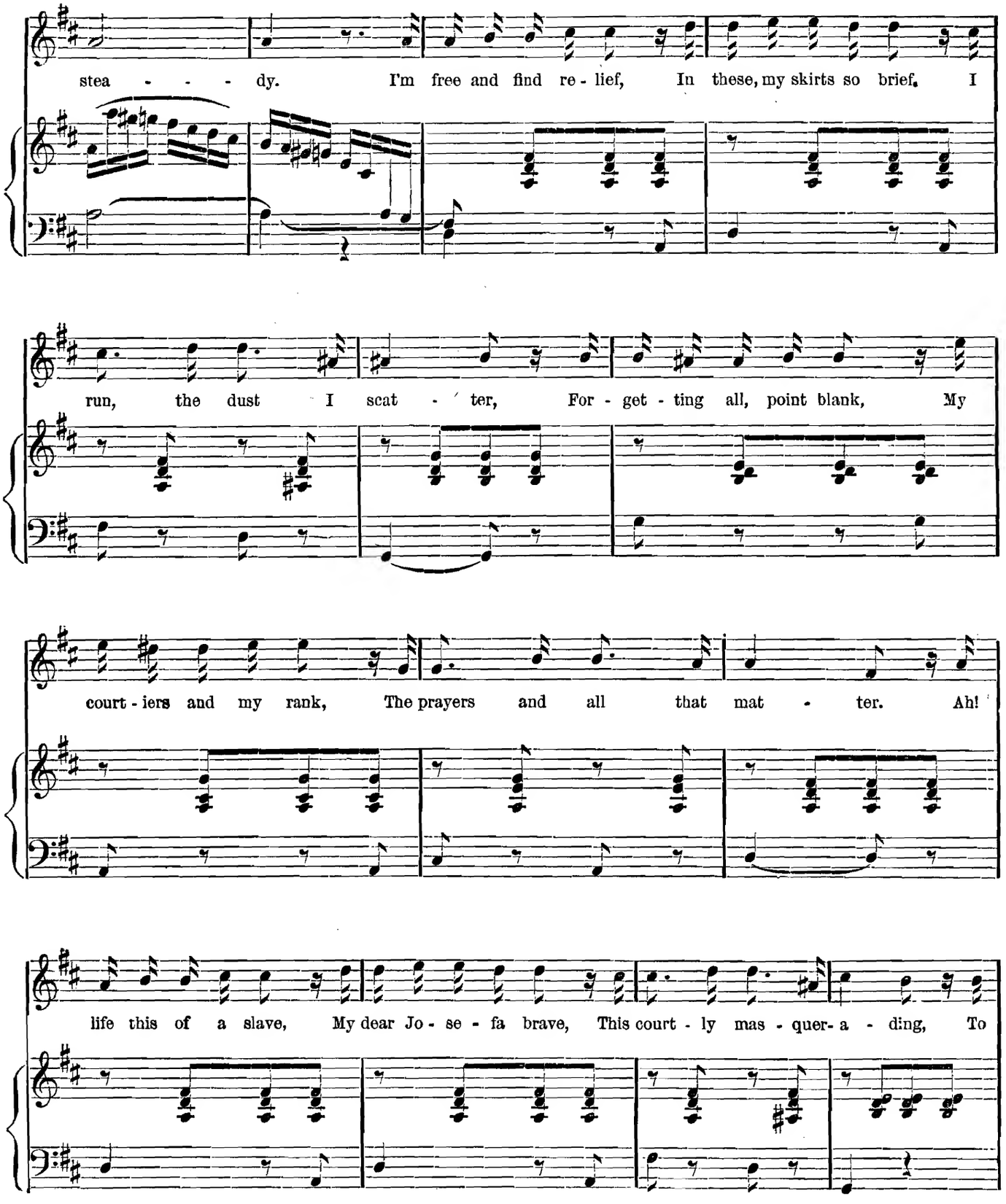
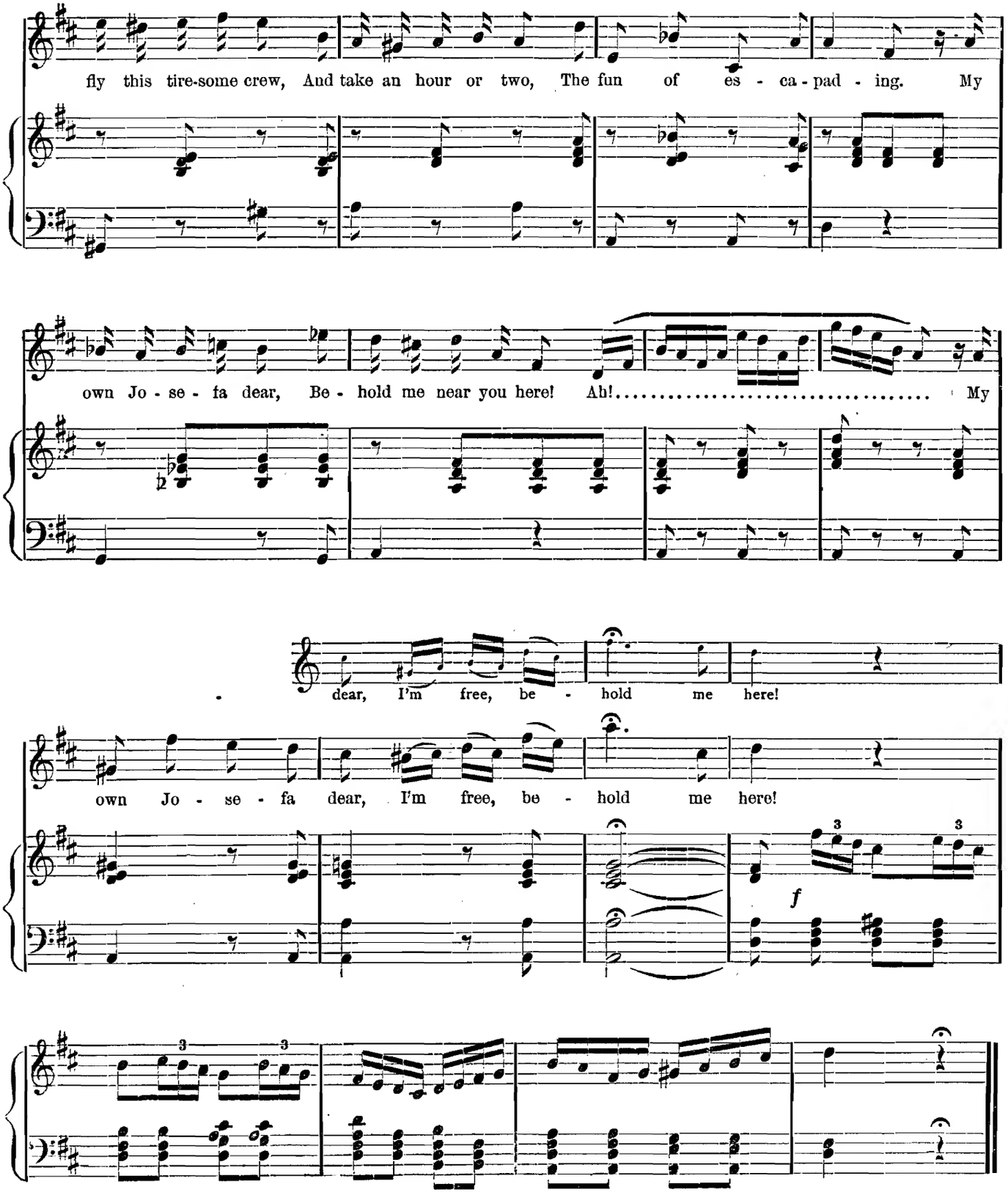

toward the pal - ace gate, We march'd in sol - emn state, The sud - den whim pos-sess'd me To
send my train a - way, And roam the woods all day, Where no one could mo -
- lest me. A crowd of cour - tiers gay, of min - is - ters at
p
bay, In pass- ing on me wait - - ed With fool - ish com - pli -


- ments, with speeches and comments, Were on this marriage sta - ted, At right, an
ad - mir - al, At left, a gen - er - al, The chief po - lice rav'd
mad - ly, The coun - cil - ors of state Filed in, both small and great, And
1o Tempo.
I was pun - ished bad - ly! But old cam - ere - ra grand, Soon
1o Tempo.
p


set me free off hand, Who'd have be - lieved the sto - ry? And
stop- ping this mad crew, She led me safe - ly through, E'en to my o - ra - to - ry. "You'll
shut yourself in here, And noth-ing have to fear, In care of blessed
p
Ma - ry; She'll watch o'er you with care, To vex you none will


dare, In this, her sanc - tu - a - ry." Then in haste I put on this
robe of mod - est tone, And in a jiff was rea - dy; In a
whirl of de - light, Toward you I took my flight, By the pos - tern, all
stea - dy. And trembling with de-light, Toward you I took my flight, By ways all right, and


stea - - - dy. I'm free and find re - lief, In these, my skirts so brief. I
run, the dust I scat - ter, For - get - ting all, point blank, My
court - iers and my rank, The prayers and all that mat - ter. Ah!
life this of a slave, My dear Jo - se - fa brave, This court - ly mas - quer- a - ding, To


fly this tire-some crew, And take an hour or two, The fun of es - ca - pad - ing. My
own Jo - se - fa dear, Be - hold me near you here! Ah! My
dear, I'm free, be - hold me here!
own Jo - se - fa dear, I'm free, be - hold me here!
f

JOSEFA. And the old Camérera—
MICAELA. At the grand gate, while I escaped by the little one, of which you gave me the key.
JOSEFA. That leads to the woods.
MICA. Precisely so. Let us see now—what have you got to tell me? What news? Do they talk of my marriage? What do they say of the bridegroom? For all my subjects, as papa says, know him before I do. Have you had a glimpse of him?
JOSEFA. Oh, I have had a good look at him!
MICA. And how is he?
JOSEFA. A handsome cavalier!
MICA. Ah! So——
JOS. With an air frank and gay.
MICA. All right!
JOS. All the women think him handsome.
MICA. So much the better! Ah! if I could love him—think of that! I have been bored for so long a time, and now am about to have a husband,—handsome, young, and gay,—but it is like a dream! He will love me, too, will he not?
JOS. He would be hard to please, if he did not!
MICA. And then he—he will not, perhaps, hold on to etiquette forever. He will have some good moments. Ah, decidedly, marriage is a good invention!
JOS. Oh, yes!
MICA. What makes you sigh?
JOS. Ah! 'Tis that I, too, would like to be married.
MICA. (*Curious.*) So! With whom?
JOS. With a handsome soldier.
MICA. (*Imitating her.*) A handsome soldier. That was well said.
JOS. But they will not allow him to marry me, because he is not yet a brigadier.
MICA. Is that all? Give me his name, and the number of his company.
JOS. Would you condescend? Oh, how good you are! (*Shouts of laughter heard*)
MICA. Who is coming here.
JOS. (*Looking back.*) Ah! They are some young girls, the brides of to-morrow, you know. Now go away. If they should recognize you—
MICA. Bah! There is no danger. It will amuse me. But your handsome soldier?
JOS. (*Taking a letter from her pocket.*) Stay! Here is a letter from him. You will find in it the desired information. He talks to me of nothing else!

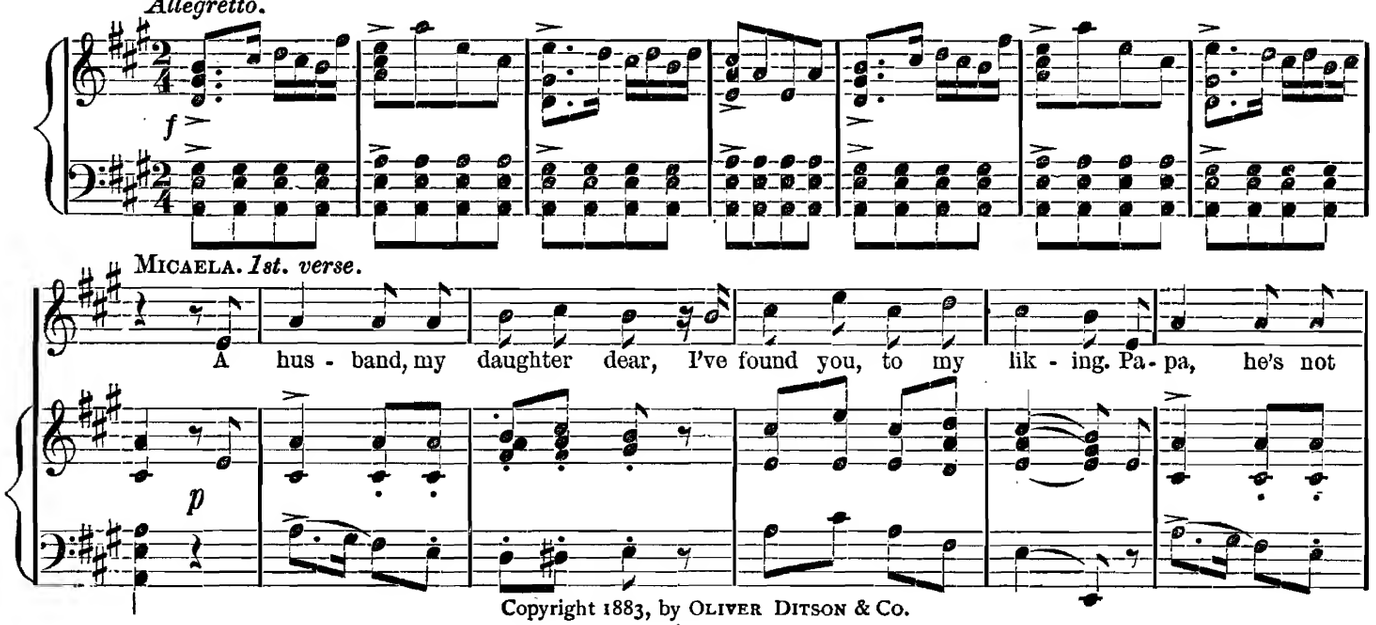
SCENE XII.—*The same.* INEZ, PEPA, DOLORES, ANITA, *and young girls.*

DOLORES. 'Tis too bad!
ALL. It is an injustice!
DOL. (*Seeing* MICAELA) Ah! You are not alone?
JOS. (*Hesitating.*) It is—
MICA. (*Whispering to her*) Your cousin!
JOS. It is my cousin!
PEPA. You have never spoken of her to us.
MICA. I came from the province for the marriage festivities!
DOL. Ah, yes! The festivities!
ANITA. They might have been made more gay for us.
INEZ. You know we did not succeed—
MICA. In what?
PEPA. We sent a petition to the princess.
MICA. To the princess?
ANITA. To ask of her a dowry, according to usage.
DOL. Then it is—and we may say it is—well gotten up. (*Gives petition to* MICAELA.)
MICA. Let me see it.
ANITA. We talked to a fine lady. (*Aping the ceremonial.*)
INEZ. (*Doing the same, and making three curtseys.*) Who carried our petition to the Camérera?
PEPA. Who sent us back to the fine lady.
DOL. Who told us that the princess was in retreat, in her oratory.
INEZ. And that nobody could speak with her.
MICA. (*During this time has approached the table, where* JOSEFA *has left pen and ink, and signs it unobserved.*) Well, it seems to me the fine lady explained at cross-purposes.
ANITA. Why so?
MICA. Because I see on your petition the word "granted," and the signature of the princess!
ALL. Let's see! Let's see! (*They all look.*) 'Tis true! Ah, what happiness! A dowry! A dowry!
ANITA. What good luck!
PEPA. Well, let us go and amuse ourselves!
DOL. Let us dance!
ANITA. Let us sing!
DOL. Who knows a rondo, to which we can dance?
MICA. (*To* JOSEFA.) A rondo? Do you recall one, Josefa, that we heard the other day?
JOS. The song of a young girl who wanted a husband of her own choosing?
MICA. That song ought to suit bravely; if you like, I will sing it for you. ALL. Yes! Yes!

A HUSBAND, MY DAUGHTER DEAR.

No. 7. Rondo.

Allegretto.



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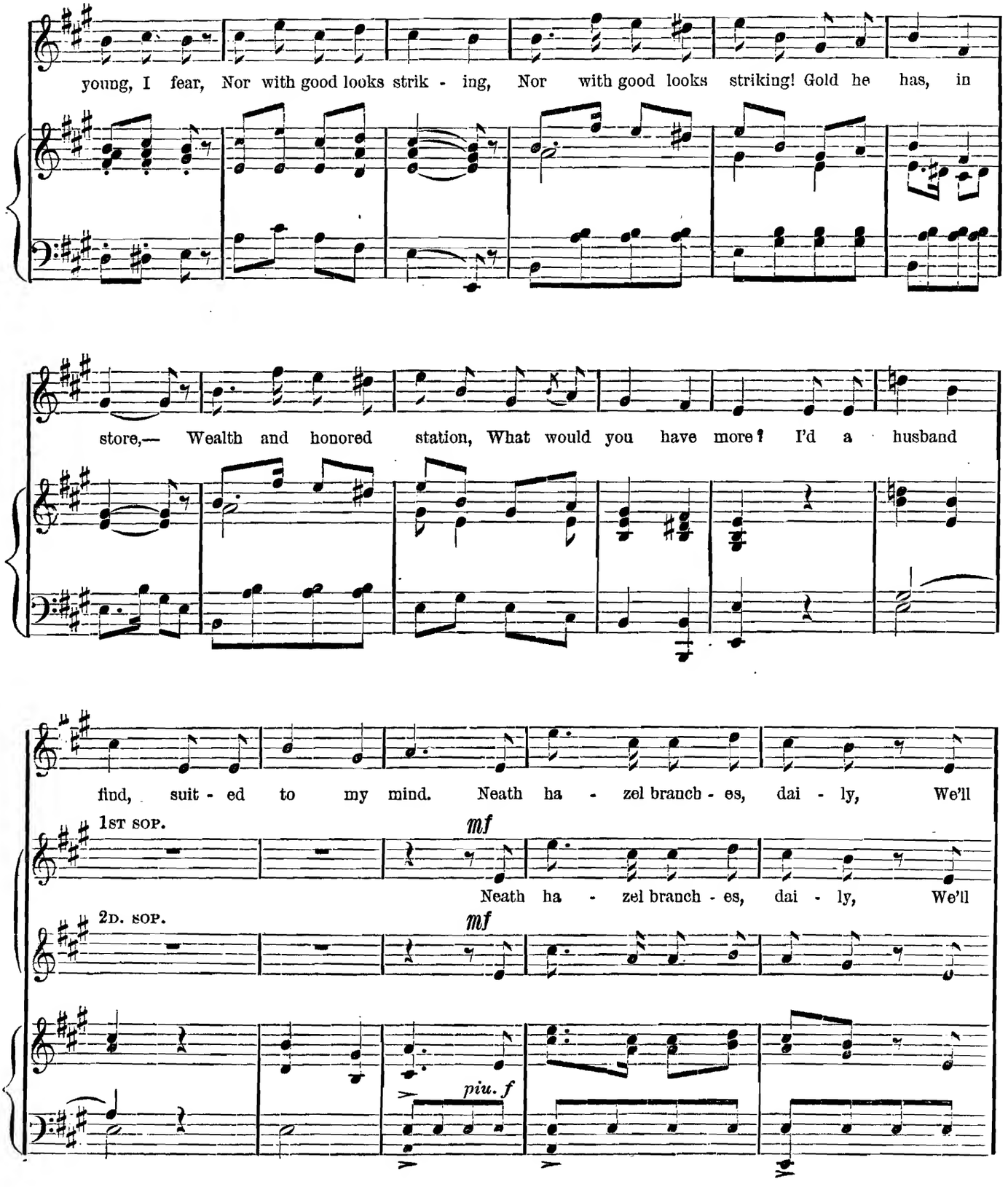
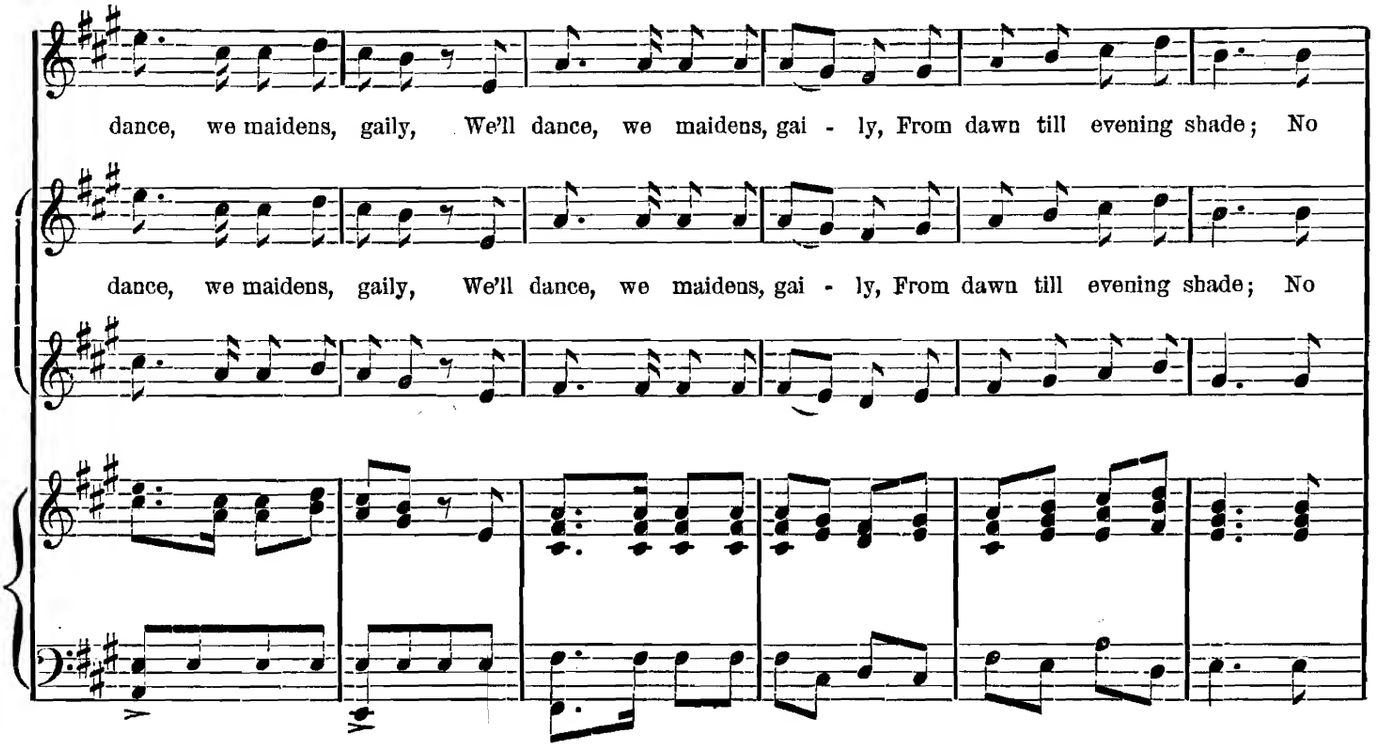
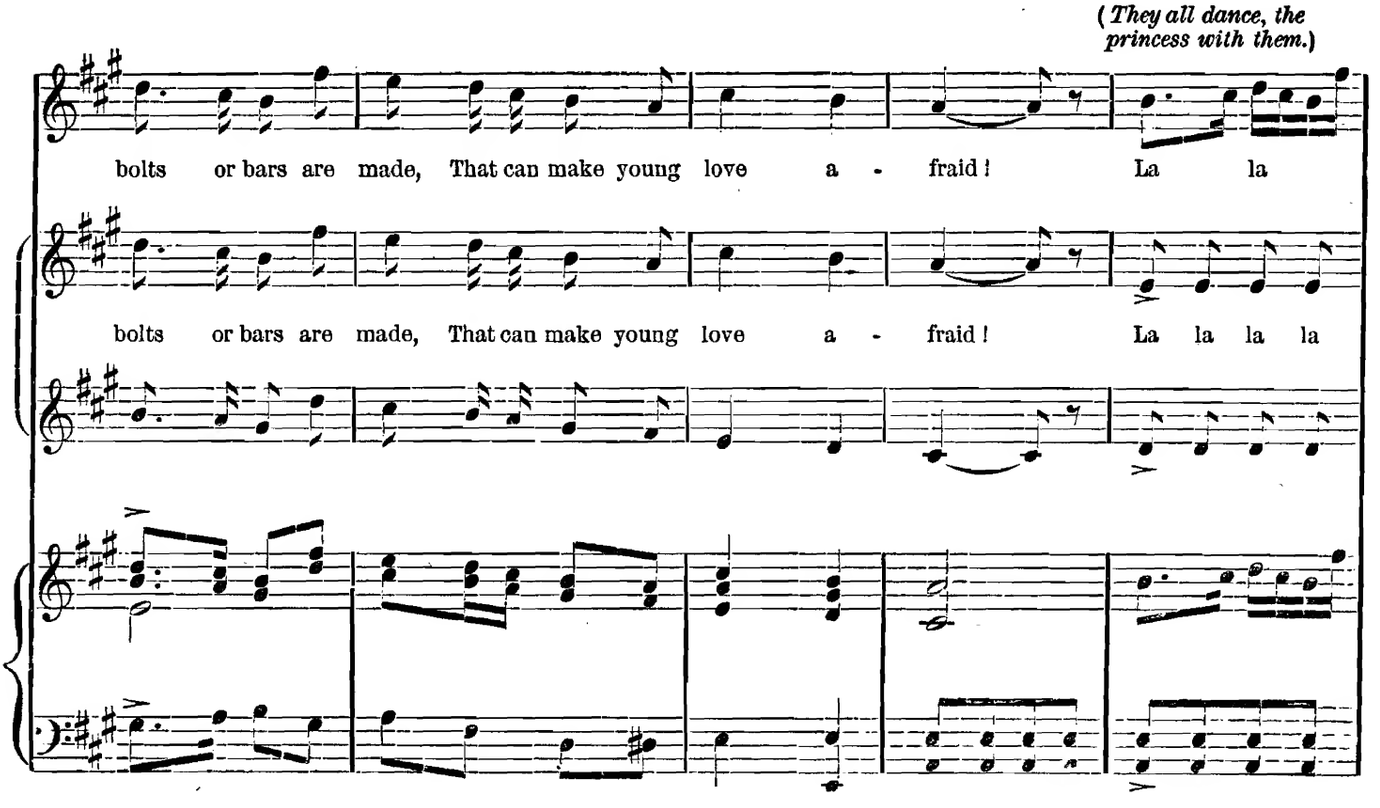
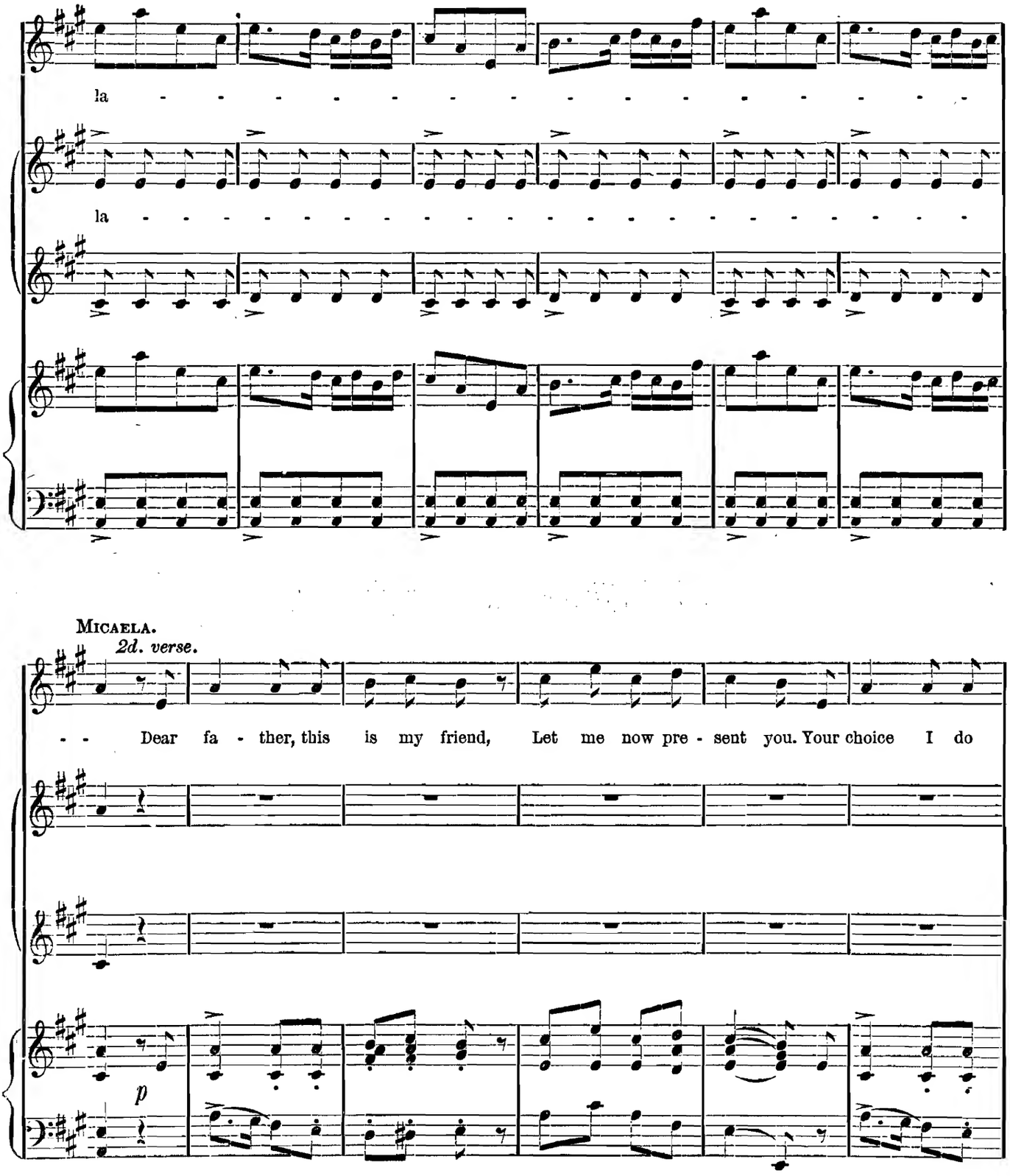
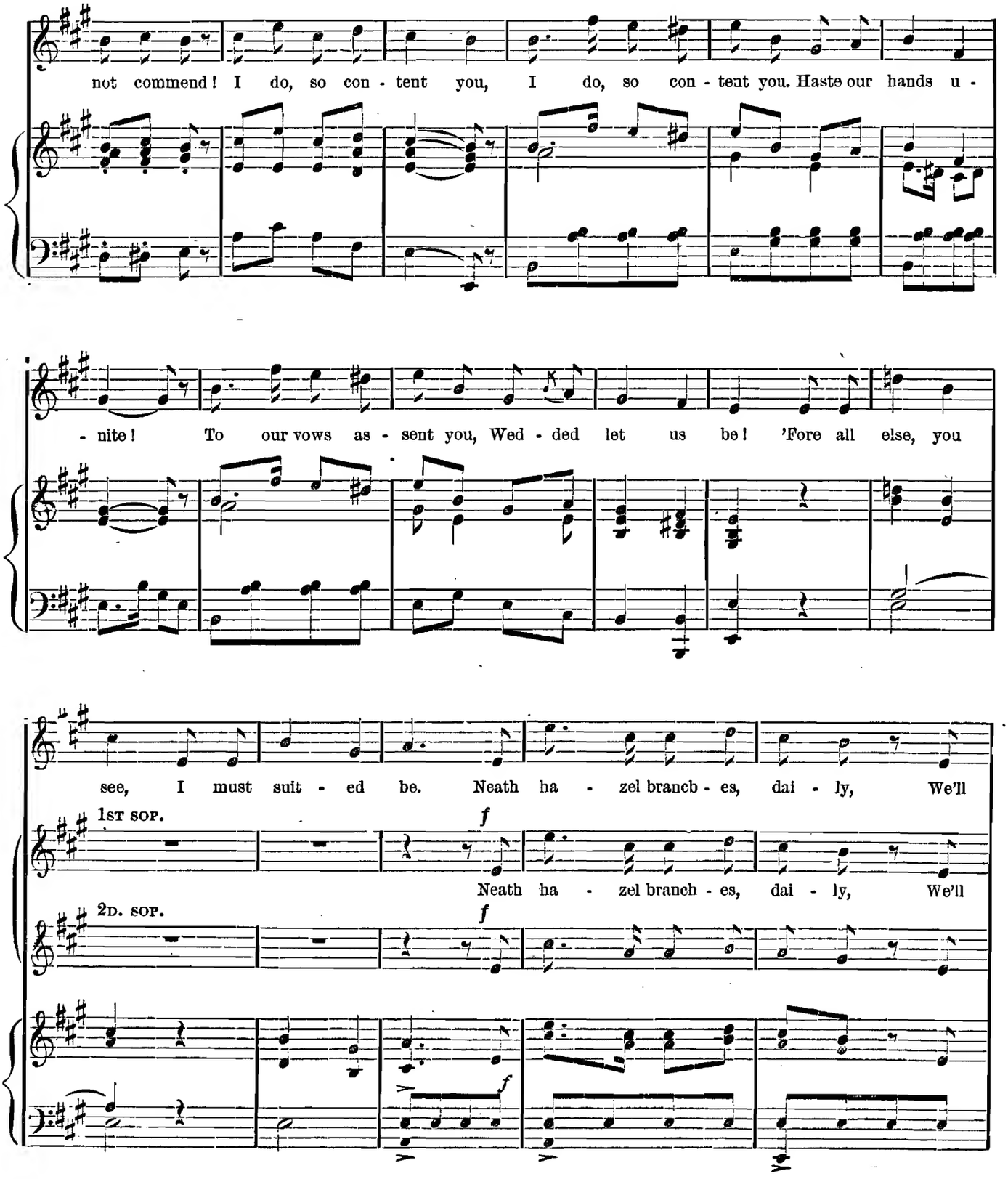
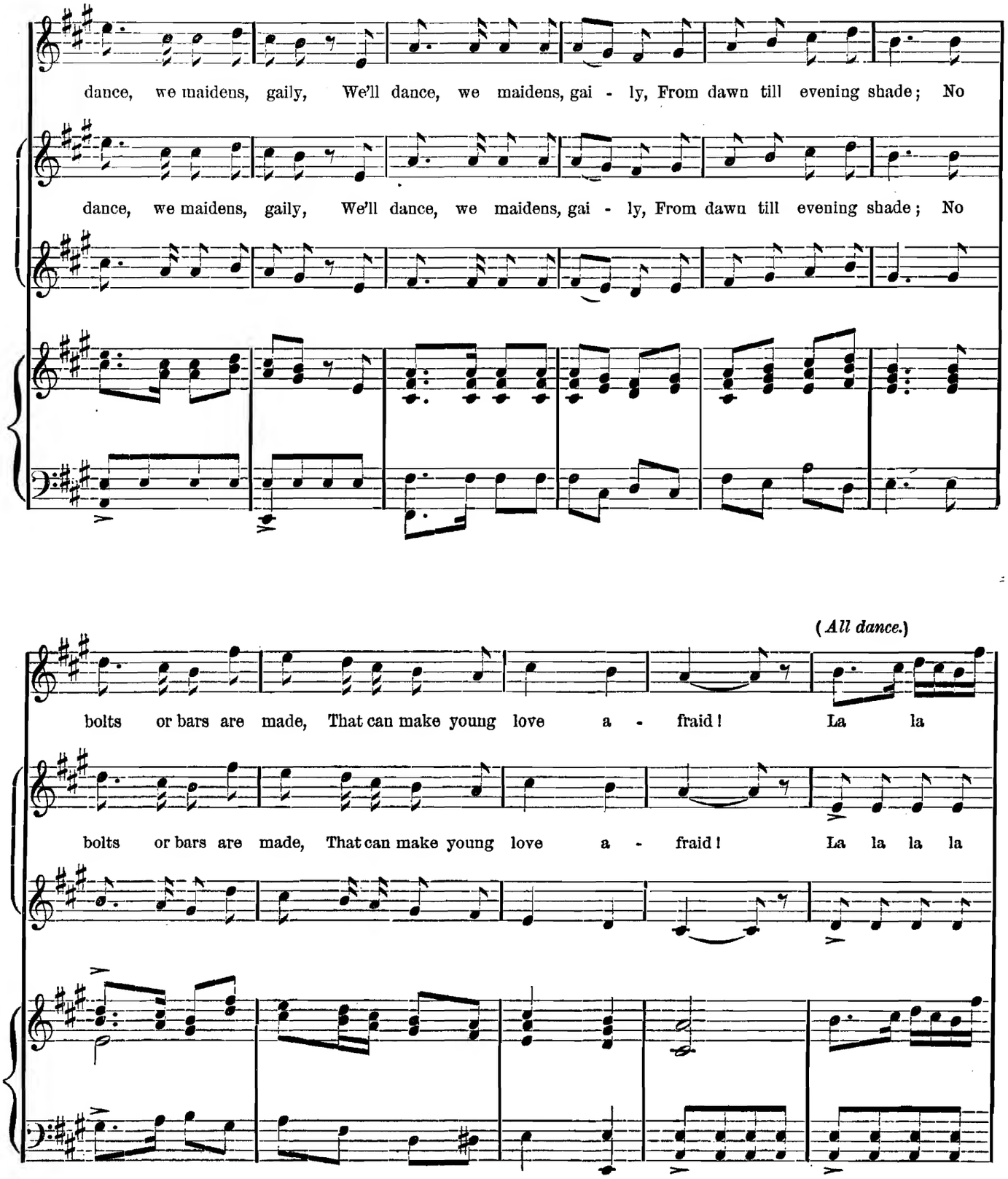

young, I fear, Nor with good looks strik - ing, Nor with good looks striking! Gold he has, in
store,— Wealth and honored station, What would you have more? I'd a husband
find, suit - ed to my mind. Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
1st sop.
mf
Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
2d. sop.
mf
piu. f

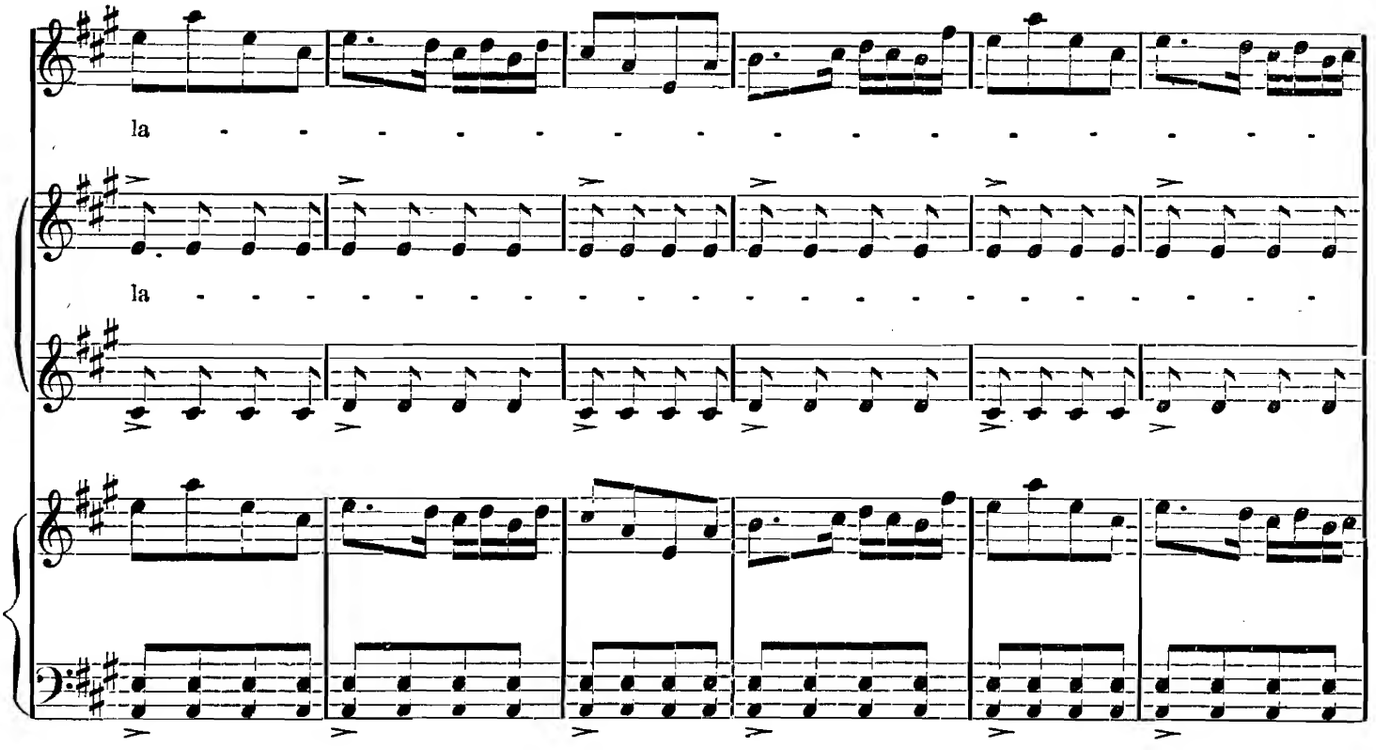

dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No

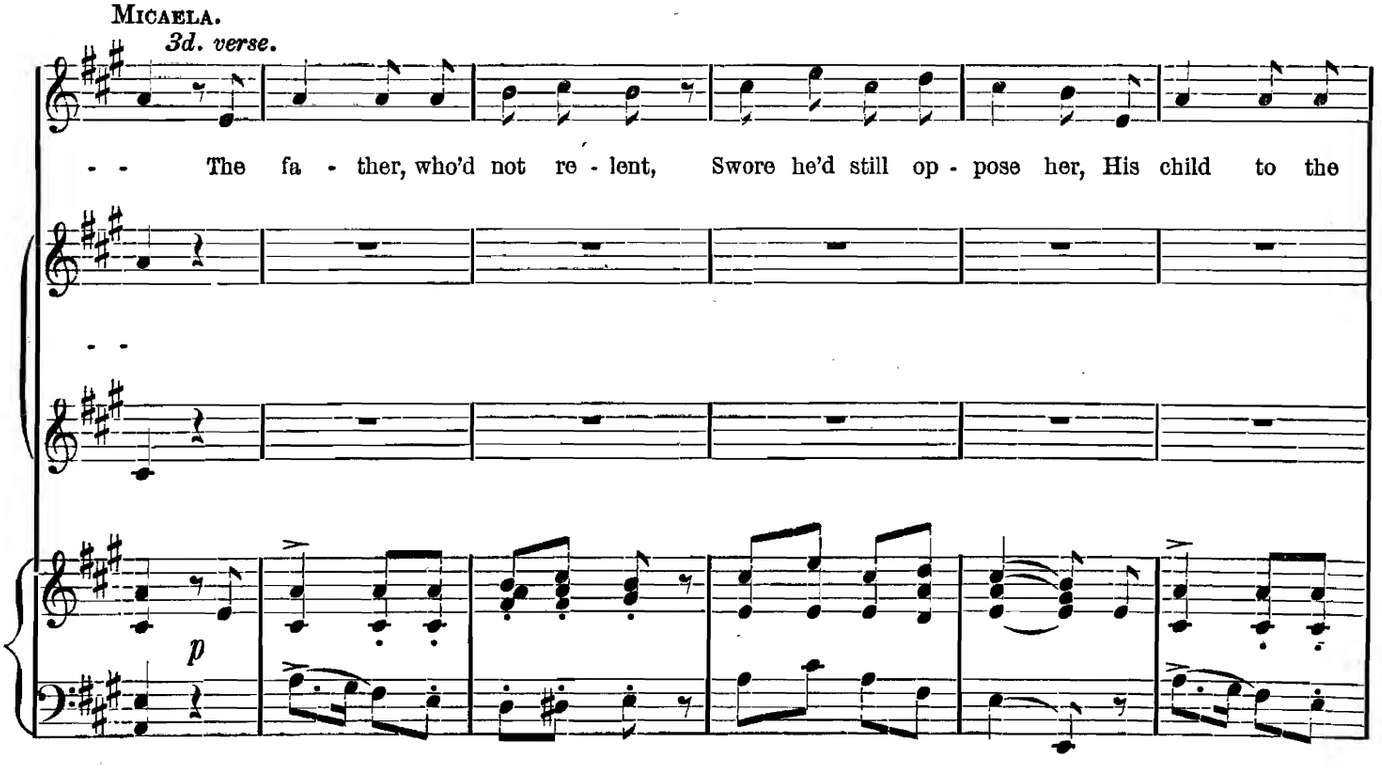

(They all dance, the princess with them.)
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la la la

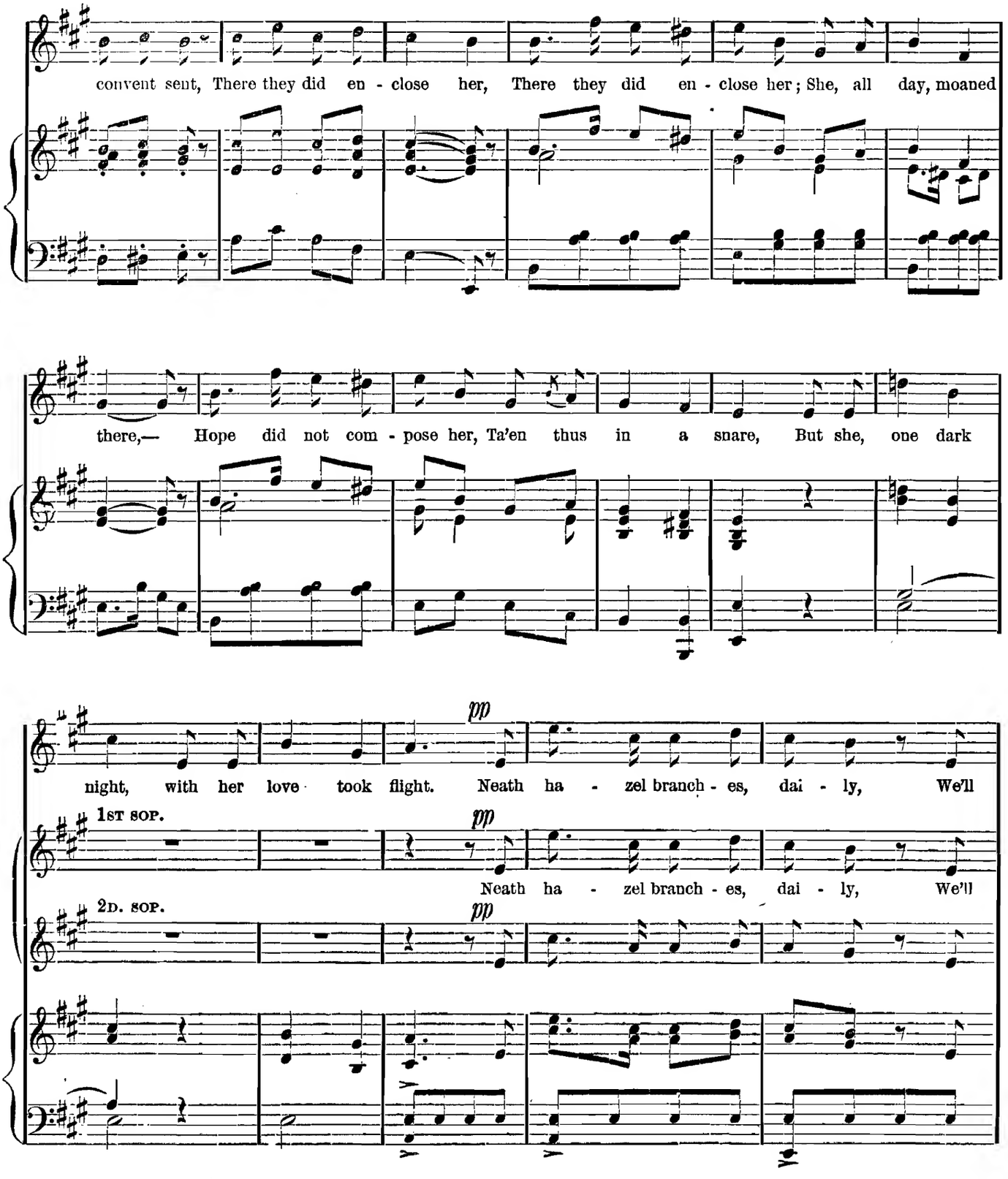

la - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
la -
MICAELA.
2d. verse.
- - Dear fa - ther, this is my friend, Let me now pre - sent you. Your choice I do

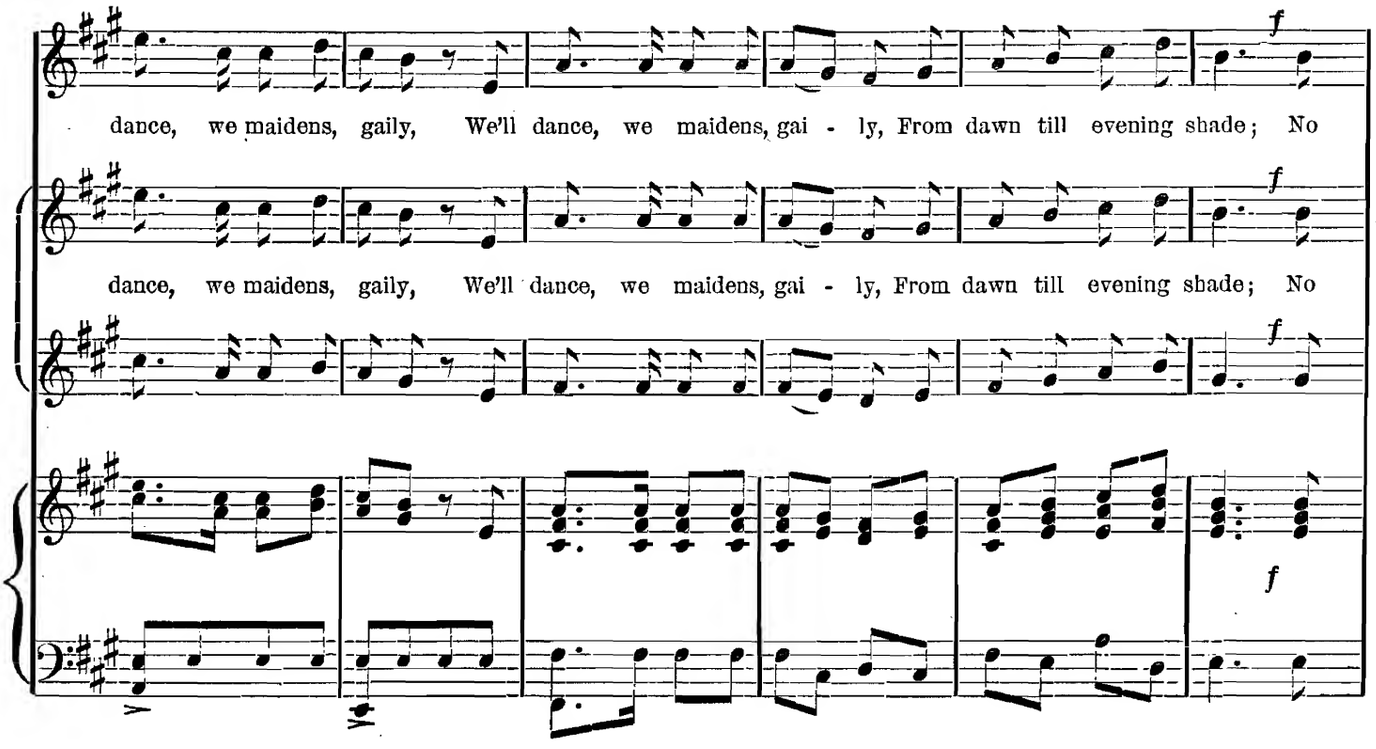

not commend! I do, so con - tent you, I do, so con - tent you. Haste our hands u -
- nite! To our vows as - sent you, Wed - ded let us be! 'Fore all else, you
see, I must suit - ed be. Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
1st sop.
f
Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
2d. sop.
f
f

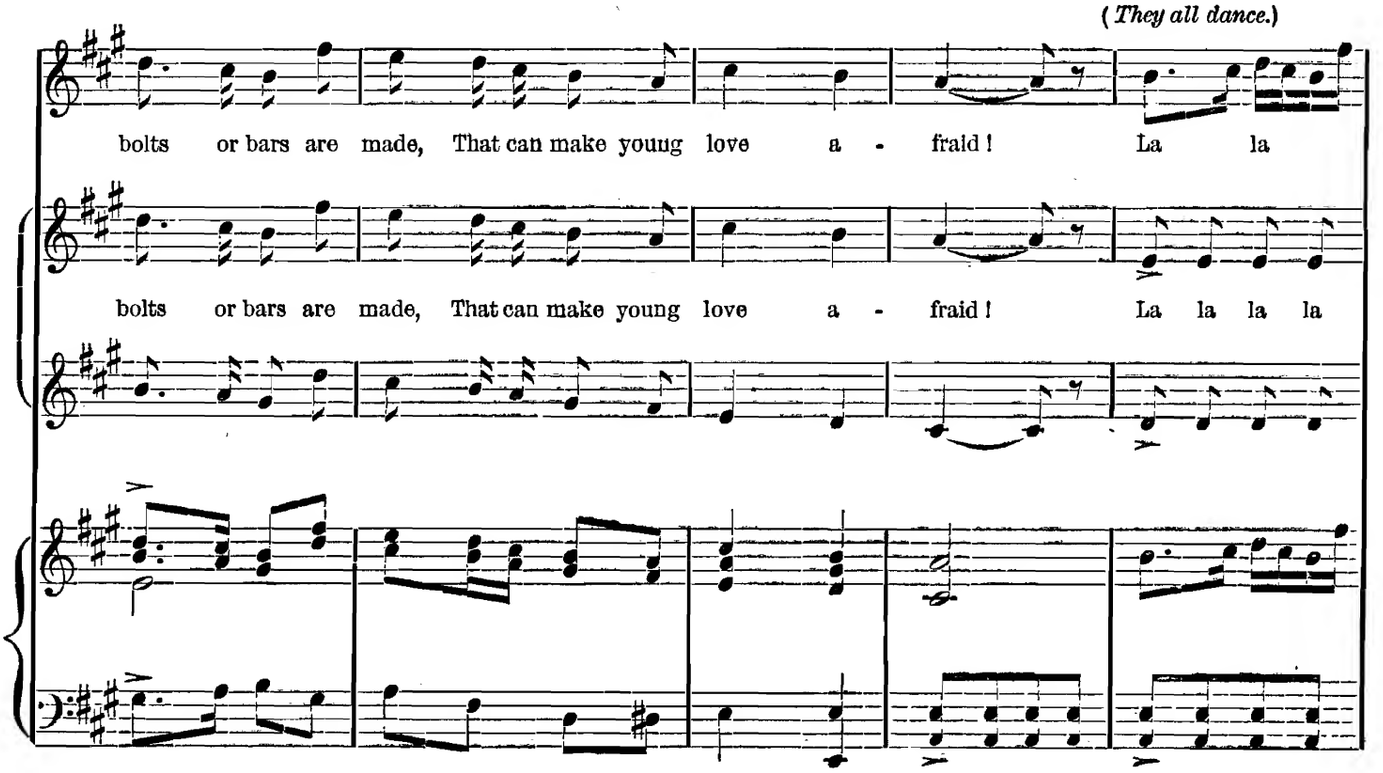

dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
(All dance.)
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la la la

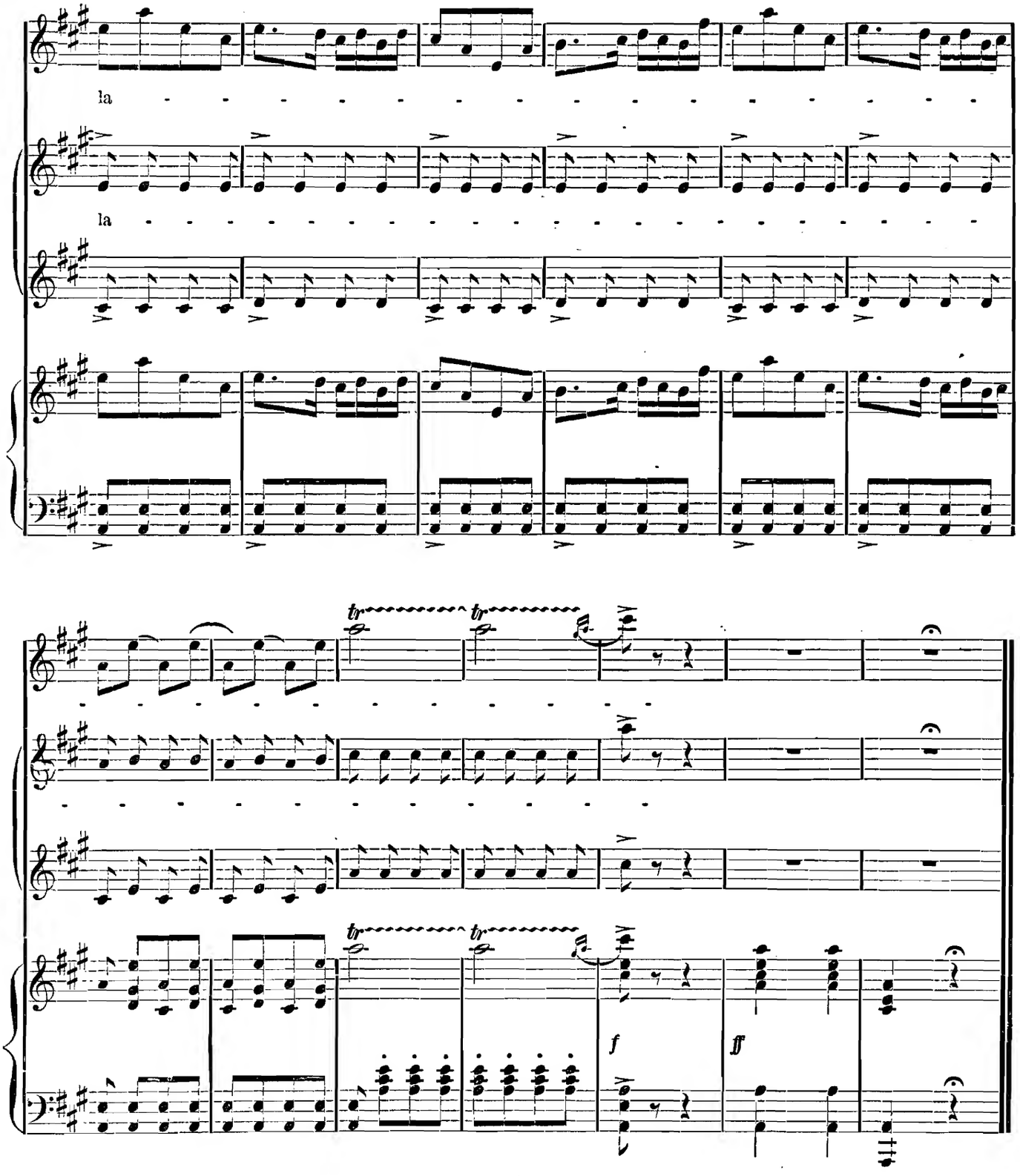

la - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
la -


MICAELA.
3d. verse.
- - The fa - ther, who'd not re - lent, Swore he'd still op - pose her, His child to the
- -
p


convent sent, There they did en - close her, There they did en - close her; She, all day, moaned
there,— Hope did not com - pose her, Ta'en thus in a snare, But she, one dark
pp
night, with her love took flight. Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
1st sop.
Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
2d. sop.


dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
f
f
f
f


(They all dance.)
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la la la



(At the end of dance, GAETAN *puts his head over the wall, and applauds. All the girls scatter, with a loud cry.)*

JOS. (*Looking at the Prince. To* MICAELA.) 'Tis he, the Prince, your future husband!

MIC. Are you sure of it?

JOS. Perfectly, I saw him well, when he came into the city.

MIC. Well then, leave us.

JOS. What, alone by yourselves?

MIC. Why not, indeed? She is right. (*She goes out, during that time, the Prince has succeeded in scaling the wall.* MICAELA *hooks her skirt to the thicket at the right.*)

SCENE XIII—MICAELA. GAETAN.

MIC. (*Pretends to be unable ta unhook her dress.*) Ah! mon Dieu! I shall never get free!

GAE. (*Helping to free her.*) There, 'tis done!

MIC. (*Making him a curtsey.*) Thanks, monsieur, now I can get away.

GAE. I have then the air of a malefactor—everybody flies at my approach.

MIC. Well, you have a way of presenting yourself.

GAE. You, at least, would be more brave!

MIC. On the contrary—I am much alarmed,-and beg you to allow me to depart.

GAE. Why so? [comer.

MIC. Because a young girl should not stop to talk with a chance-

GAE. If the chance-comer has only proper things to say; for instance: how charming she is, full of graces and attractions!

MIC. Oh! you have something else to do than to tell me that; in an hour, you are going to wed the Princess.

GAE. Ah! you know me, then?

MIC. I was upon the plaza this morning when you made your grand entrance. (*aside.*) Josefa was right; he is very good looking, my future husband.

GAE. Well, if I am about to wed the princess, it is no reason against my taking a finger at the court.

MIC. You are disposed to joke?

GAE. With you, as long as you please, but this is no less a serious affair—yes, the more I look at you, the more I find you to my taste: 'tis that you are good looking! very! You have caught my heart at first sight, and to prove it to you, I bestow upon you my confidence; fancy to yourself, my charmer, that they mean to marry me in spite of myself.

MIC. Ah!

GAE. I had the pretension, foolish as it may seem, to choose for myself the one whom I should marry. Ah! well, yes! they they were papa's state ministers who have chosen for me. When I wished to protest, they laughed in my face; and they ordered me on horseback.

MIC. Thus—all at once—

GAE. Mon Dieu, yes, with a company of bombardiers, sent by my future father-in-law, to watch me closely, double quick time gallop, and here I am!

MIC. But I do not see your company?

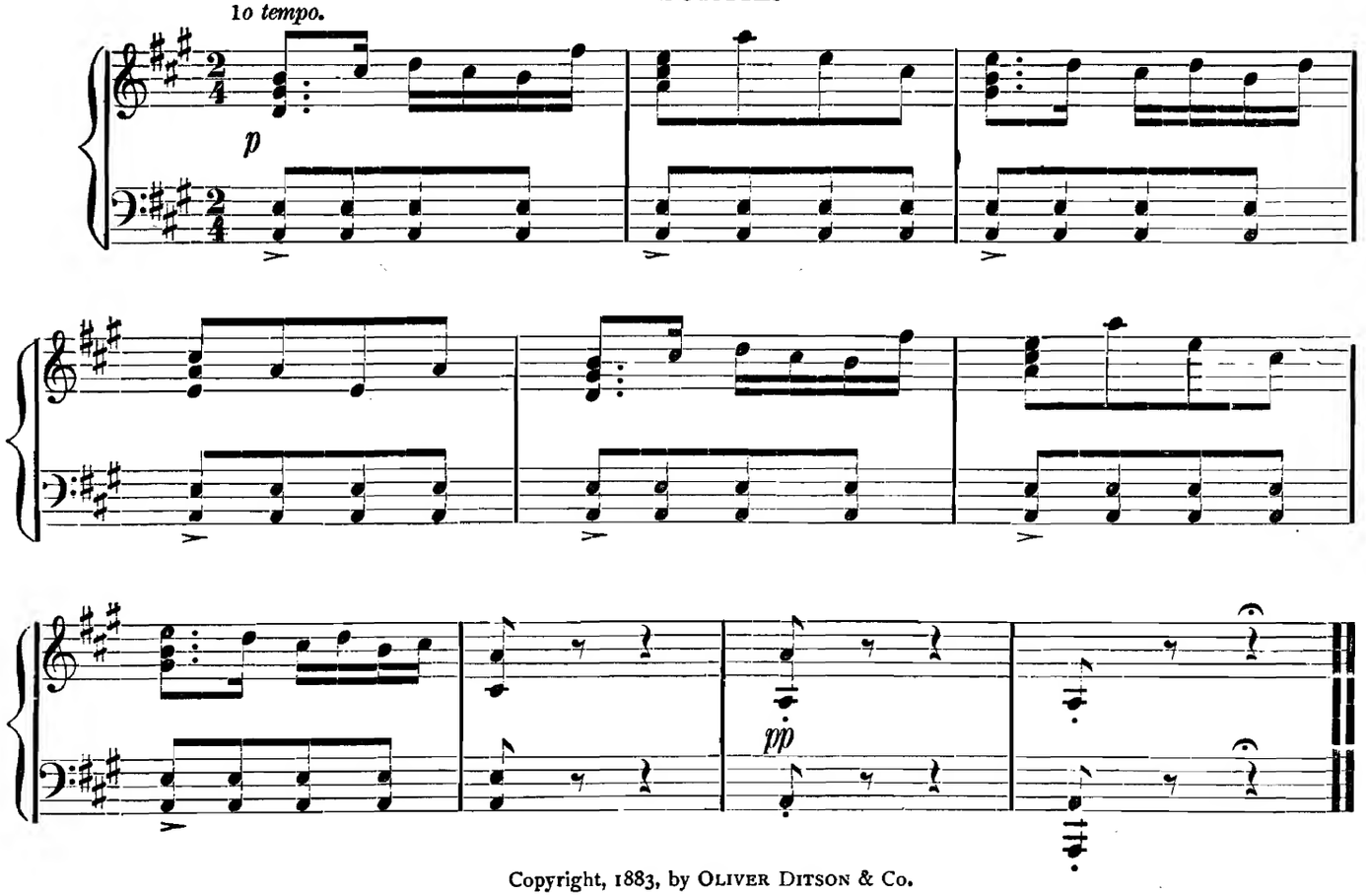
GAE. I lost it in the wood It amused me a little to torment my guardians—but they will know how to catch me again. I shall marry their princess, because we cannot always do as we wish. But what I know very well, is, that I shall never love her, the Princess Micaela! that I will never look in her face! that I will never speak a word to her!

MIC. Are you quite sure of that?

GAE. I'll take my oath of it before you, and that oath I will keep! Ah! they force me to marry her!

No. 7. Bis.

SORTIE.



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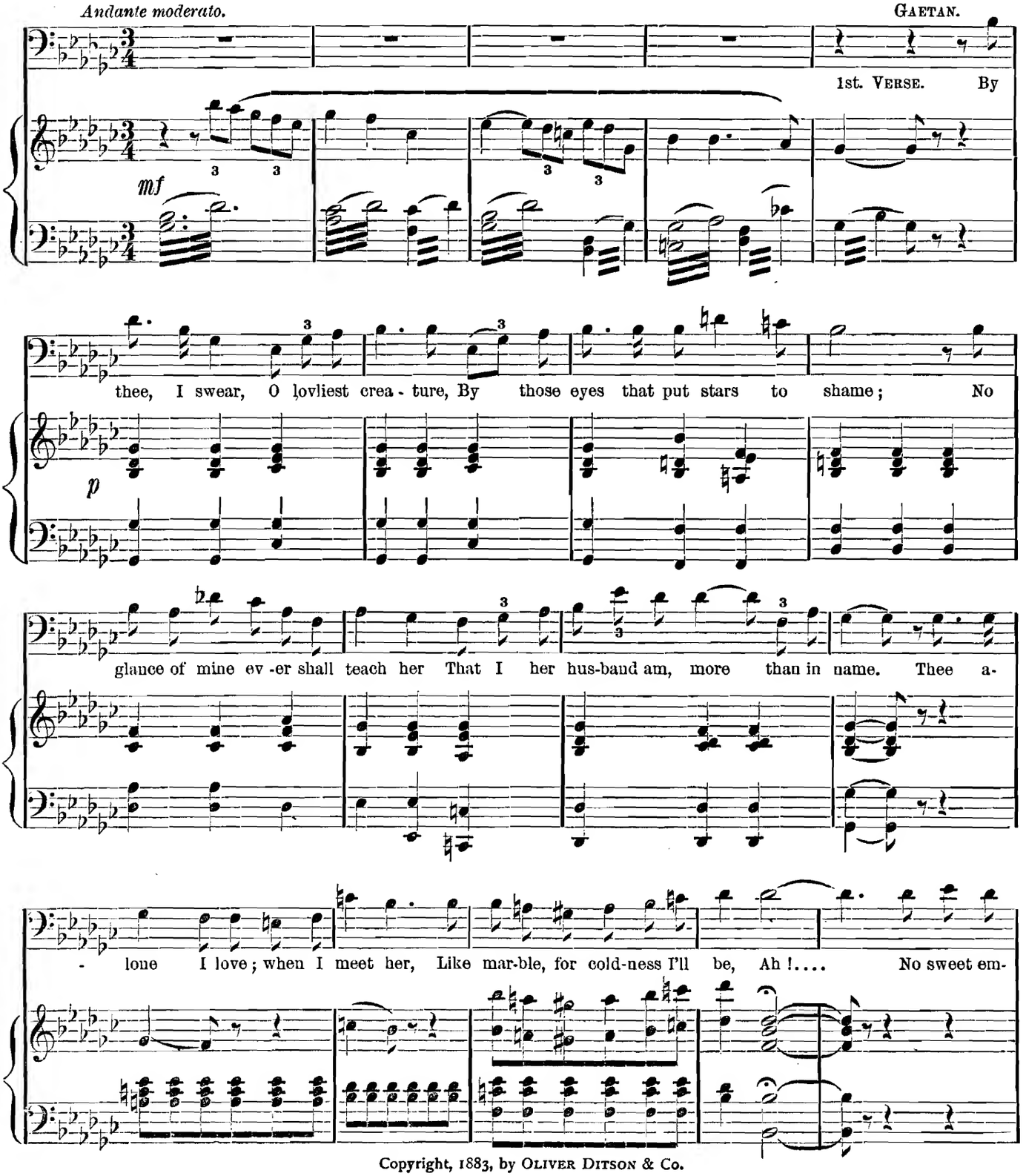
BY THEE I SWEAR.

No. 8. Romance and Duet.

Andante moderato. GAETAN.



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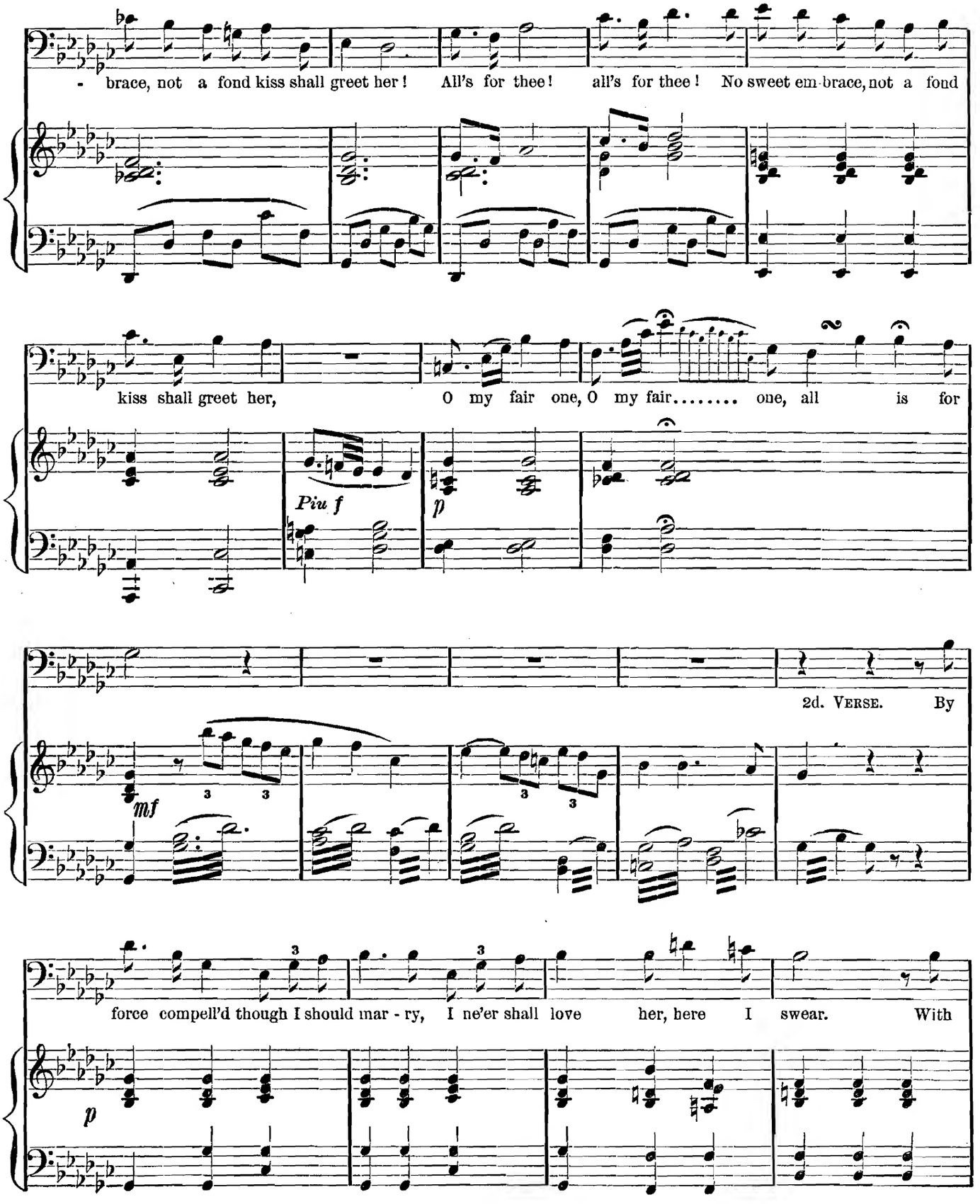
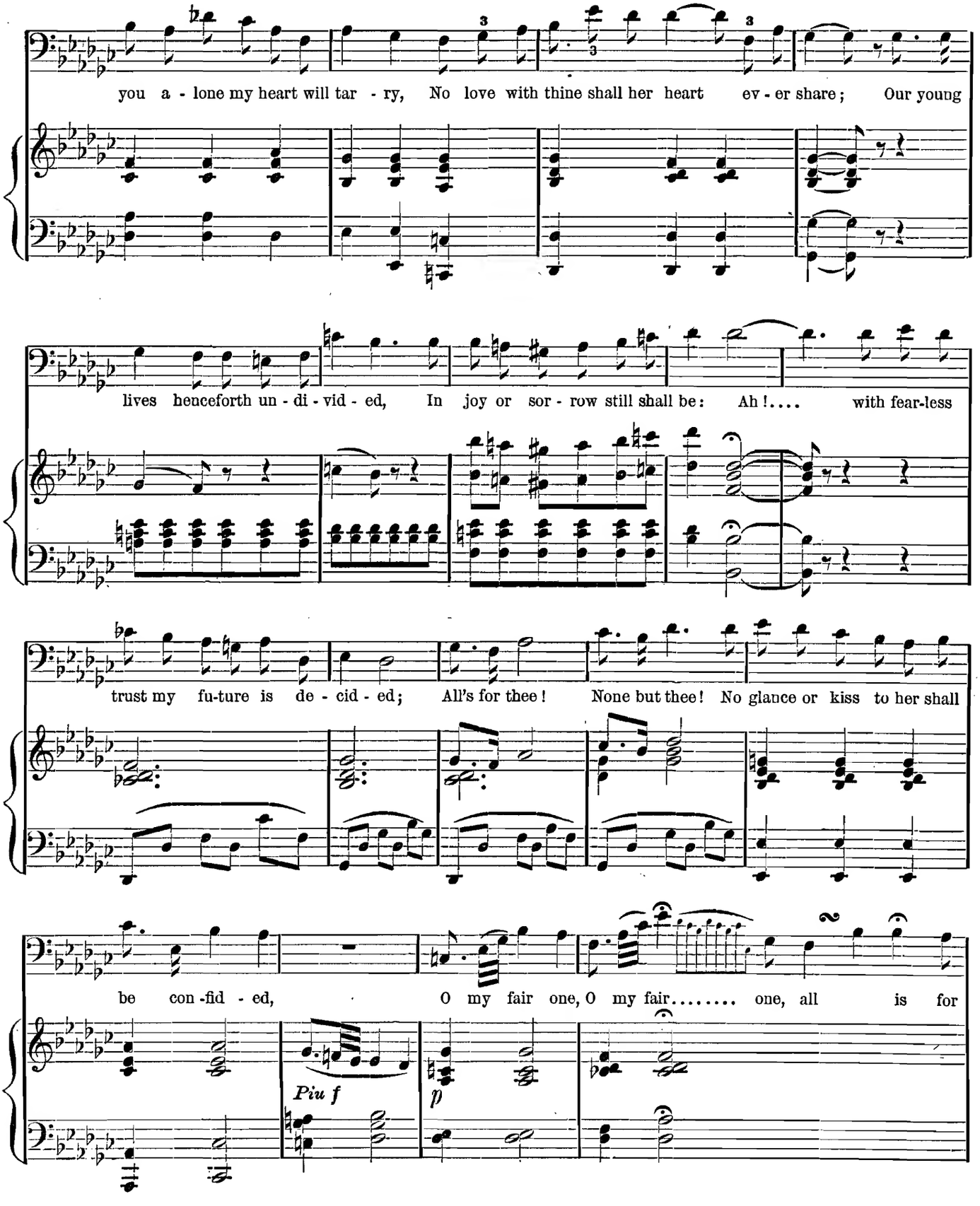
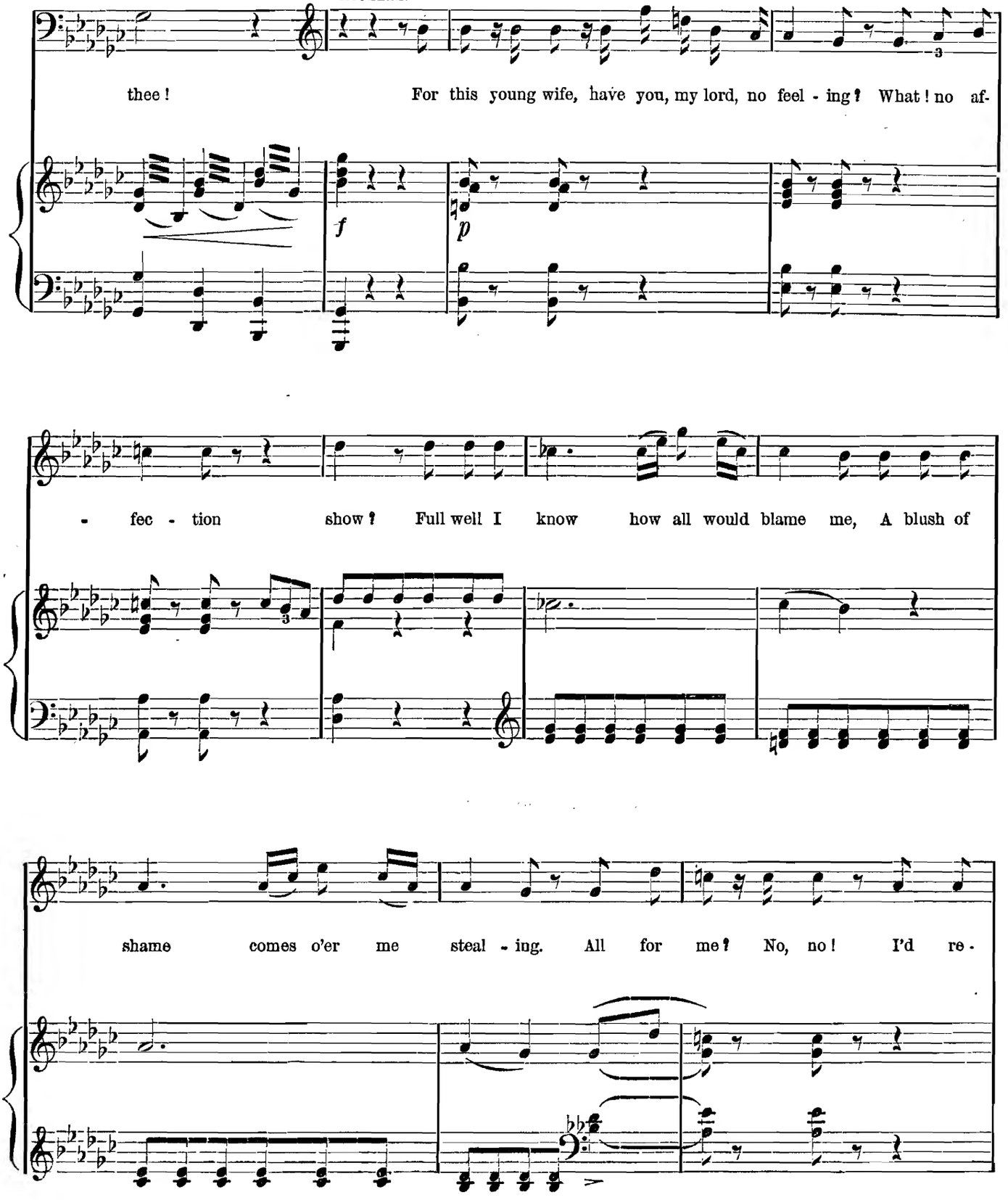
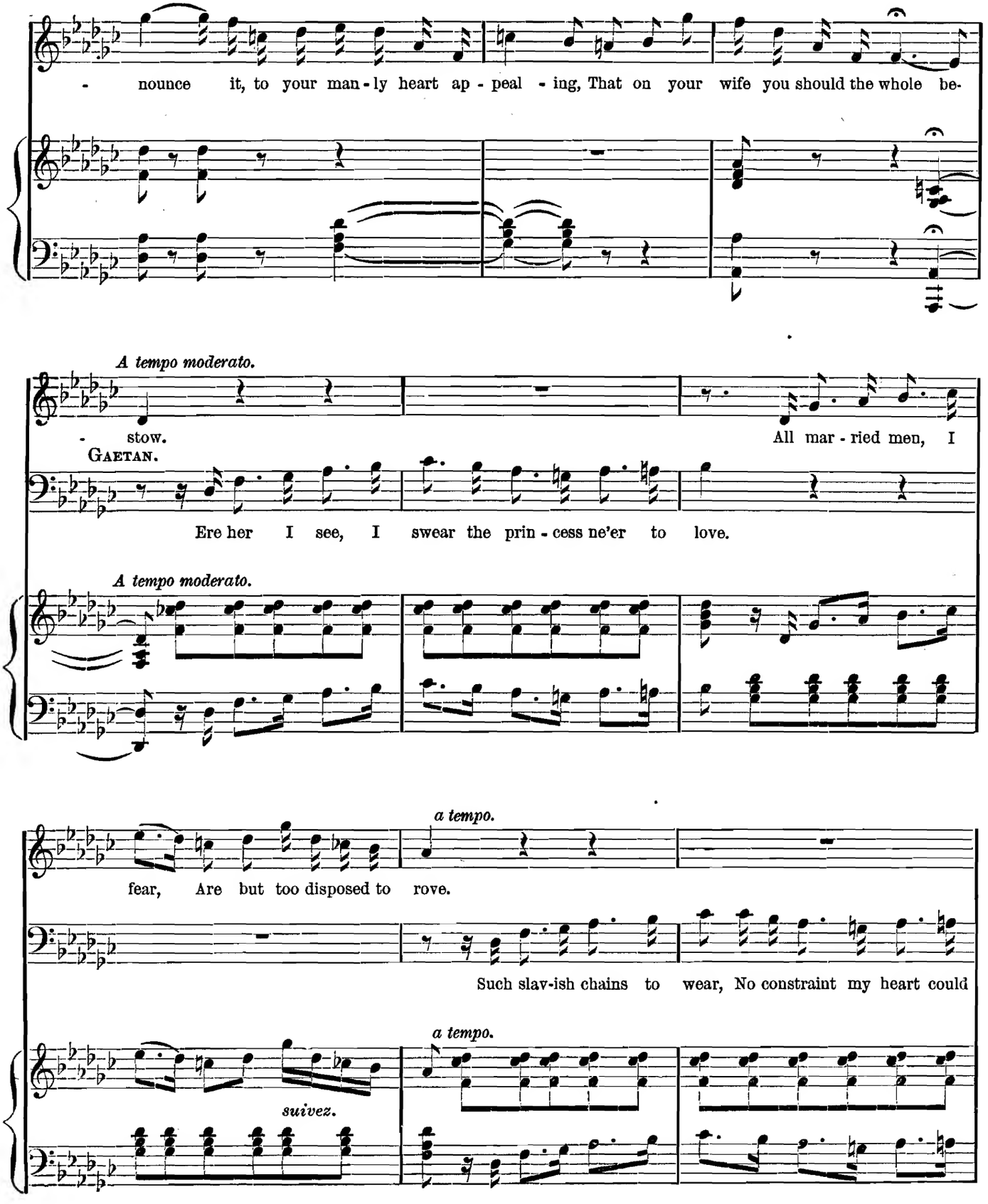
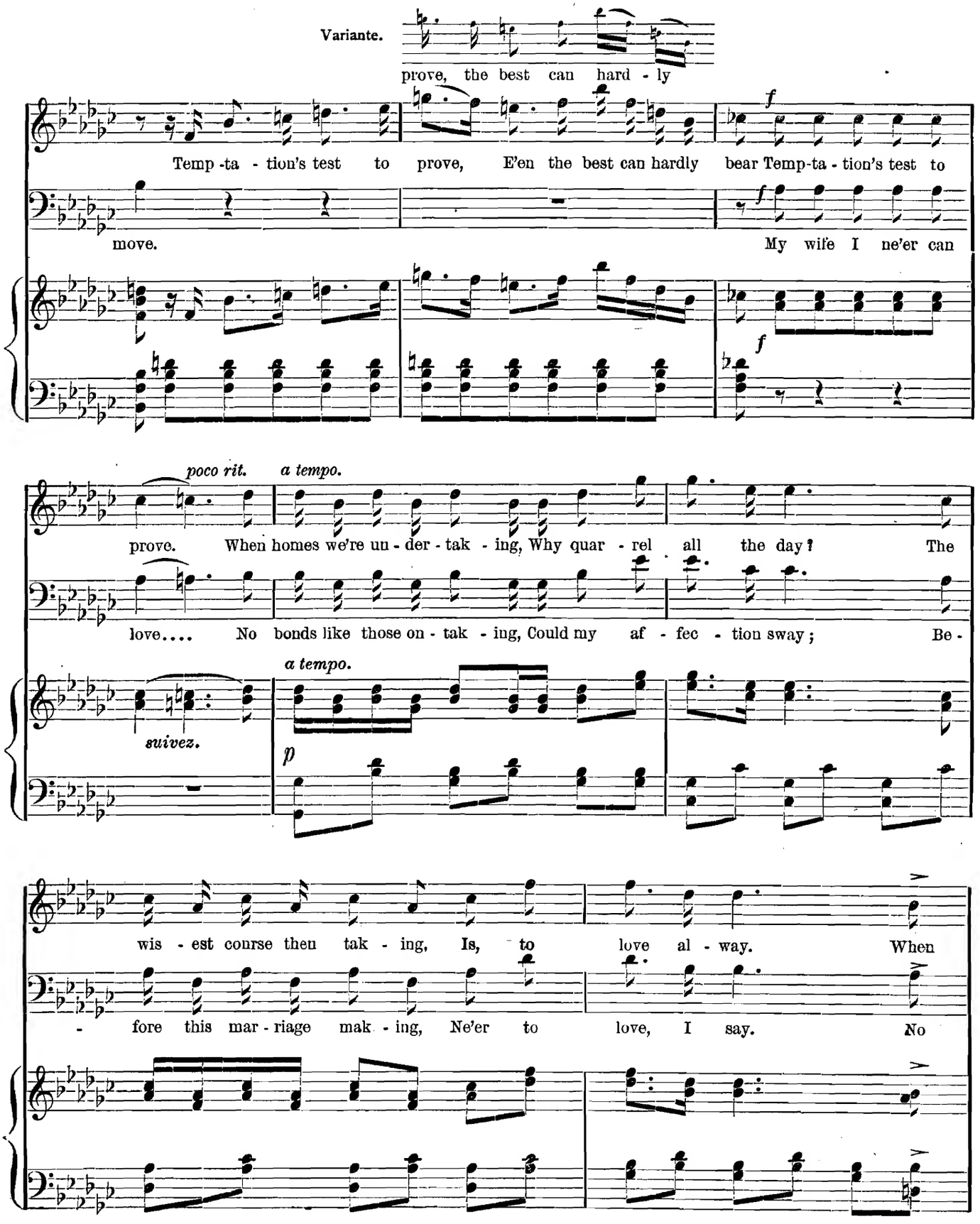

- brace, not a fond kiss shall greet her! All's for thee! all's for thee! No sweet em-brace, not a fond
kiss shall greet her, O my fair one, O my fair..... one, all is for
Piu f
p
2d. VERSE. By
mf
force compell'd though I should mar - ry, I ne'er shall love her, here I swear. With
p

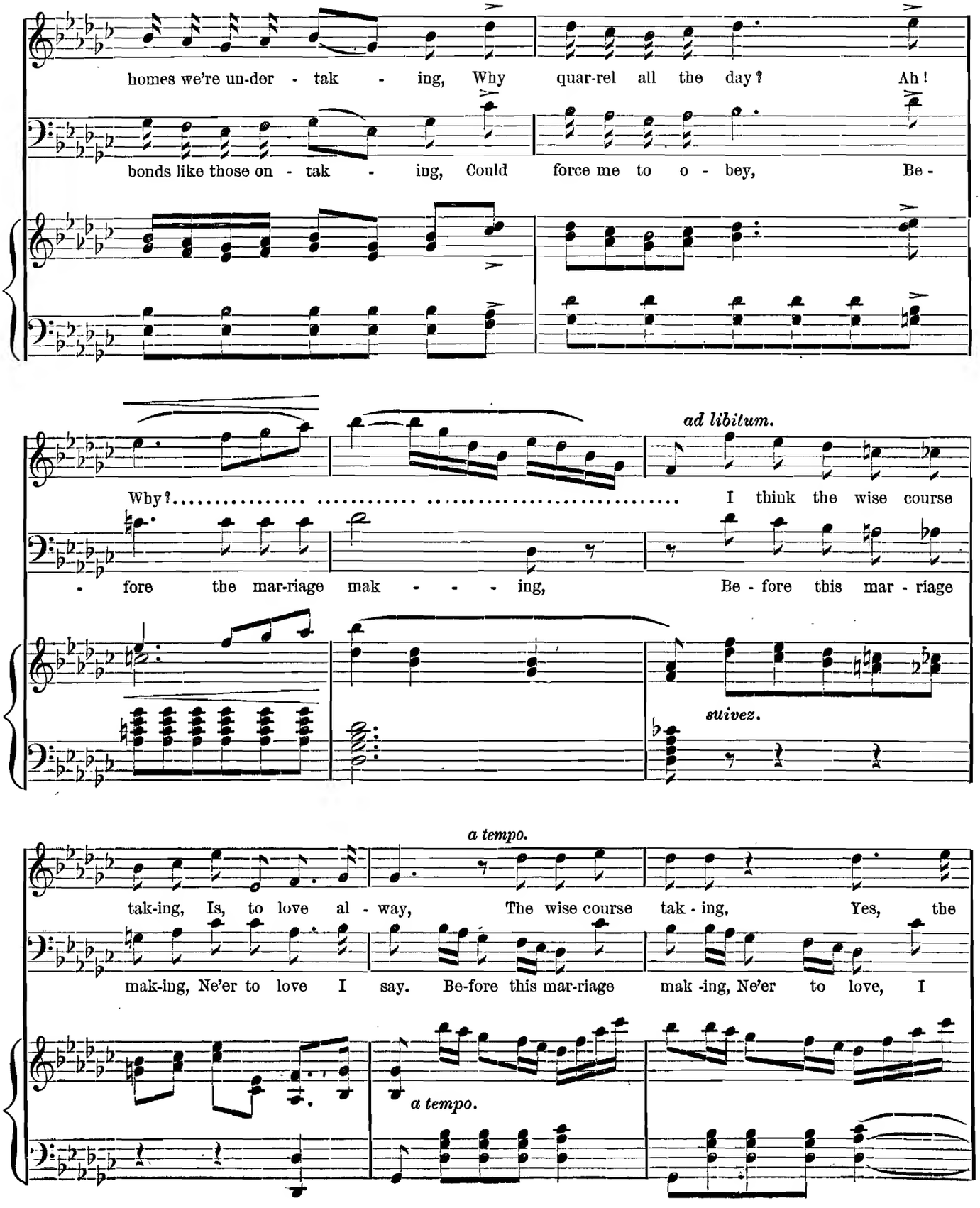

you a - lone my heart will tar - ry, No love with thine shall her heart ev - er share; Our young
lives henceforth un - di - vid - ed, In joy or sor - row still shall be: Ah!.... with fear-less
trust my fu-ture is de - cid - ed; All's for thee! None but thee! No glance or kiss to her shall
be con -fid - ed, O my fair one, O my fair..... one, all is for
Piu f
p

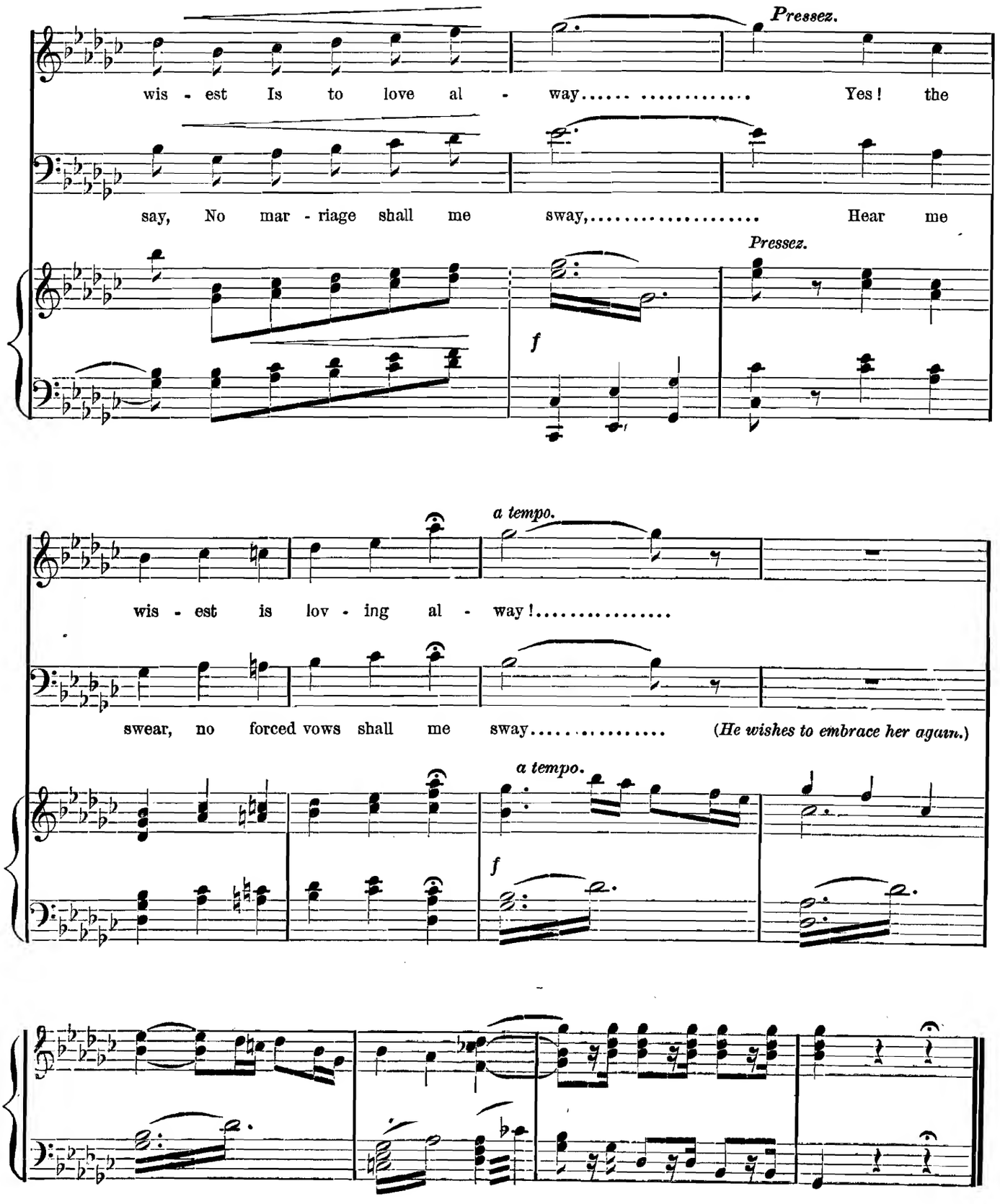
MICAELA.


thee ! For this young wife, have you, my lord, no feel - ing ? What ! no af-
f
p
- fec - tion show ? Full well I know how all would blame me, A blush of
shame comes o'er me steal - ing. All for me ? No, no ! I'd re -


- nounce it, to your man - ly heart ap - peal - ing, That on your wife you should the whole be-
A tempo moderato.
- stow.
All mar - ried men, I
GAETAN.
Ere her I see, I swear the prin - cess ne'er to love.
A tempo moderato.
a tempo.
fear, Are but too disposed to rove.
Such slav-ish chains to wear, No constraint my heart could
a tempo.
suivez.


Variante.
prove, the best can hard - ly
Temp -ta - tion's test to prove, E'en the best can hardly bear Temp-ta - tion's test to
move.
My wife I ne'er can
poco rit.
a tempo.
prove. When homes we're un - der - tak - ing, Why quar - rel all the day? The
love.... No bonds like those on - tak - ing, Could my af - fec - tion sway; Be -
suivez.
a tempo.
wis - est course then tak - ing, Is, to love al - way. When
- fore this mar - riage mak - ing, Ne'er to love, I say. No


homes we're un-der - tak - ing, Why quar-rel all the day? Ah!
bonds like those on - tak - ing, Could force me to o - bey, Be -
ad libitum.
Why?..... .... I think the wise course
- fore the mar-riage mak - - - ing, Be - fore this mar - riage
suivez.
a tempo.
tak-ing, Is, to love al - way, The wise course tak - ing, Yes, the
mak-ing, Ne'er to love I say. Be-fore this mar-riage mak -ing, Ne'er to love, I
a tempo.


Pressez.
wis - est Is to love al - way..... ..... Yes! the
say, No mar - riage shall me sway,..... Hear me
Pressez.
f
a tempo.
wis - est is lov - ing al - way!.....
swear, no forced vows shall me sway..... (He wishes to embrace her again.)
a tempo.
f

MIC. Ah! no, enough of this.

GAE. You think so— I do not find it so myself. See here. All I have said to you, I have said it to my father. I have written it to my father-in-law. They have believed that I should end by yielding; but never. When I have taken a thing into my head, and even when the Princess might turn out as pretty as they pretend—

MIC. Ah! you have been told so?

GAE. Bah! what is all that to me, since I have no desire to see her?

MIC. That's so. (*she retires a little.*)

GAE. Don't go away. Mon Dieu! What a ferocious young girl! (*He brings her back by the two hands, and regards her attentively.*) For that matter, it seems you are not thus with everybody.

MIC. What makes you think so?

GAE. Oh! it is very simple. (*always holding her by the hands.*) There is a bit of a letter just showing itself above your corset, and I can read three words on it, "My dearly beloved"—

MIC. (*trying to free herself.*) Monseigneur! (GAETAN *snatches the letter.*)

GAE. Poor child! she is all of a tremble.

MIC. Give me back that letter— it is not mine.

GAE. Oh, yes—naturally. Let me only look at the name of the young fellow. Morales—a pretty name—and yours, too? Senora Josefa, gardener at the palace. (*giving back the letter.*) So you are of the household?

MIC. (*taking her part.*) Yes.

GAE. Service near the Princess, perhaps?

MIC. Very near. There are days when I do not leave her!

GAE. Ah! so much the better, I shall find you again.

MIC. Perhaps?

GAE. And what I shall say to my wife I will say to you.

MIC. (*Trying to get away.*) But, Monseigneur!

GAE. For, you see, decidedly, I love you madly.

MIC. How so? all at once? without knowing me? 'Tis that you don't know— I am to be married tomorrow.

GAE. With the man of the letter— What matters it? I, too, am going to marry— You see that prevents nothing.

MIC. (*defending herself.*) Ah! as for me, Monseigneur, I have scruples.

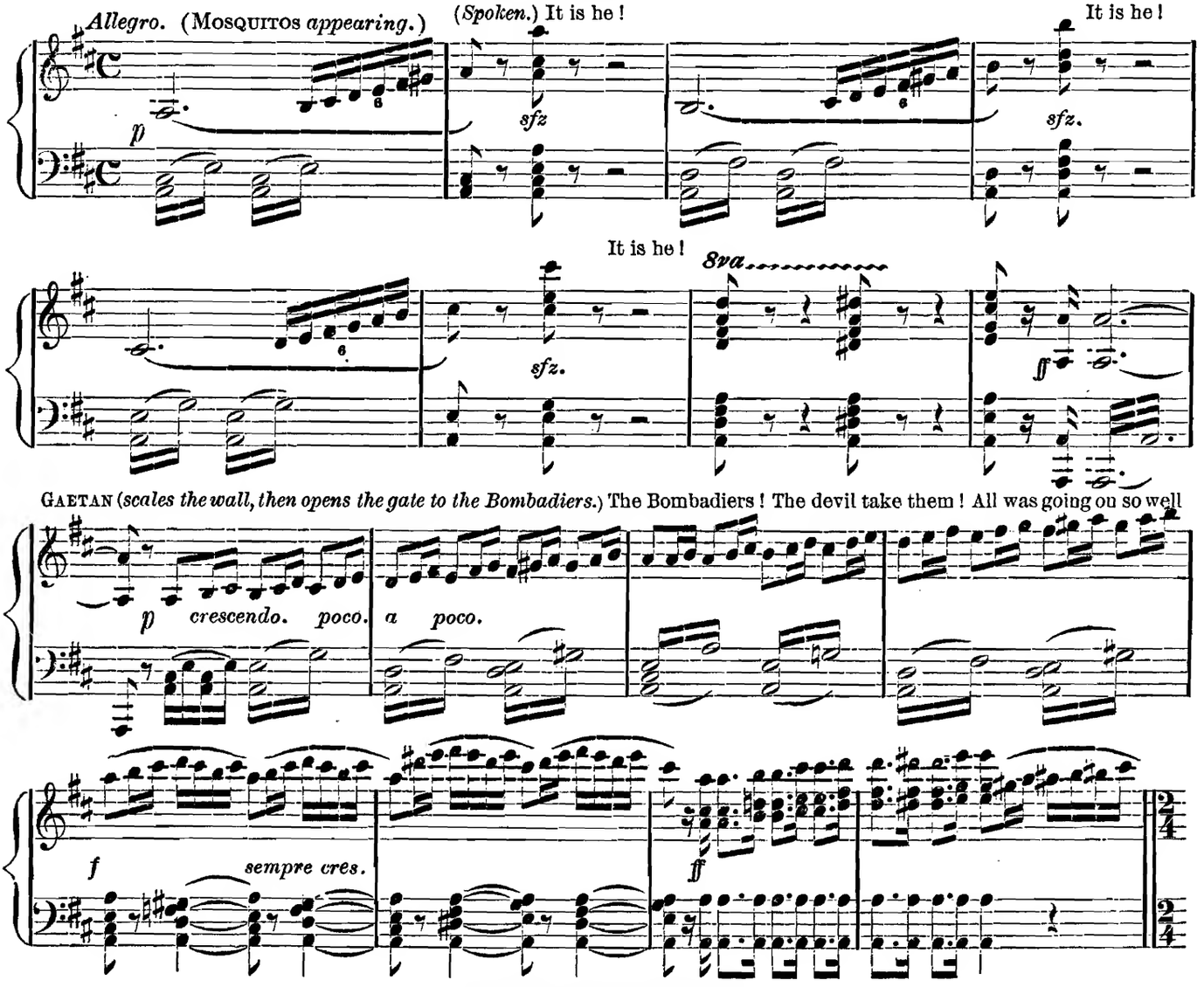
GAE. Listen, Josefa; I swear to you—(*a sound of voices is heard, a helmet, then a head, appear above the wall.*)

MIC. (*freeing herself.*) I am off! (*runs off.*)

CHORUS OF BOMBADIERS.

No. 9. FINALE. Couplets et Strette.

SCENE XIV.—DON MOSQUITOS, *the* BOMBADIERS, GAETAN.



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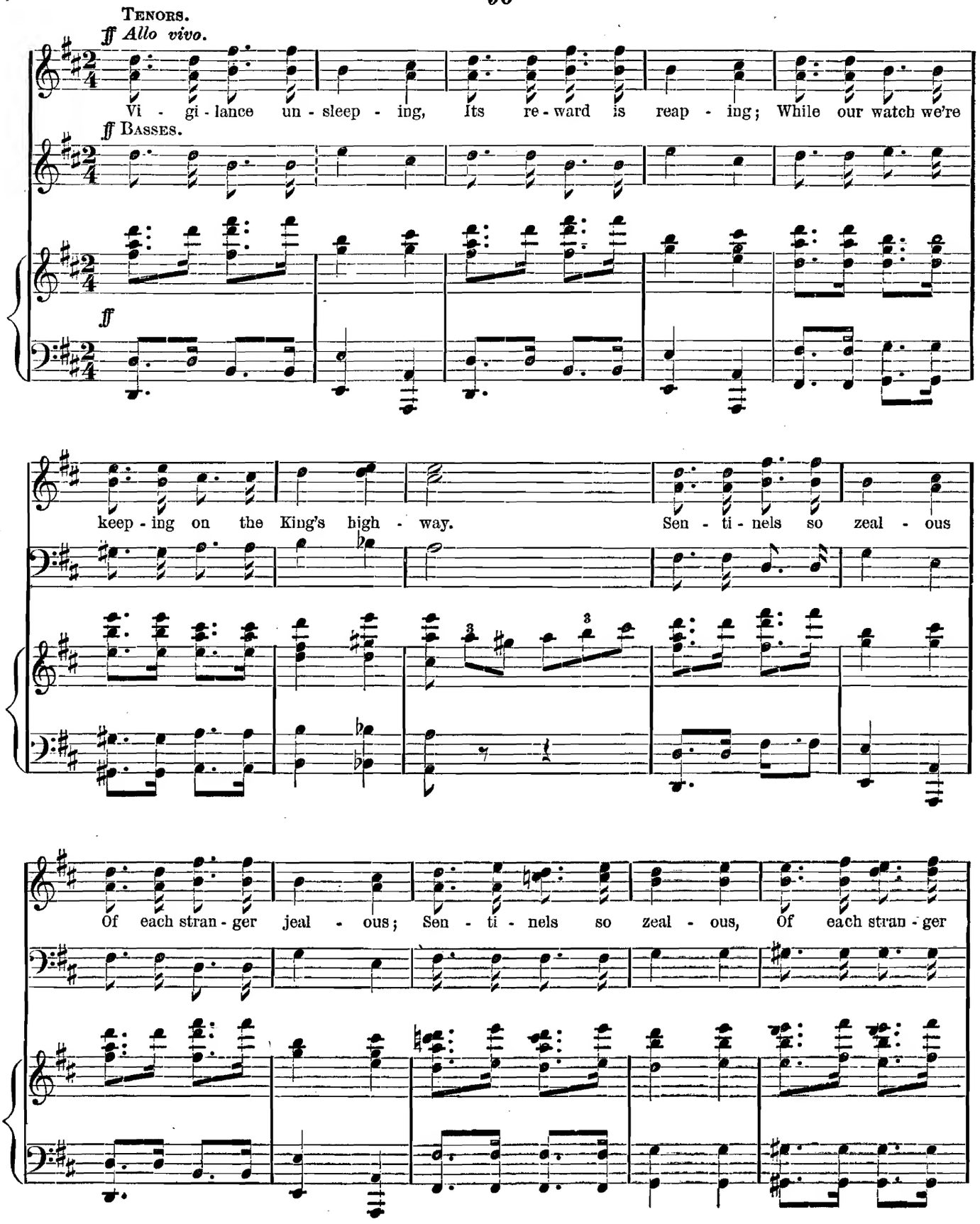
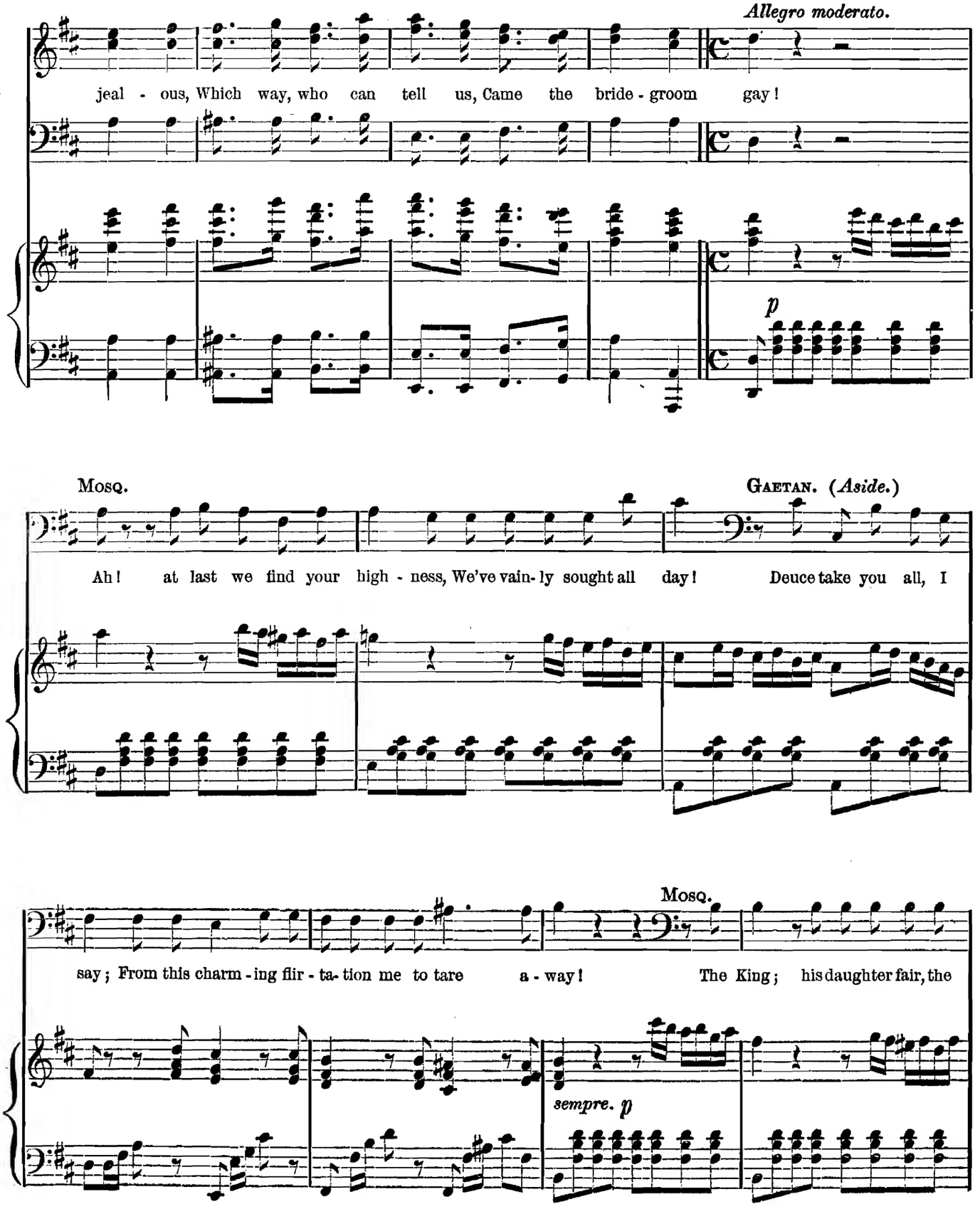

Tenors.
ff Allo vivo.
Vi - gi - lance un - sleep - ing, Its re - ward is reap - ing; While our watch we're
ff Basses.
ff
keep - ing on the King's high - way. Sen - ti - nels so zeal - ous
Of each stran - ger jeal - ous; Sen - ti - nels so zeal - ous, Of each stran - ger


Allegro moderato.
jeal - ous, Which way, who can tell us, Came the bride - groom gay!
p
Mosq.
Gaetan. (Aside.)
Ah! at last we find your high - ness, We've vain- ly sought all day! Deuce take you all, I
Mosq.
say; From this charm - ing flir - ta- tion me to tare a - way! The King; his daughter fair, the
sempre. p

GAETAN. (*With spite, seeing*

Prin - cess, For you im - pa - tient wait. To wel- come you in state. Well, come, move

himself surrounded on all sides.)

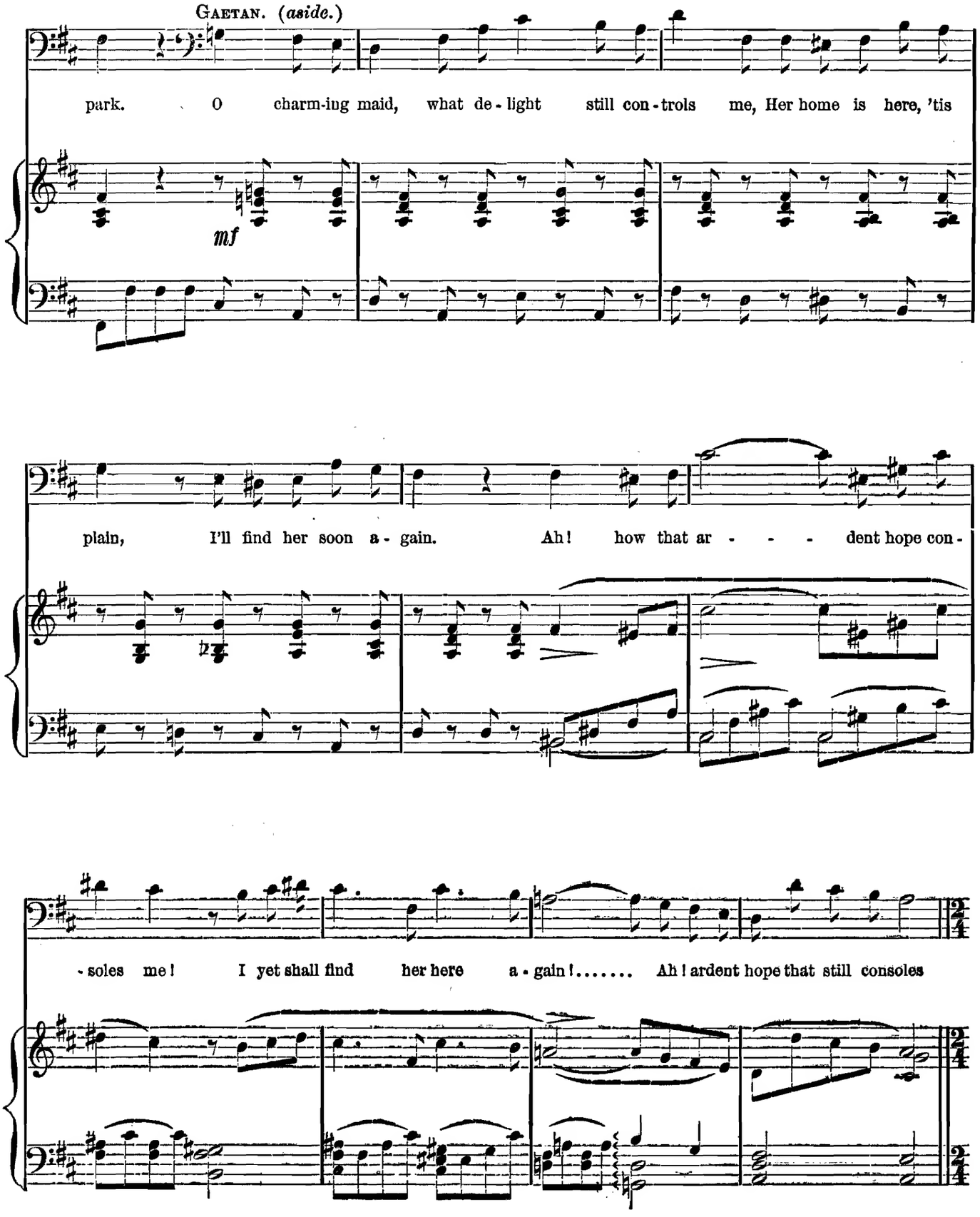
on! You're ready yet?

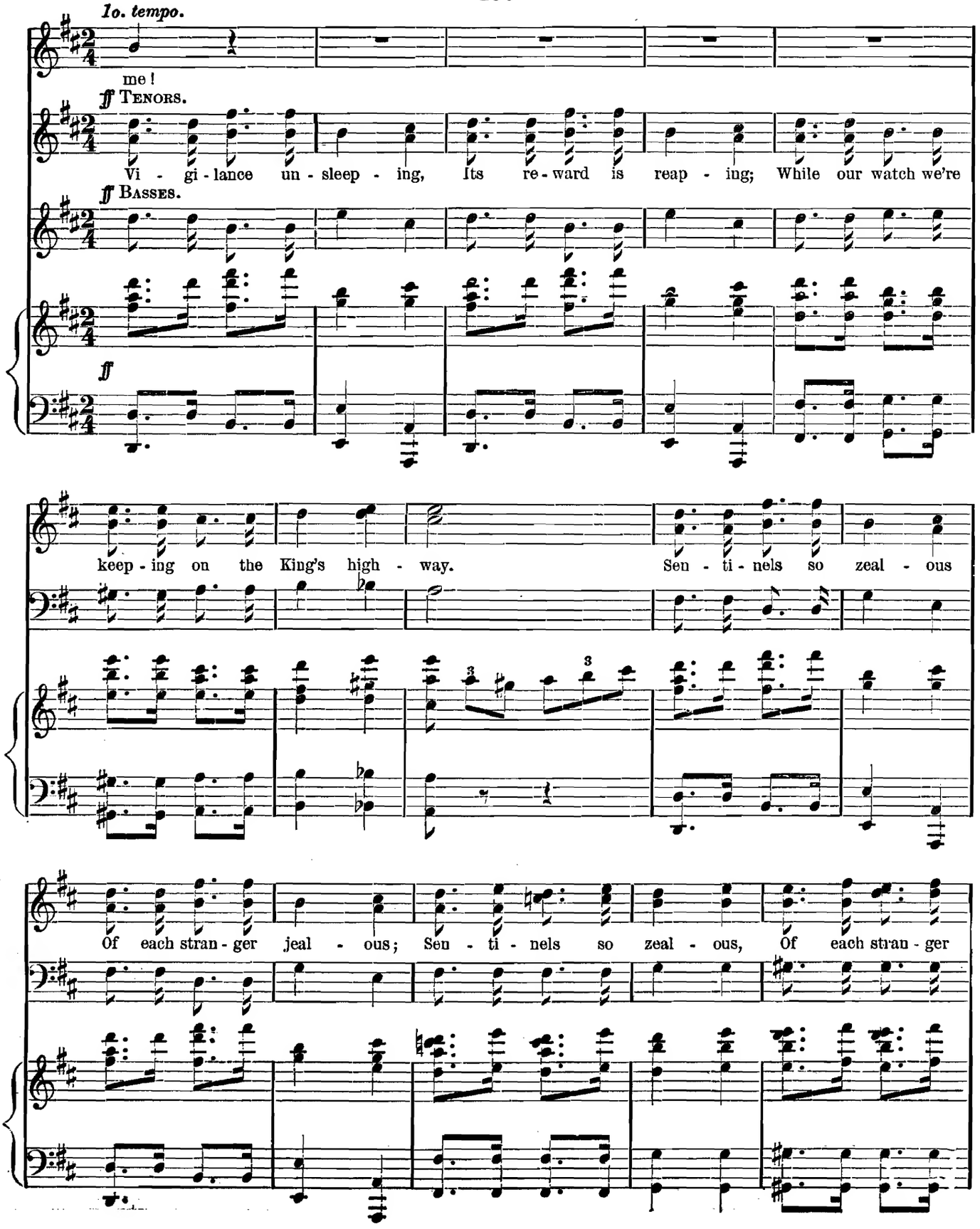
MAG.

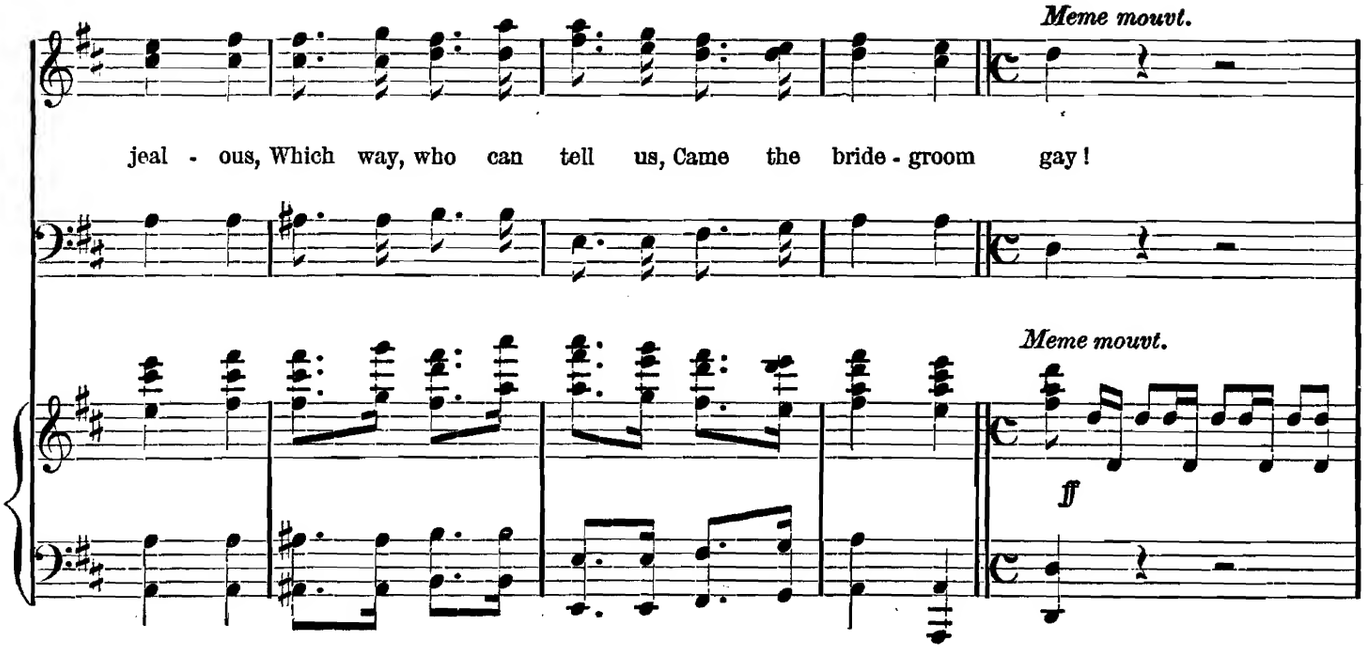
Your high -ness will not need To take the trouble to re-mount your

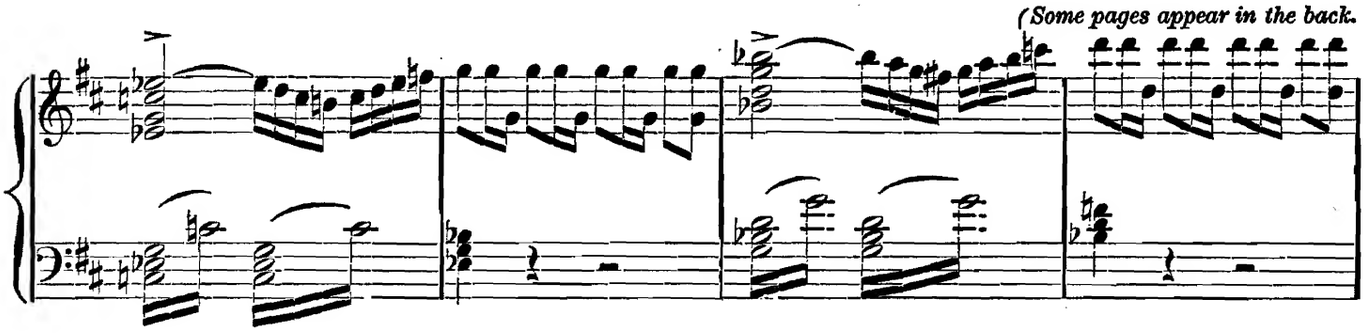
What! in the roy - al park!

steed; Allow me to re - mark, We're in the roy - al park. Yes, in the roy - al

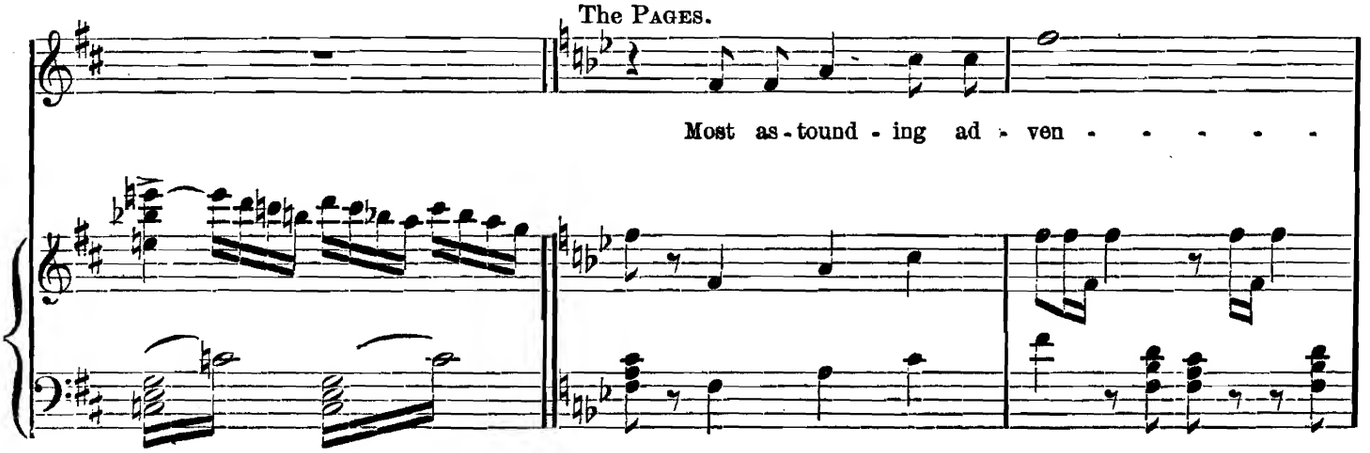

GAETAN. (aside.)
park. O charm-ing maid, what de-light still con-trols me, Her home is here, 'tis
mf
plain, I'll find her soon a-gain. Ah! how that ar - - - dent hope con-
-soles me! I yet shall find her here a-gain!..... Ah! ardent hope that still consoles

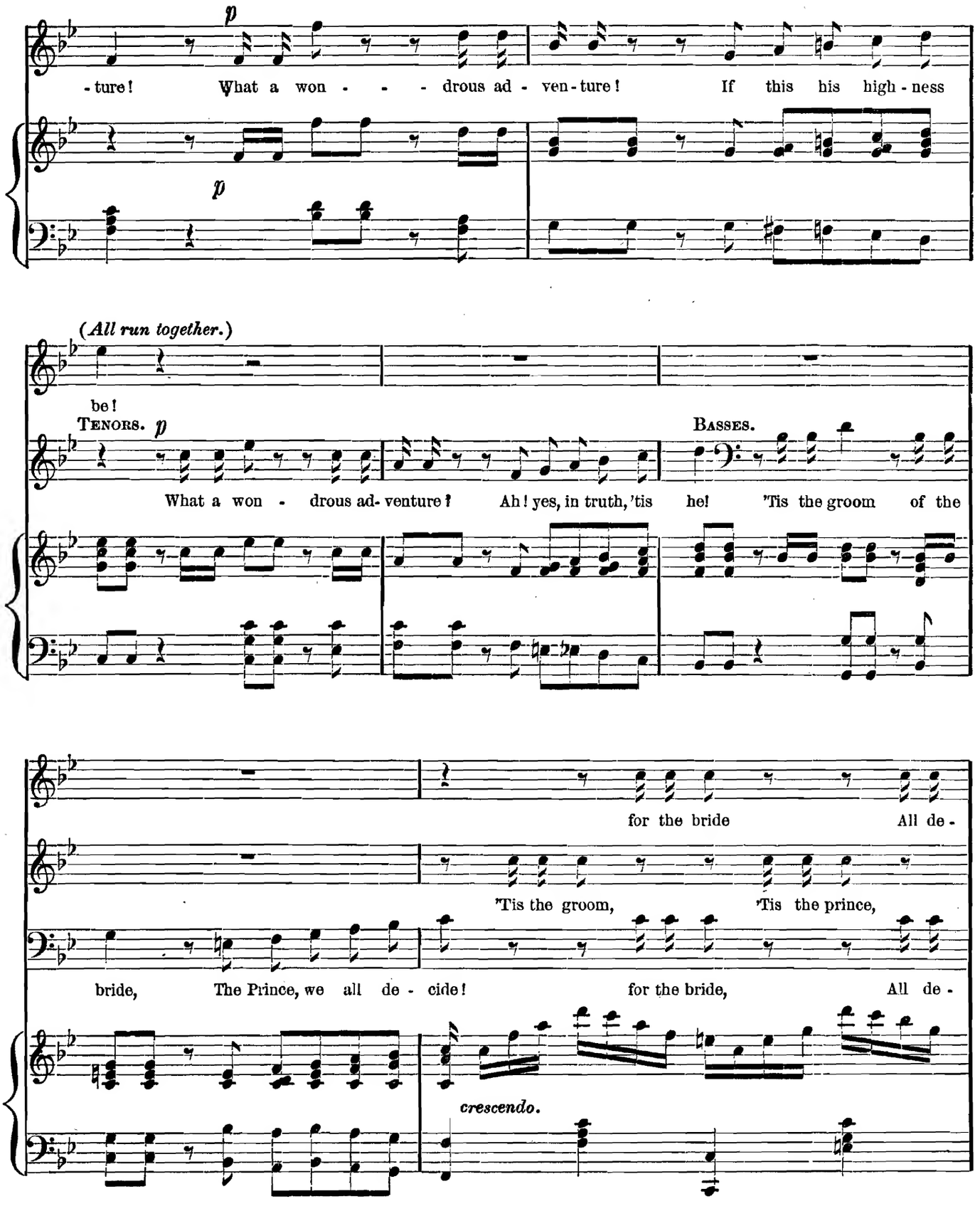

1o. tempo.
me!
ff Tenors.
Vi - gi - lance un - sleep - ing, Its re - ward is reap - ing; While our watch we're
ff Basses.
ff
keep - ing on the King's high - way. Sen - ti - nels so zeal - ous
Of each stran - ger jeal - ous; Sen - ti - nels so zeal - ous, Of each stran - ger

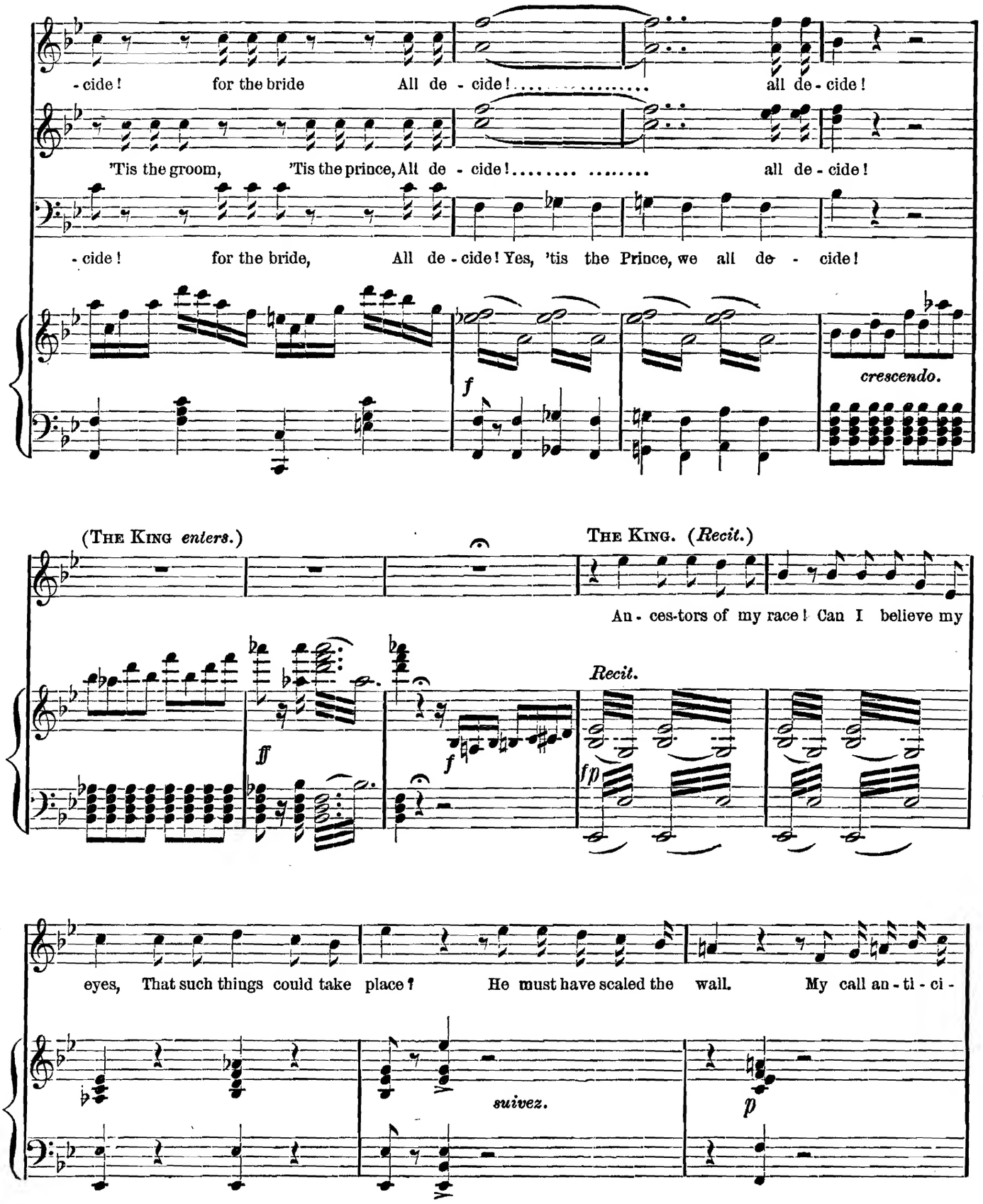


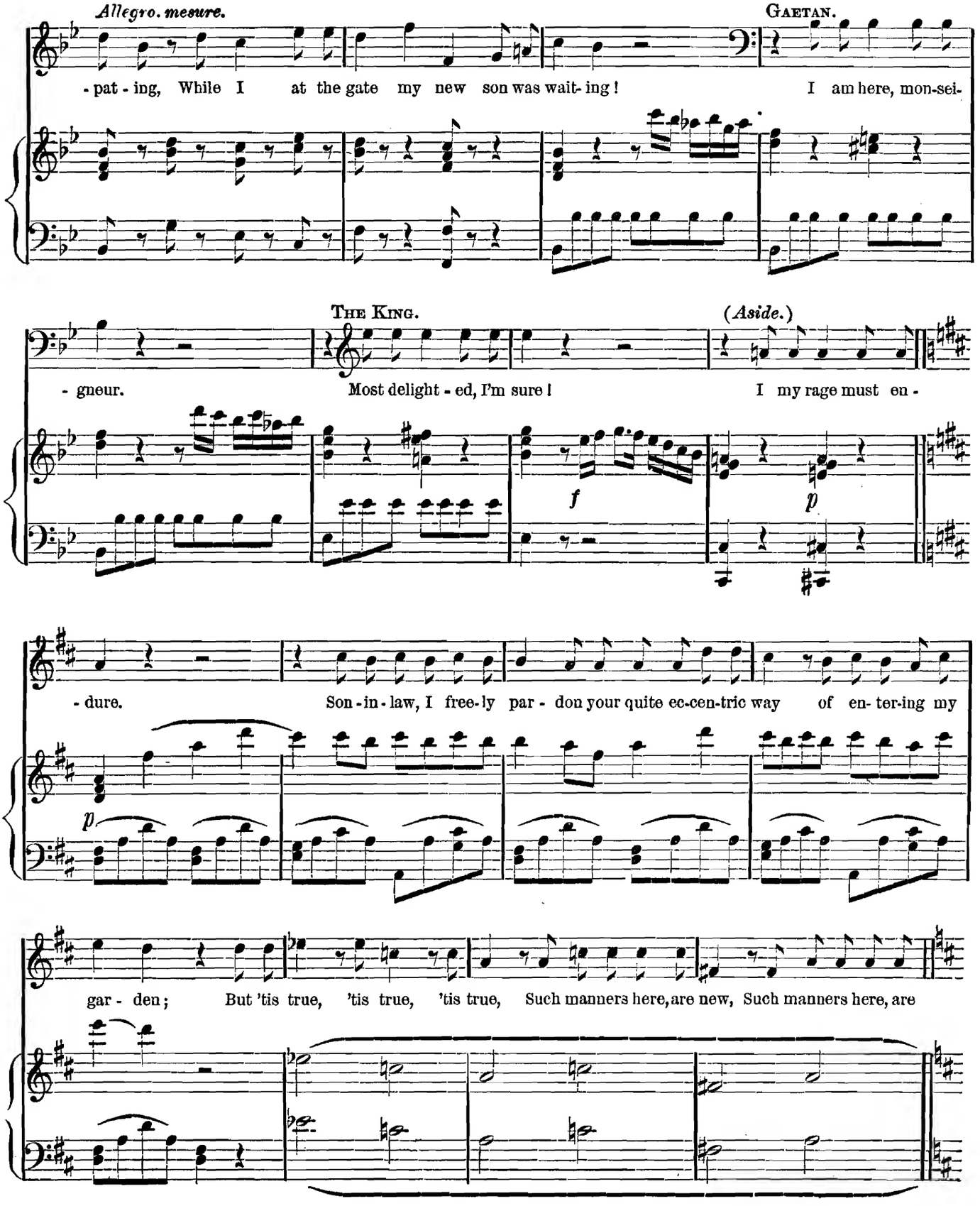


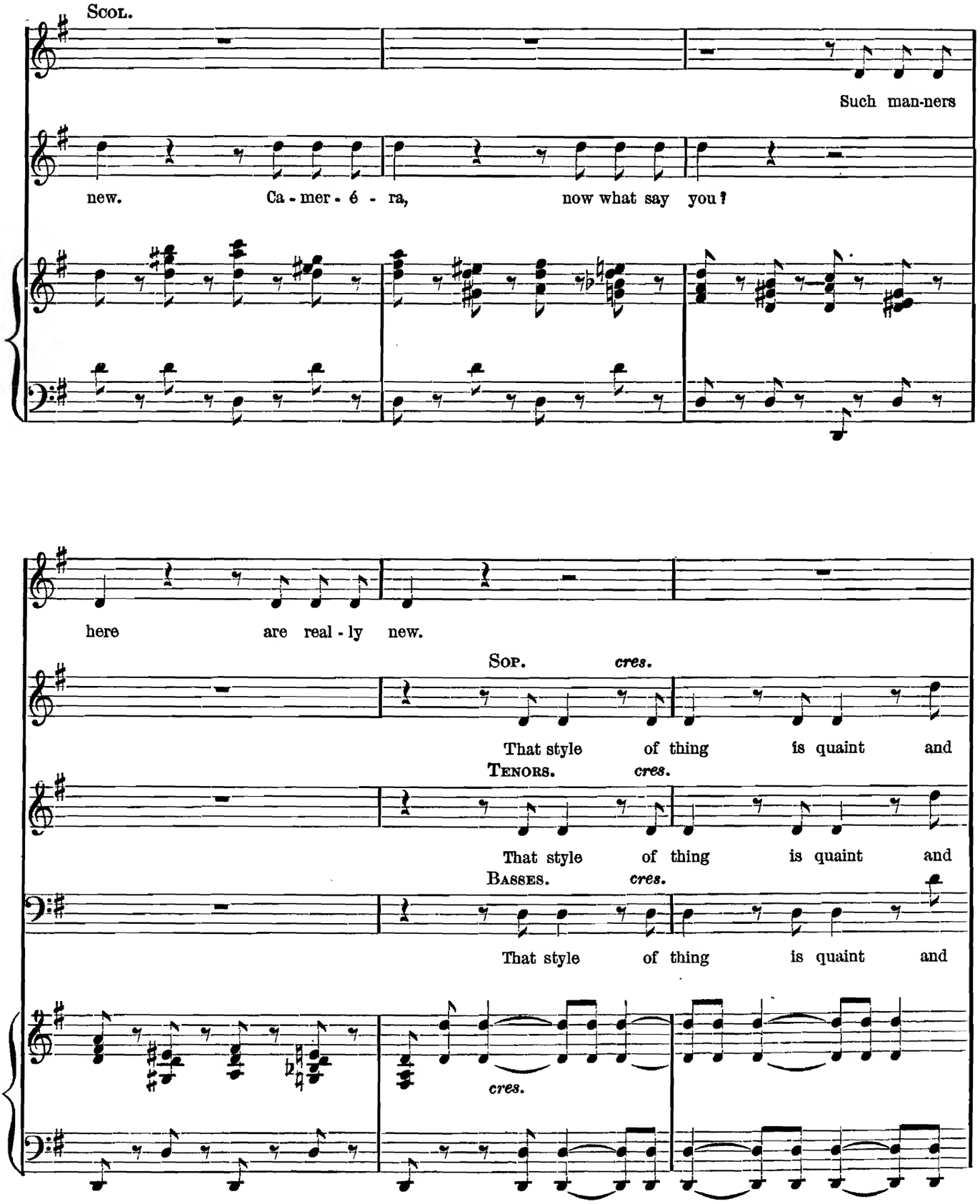
They see the Prince, lift their arms and call out to others at a distance.)

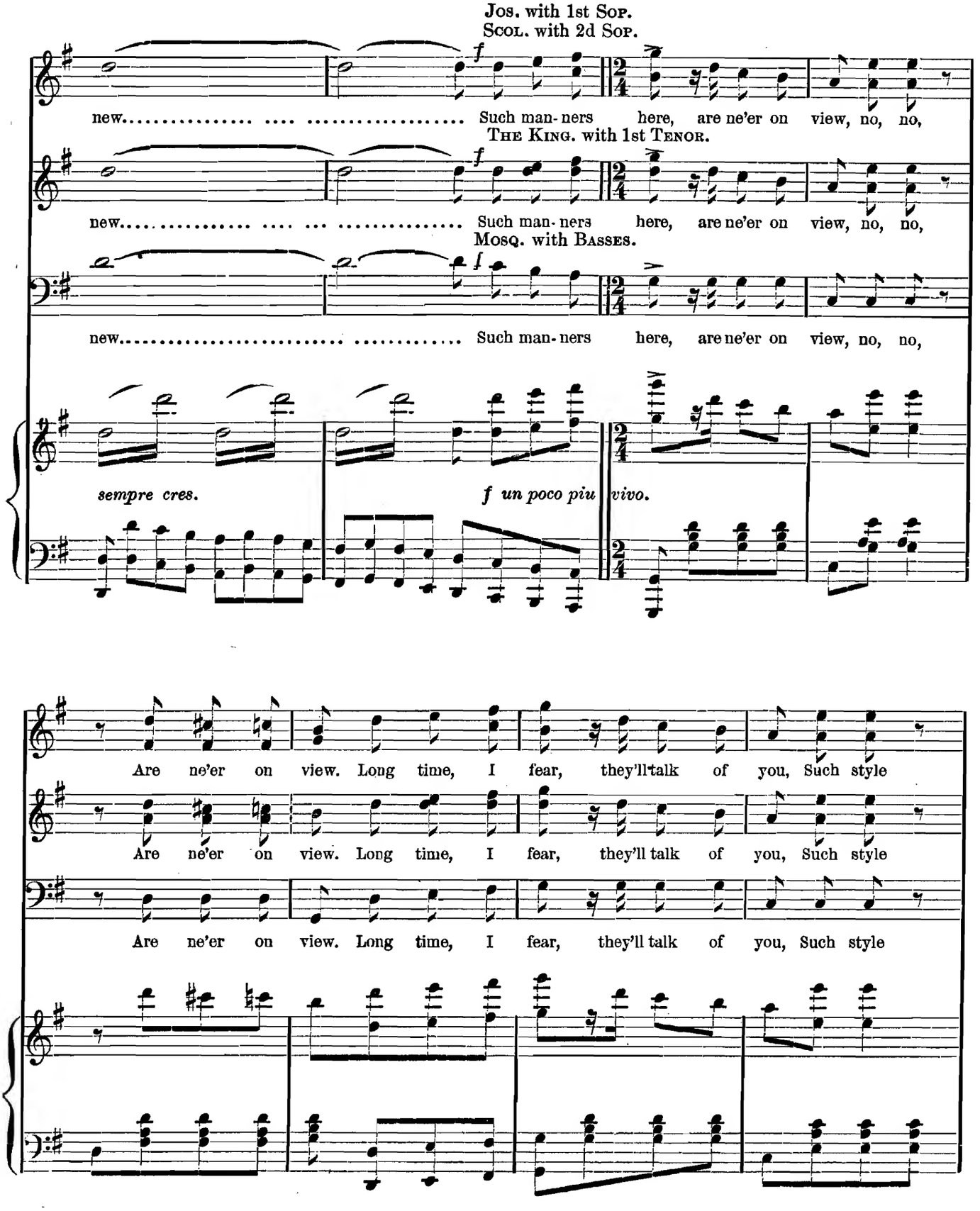


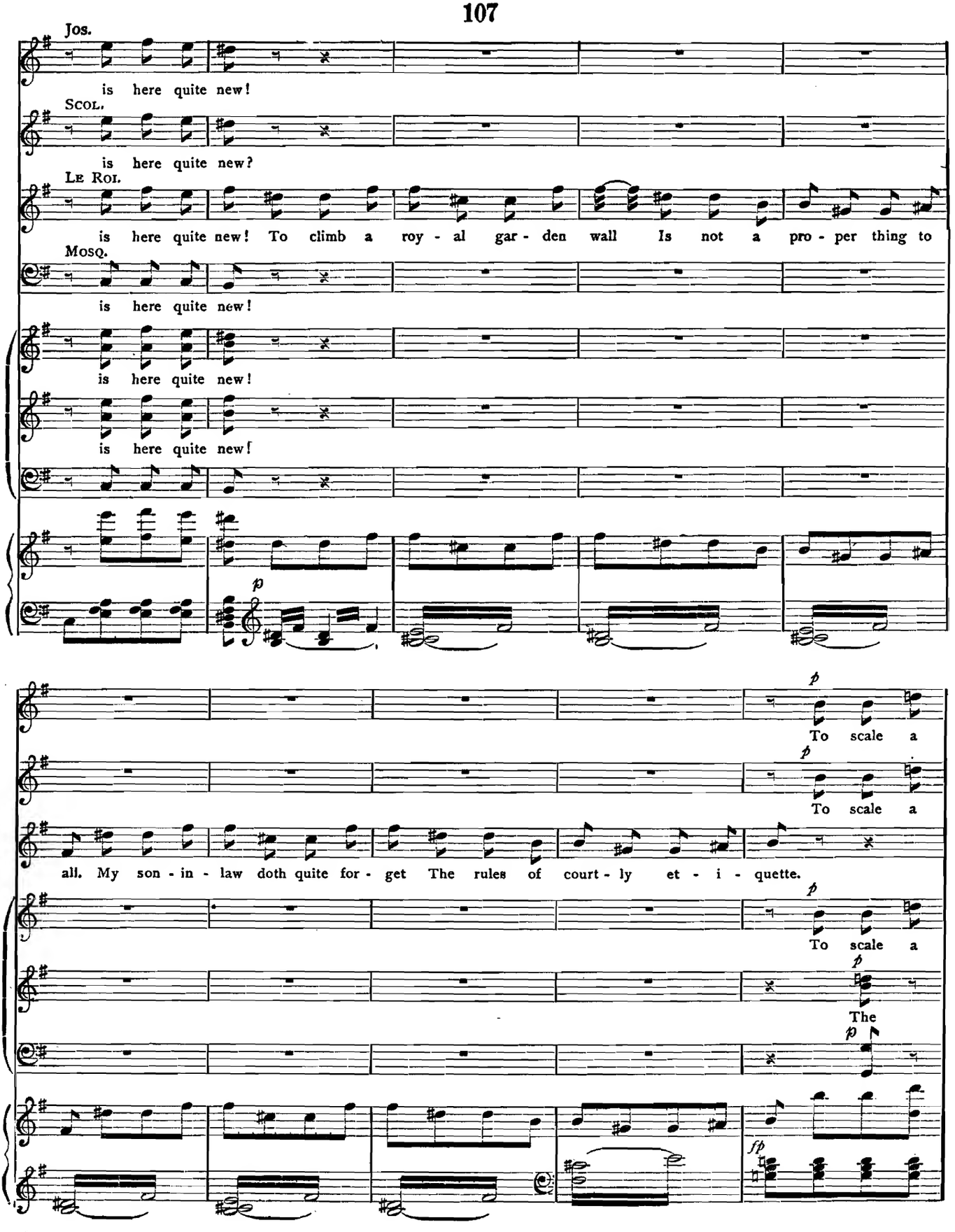

p
-ture! What a won - - - drous ad - ven-ture! If this his high-ness
p
(All run together.)
be!
Tenors. p
What a won - drous ad-venture! Ah! yes, in truth, 'tis he! 'Tis the groom of the
Basses.
for the bride All de-
'Tis the groom, 'Tis the prince,
bride, The Prince, we all de - cide! for the bride, All de-
crescendo.

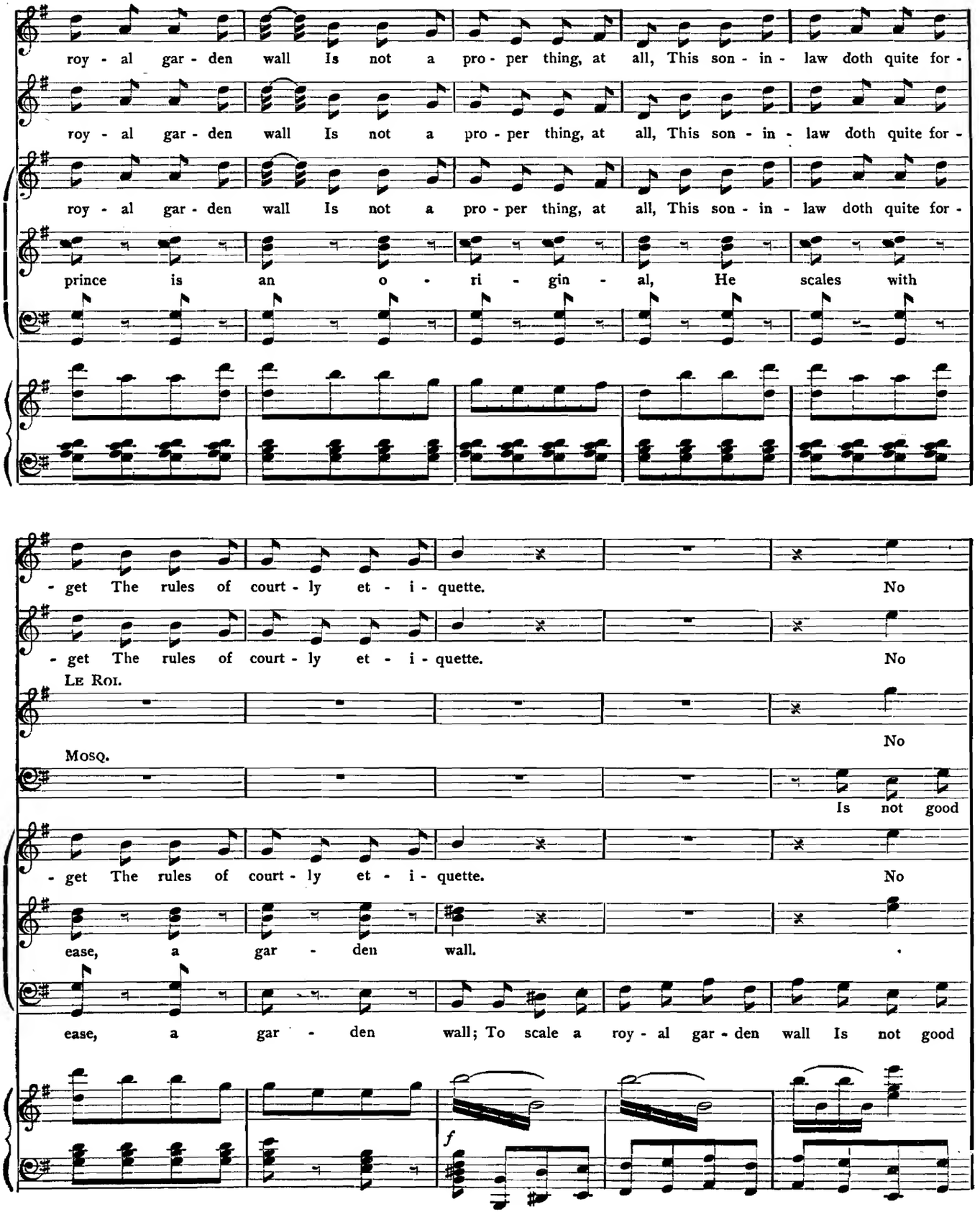

-cide! for the bride All de - cide! all de - cide!
'Tis the groom, 'Tis the prince, All de - cide! all de - cide!
-cide! for the bride, All de - cide! Yes, 'tis the Prince, we all de - cide!
f
crescendo.
(The King enters.)
The King. (Recit.)
An - ces-tors of my race! Can I believe my
Recit.
ff
f
fp
eyes, That such things could take place? He must have scaled the wall. My call an - ti - ci -
suivez.
p

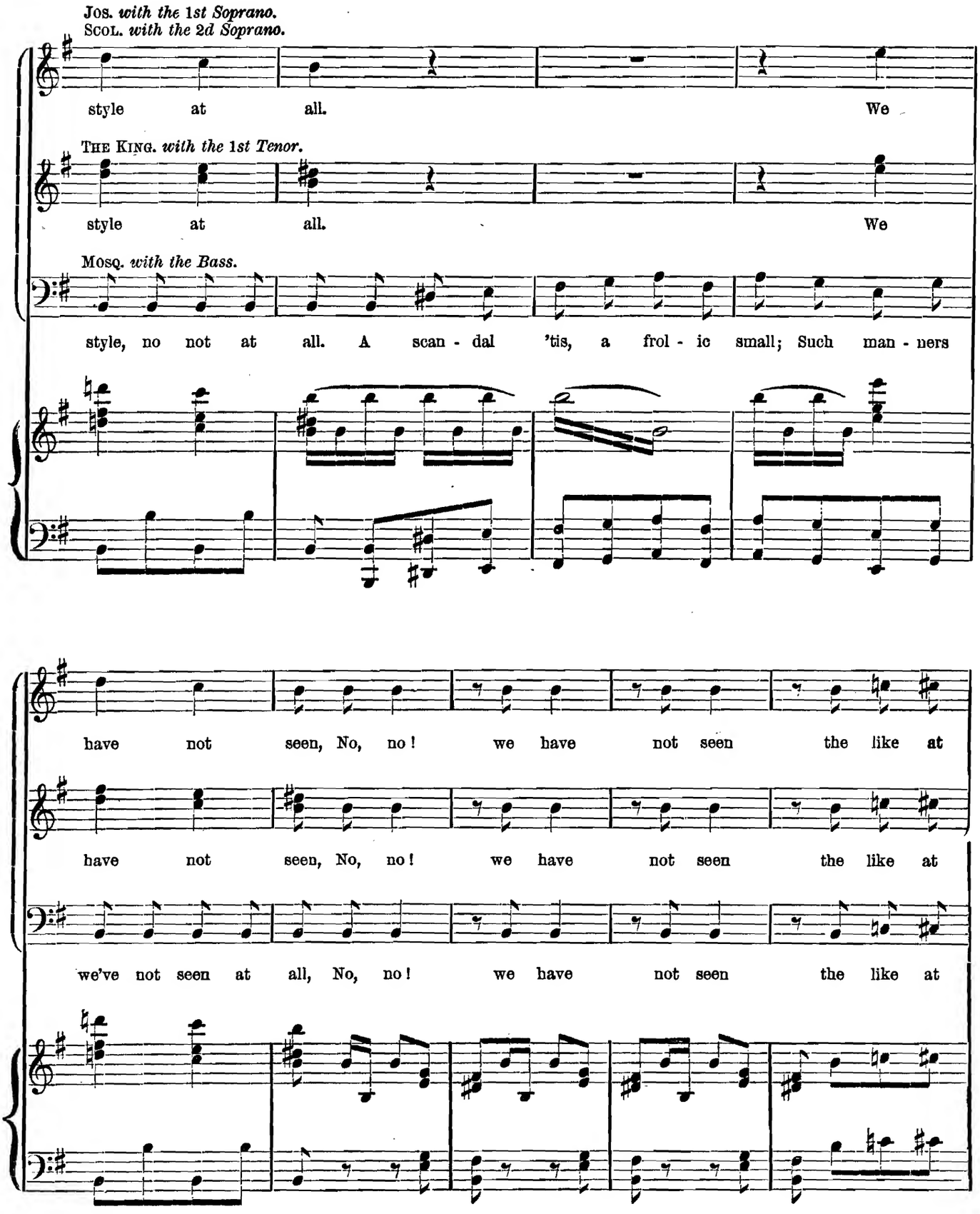

Allegro. mesure.
GAETAN.
- pat - ing, While I at the gate my new son was wait- ing ! I am here, mon-sei-
THE KING.
(Aside.)
- gneur. Most delight - ed, I'm sure ! I my rage must en -
f
p
- dure. Son - in - law, I free - ly par - don your quite ec-cen-tric way of en- ter-ing my
p
gar - den ; But 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis true, Such manners here, are new, Such manners here, are

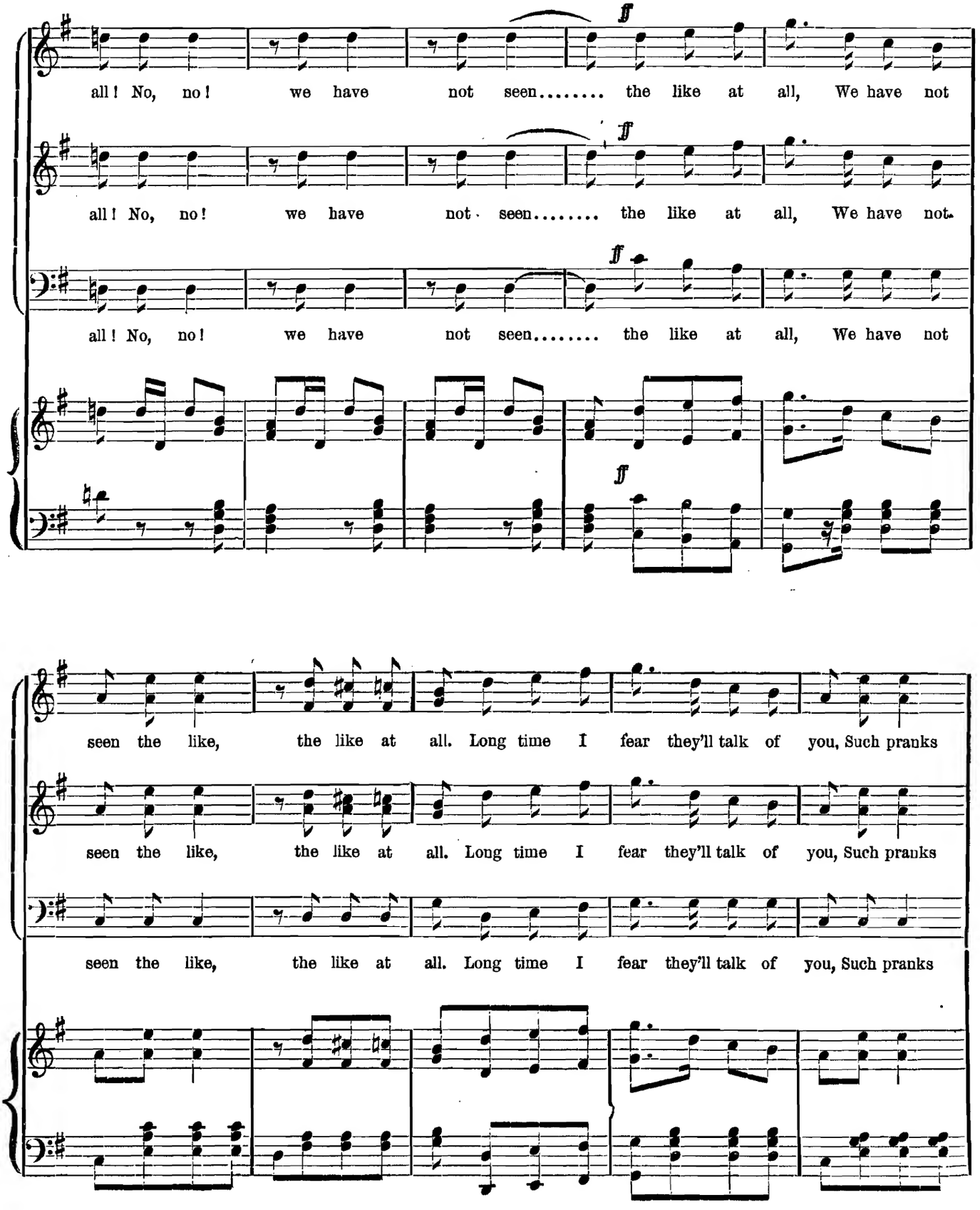

Scol.
Such man-ners
new. Ca - mer - é - ra, now what say you?
here are real - ly new.
Sop. cres.
That style of thing is quaint and
Tenors. cres.
That style of thing is quaint and
Basses. cres.
That style of thing is quaint and
cres.

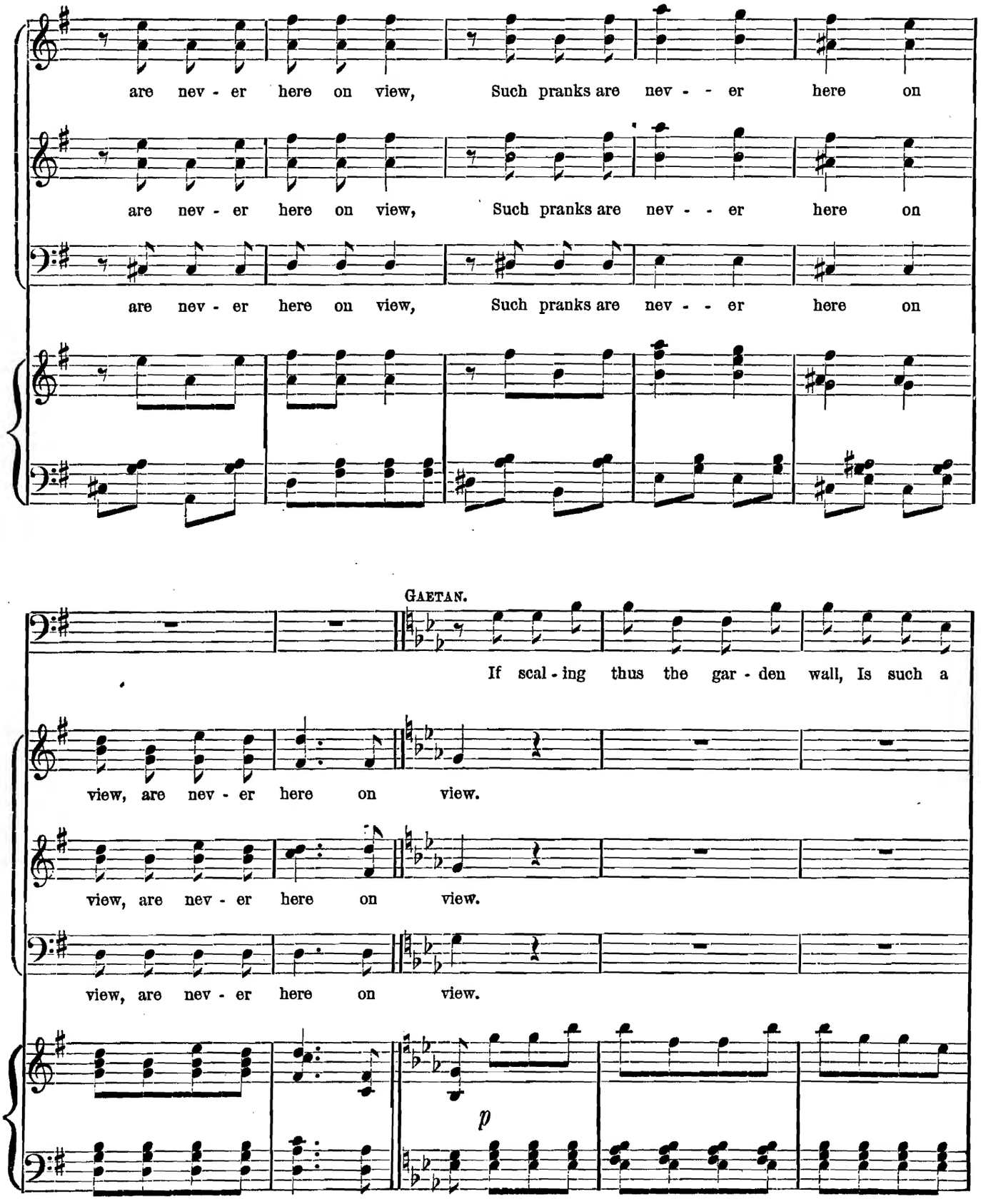

Jos. with 1st Sop.
Scol. with 2d Sop.
new..... Such man-ners here, are ne'er on view, no, no,
The King. with 1st Tenor.
new..... Such man-ners here, are ne'er on view, no, no,
Mosq. with Basses.
new..... Such man-ners here, are ne'er on view, no, no,
sempre cres.
f un poco piu vivo.
Are ne'er on view. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Such style
Are ne'er on view. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Such style
Are ne'er on view. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Such style

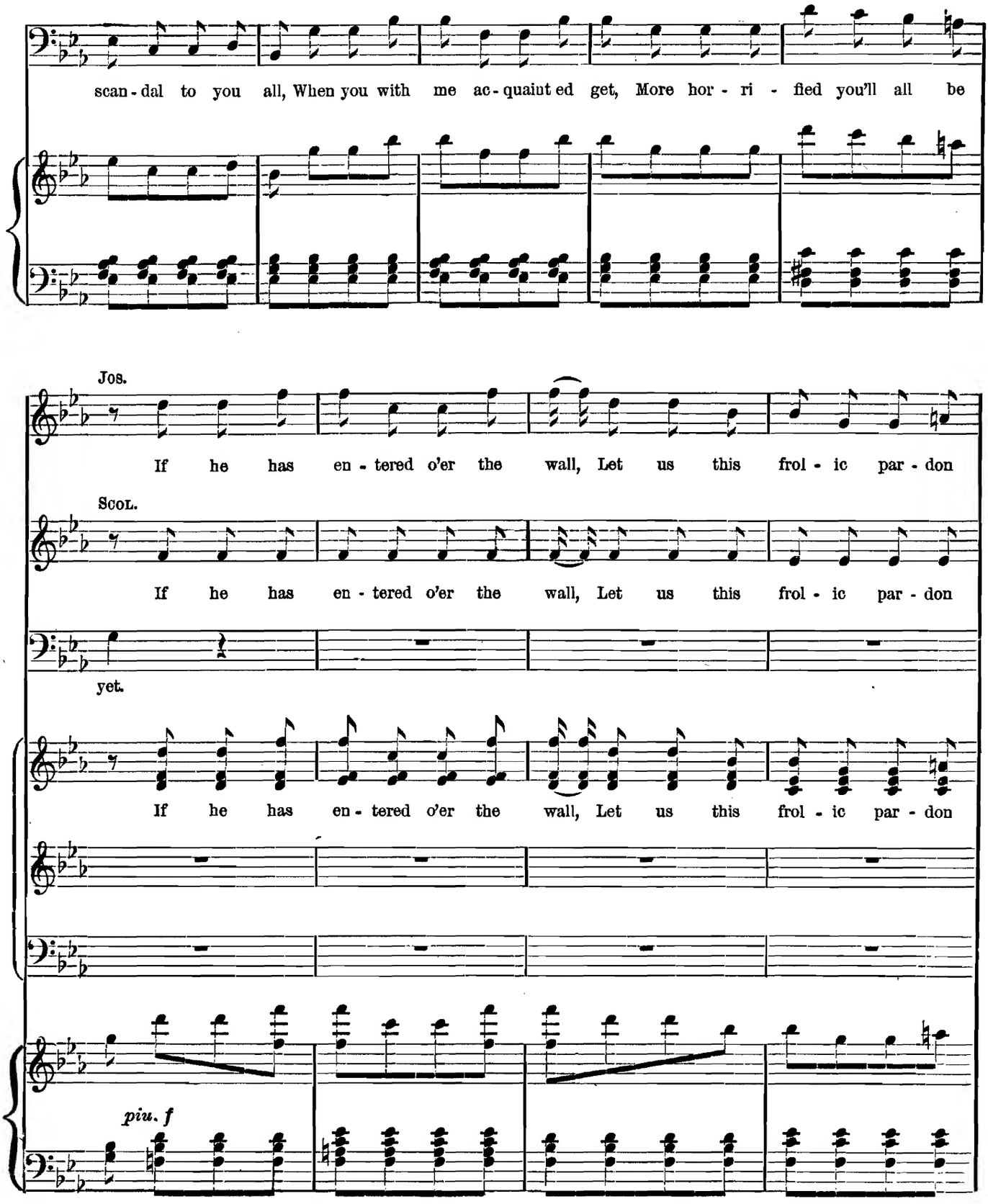

Jos.
is here quite new!
Scol.
is here quite new?
Le Roi.
is here quite new! To climb a roy - al gar - den wall Is not a pro - per thing to
Mosq.
is here quite new!
is here quite new!
is here quite new!
p
To scale a
To scale a
all. My son - in - law doth quite for - get The rules of court - ly et - i - quette.
To scale a
The
fp

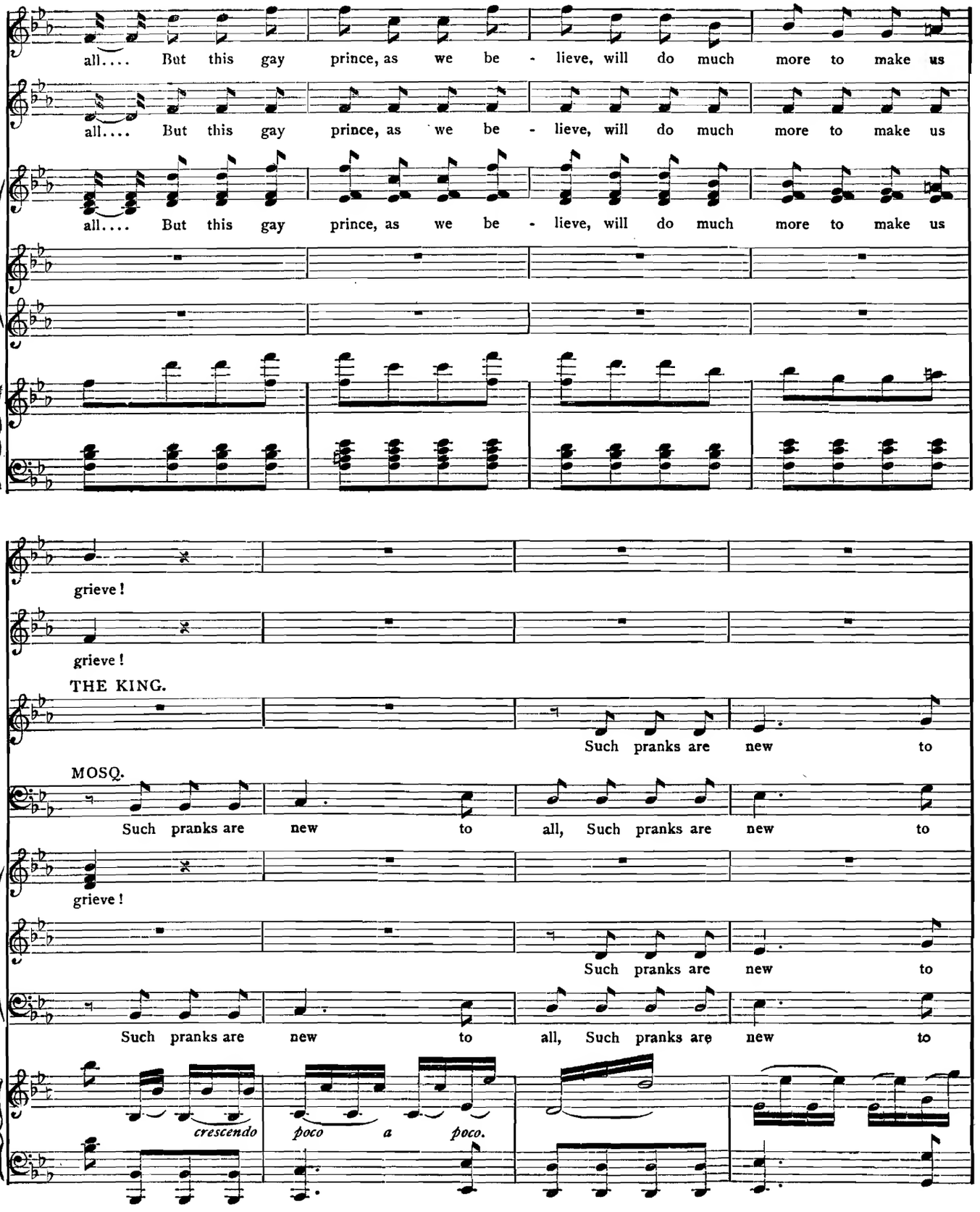

roy - al gar - den wall Is not a pro - per thing, at all, This son - in - law doth quite for -
roy - al gar - den wall Is not a pro - per thing, at all, This son - in - law doth quite for -
roy - al gar - den wall Is not a pro - per thing, at all, This son - in - law doth quite for -
prince is an o - ri - gin - al, He scales with
- get The rules of court - ly et - i - quette. No
- get The rules of court - ly et - i - quette. No
Le Roi.
No
Mosq.
Is not good
- get The rules of court - ly et - i - quette. No
ease, a gar - den wall.
ease, a gar - den wall; To scale a roy - al gar - den wall Is not good
f

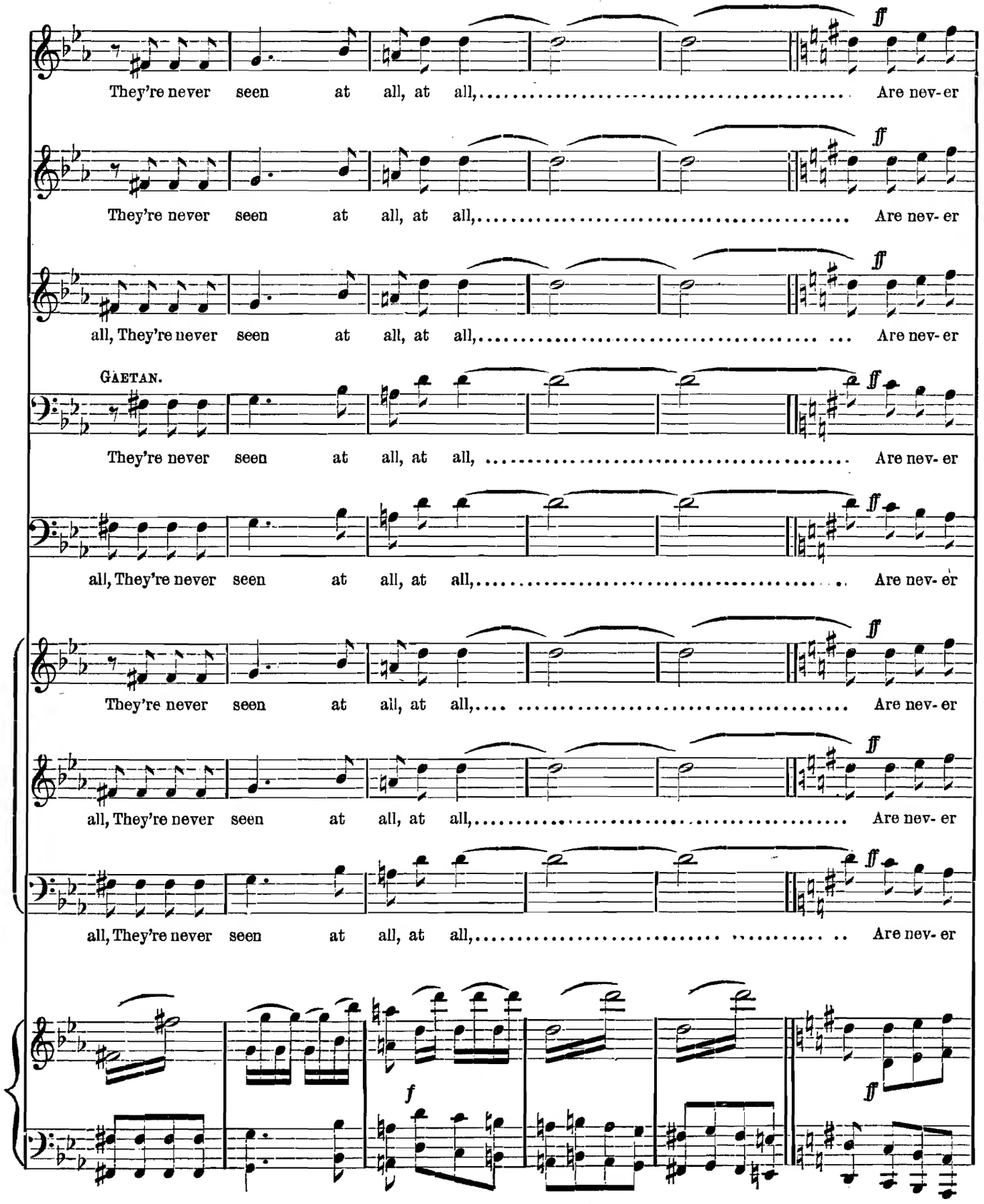

Jos. with the 1st Soprano.
Scol. with the 2d Soprano.
style at all. We
The King. with the 1st Tenor.
style at all. We
Mosq. with the Bass.
style, no not at all. A scan - dal 'tis, a frol - ic small; Such man - ners
have not seen, No, no! we have not seen the like at
have not seen, No, no! we have not seen the like at
we've not seen at all, No, no! we have not seen the like at

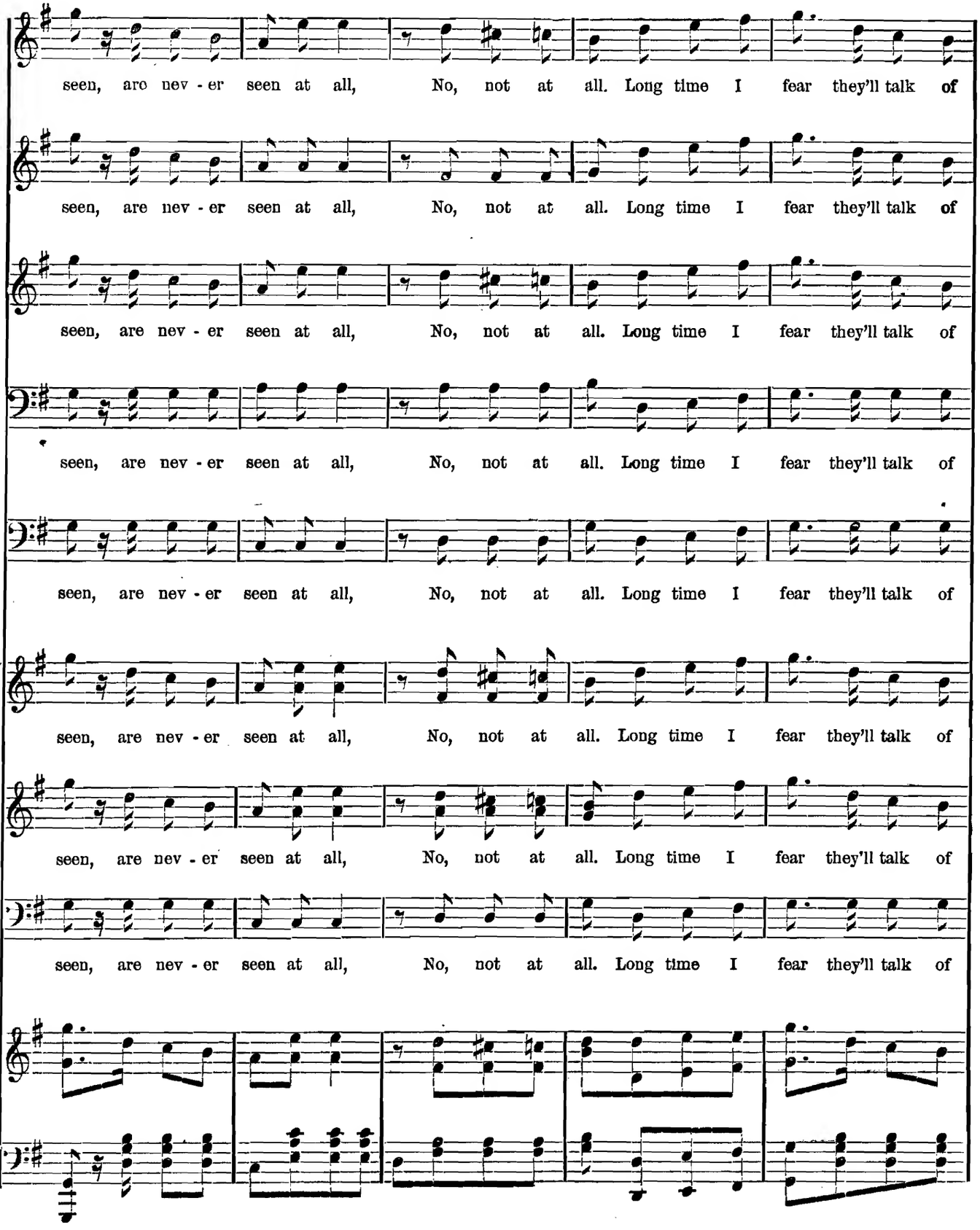

all! No, no! we have not seen..... the like at all, We have not
all! No, no! we have not seen..... the like at all, We have not.
all! No, no! we have not seen..... the like at all, We have not
seen the like, the like at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of you, Such pranks
seen the like, the like at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of you, Such pranks
seen the like, the like at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of you, Such pranks

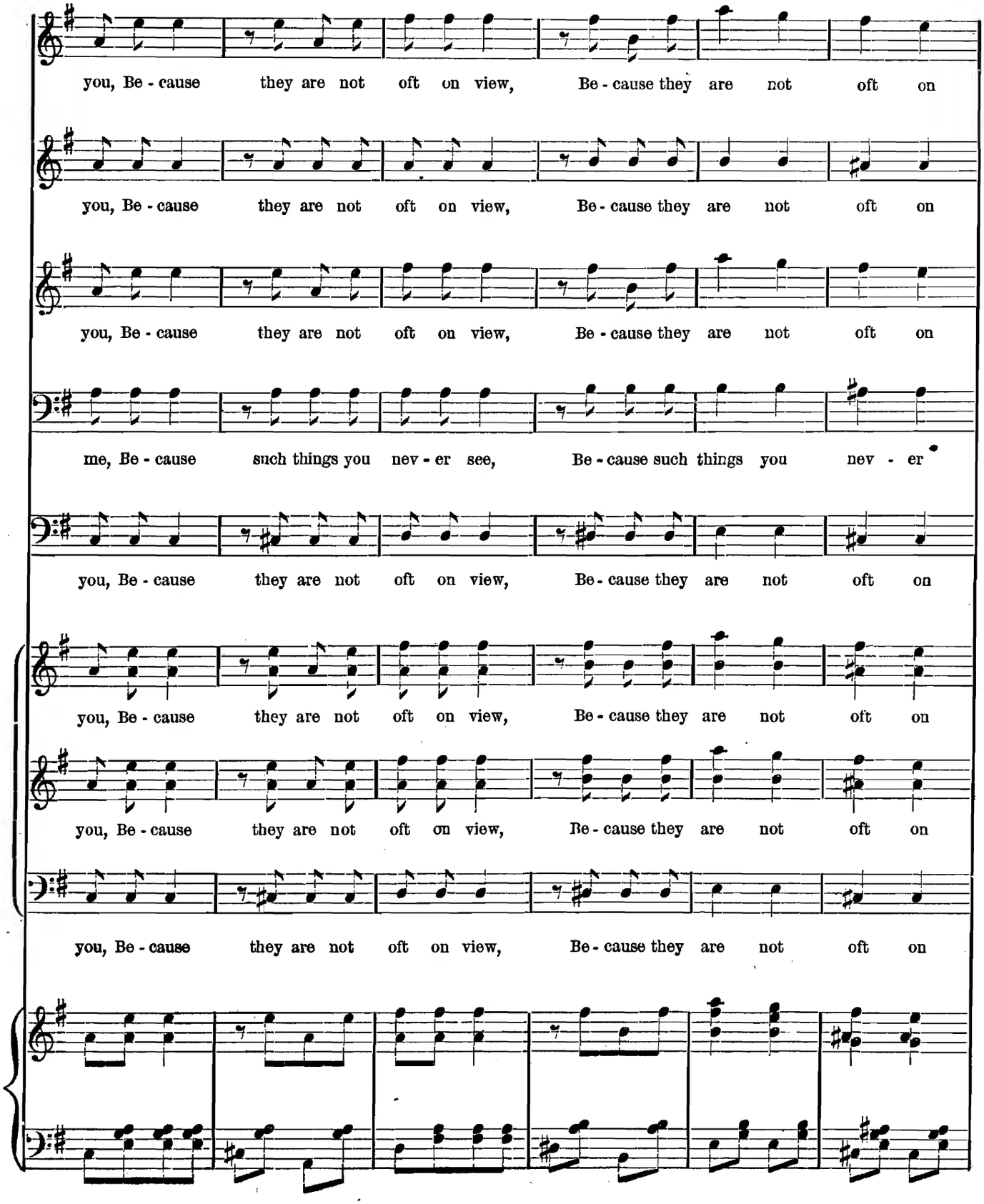

are nev - er here on view, Such pranks are nev - - er here on
are nev - er here on view, Such pranks are nev - - er here on
are nev - er here on view, Such pranks are nev - - er here on
GAETAN.
If scal - ing thus the gar - den wall, Is such a
view, are nev - er here on view.
view, are nev - er here on view.
view, are nev - er here on view.
p

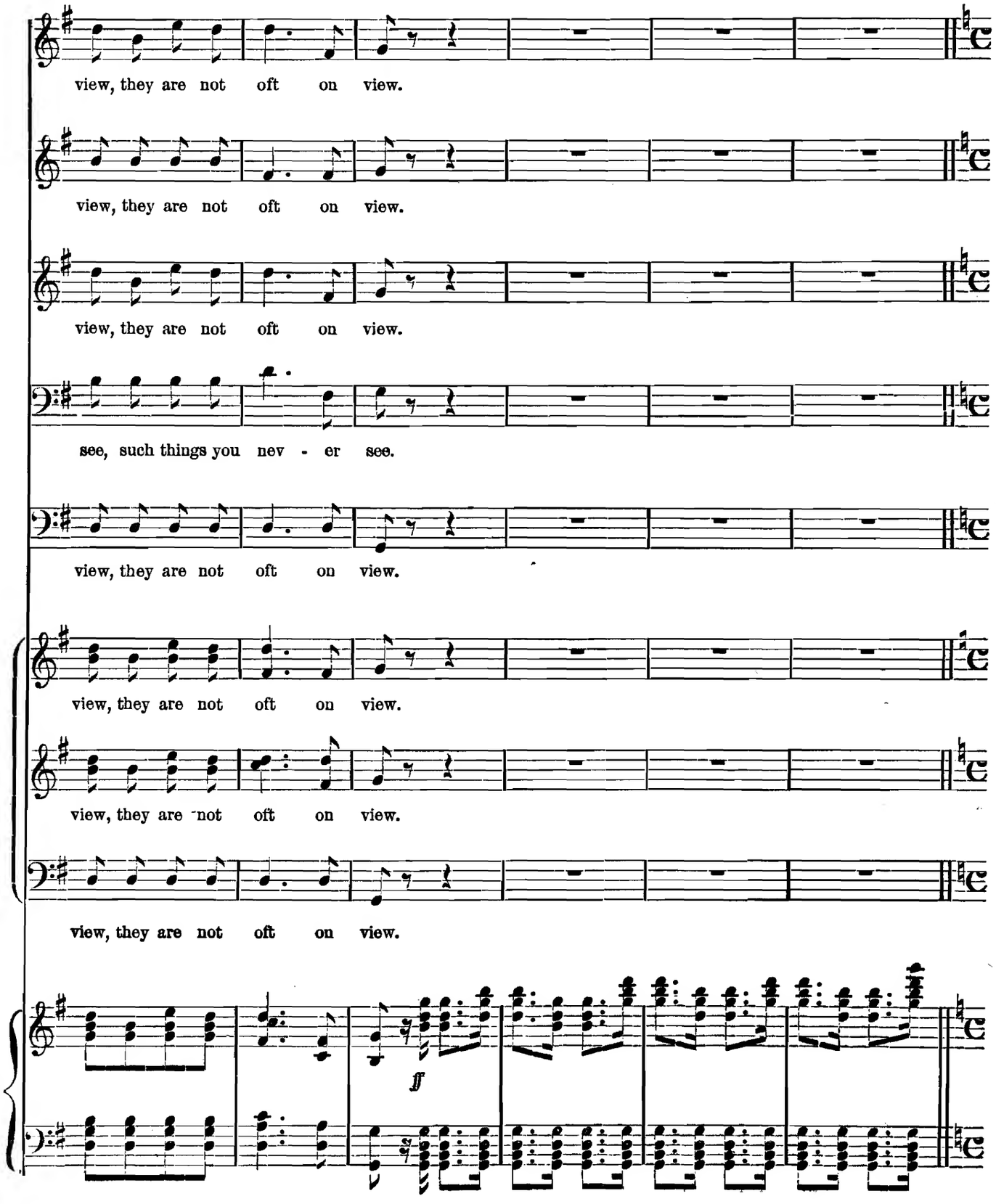

scan - dal to you all, When you with me ac - quaint ed get, More hor - ri - fied you'll all be
Jos.
If he has en - tered o'er the wall, Let us this frol - ic par - don
Scol.
If he has en - tered o'er the wall, Let us this frol - ic par - don
yet.
If he has en - tered o'er the wall, Let us this frol - ic par - don
piu. f

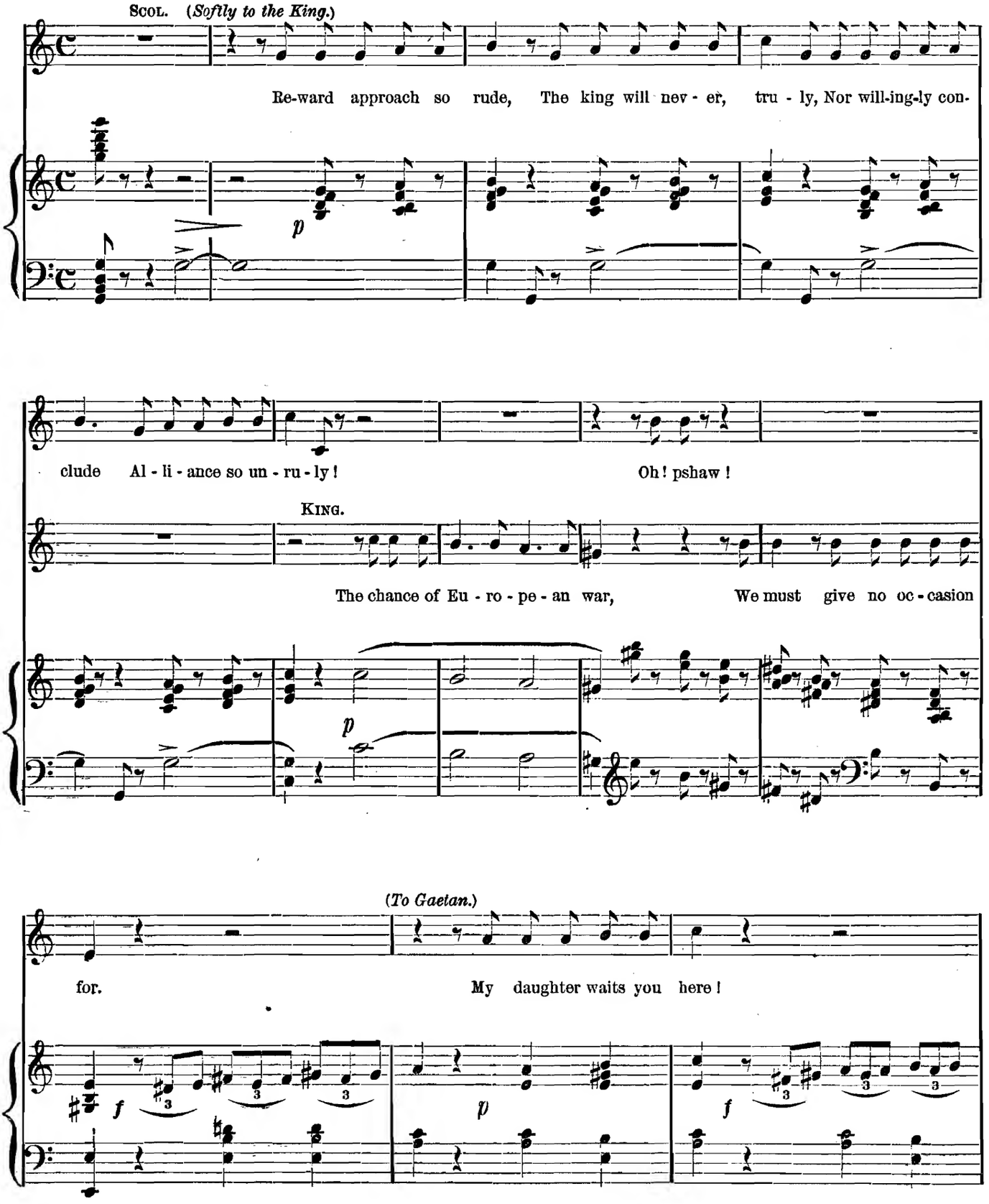

all.... But this gay prince, as we be - lieve, will do much more to make us
all.... But this gay prince, as we be - lieve, will do much more to make us
all.... But this gay prince, as we be - lieve, will do much more to make us
grieve!
grieve!
THE KING.
Such pranks are new to
MOSQ.
Such pranks are new to all, Such pranks are new to
grieve!
Such pranks are new to
Such pranks are new to all, Such pranks are new to
crescendo
poco a poco.

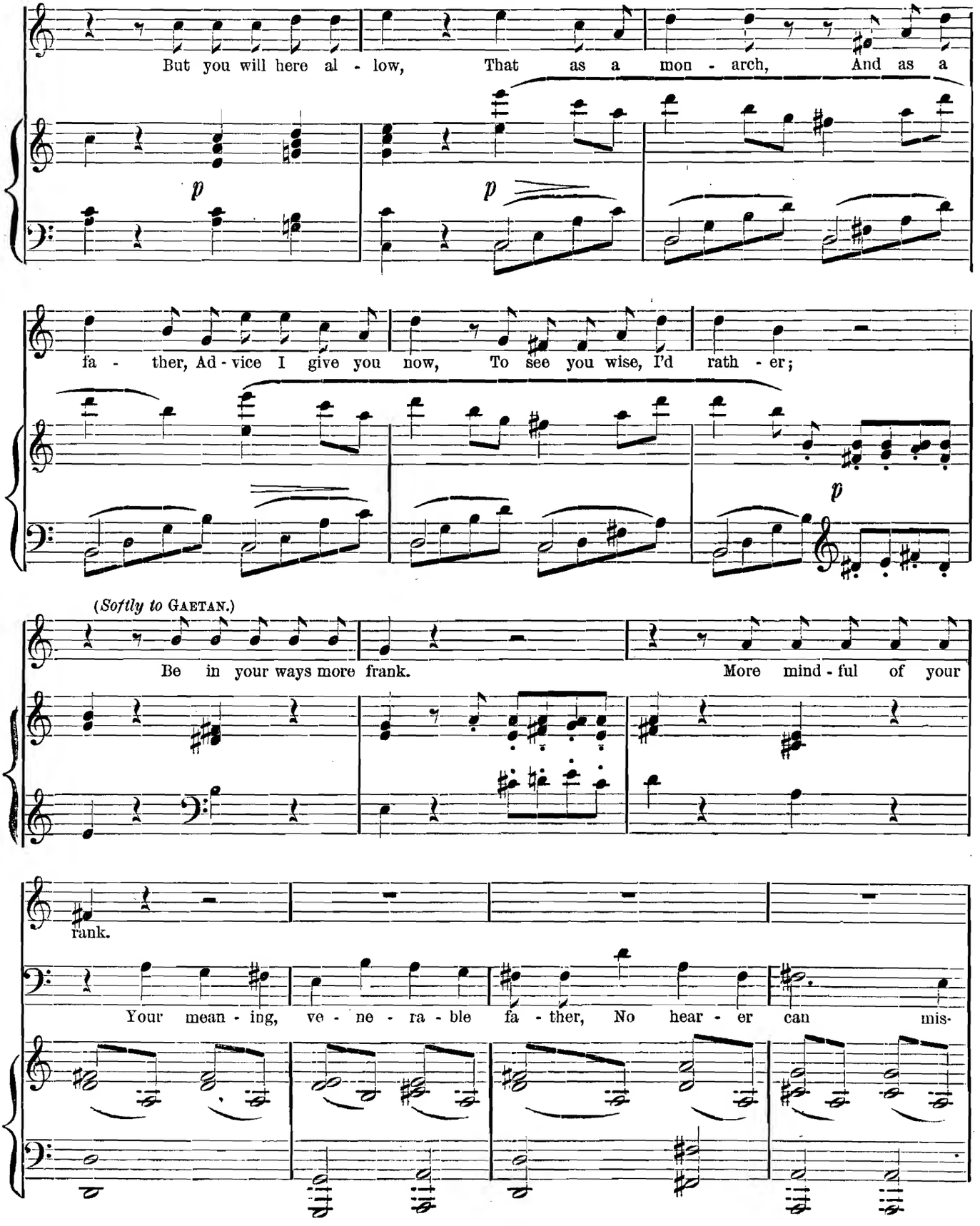

They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
all, They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
GAETAN.
They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
all, They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
all, They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
all, They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
ff
f

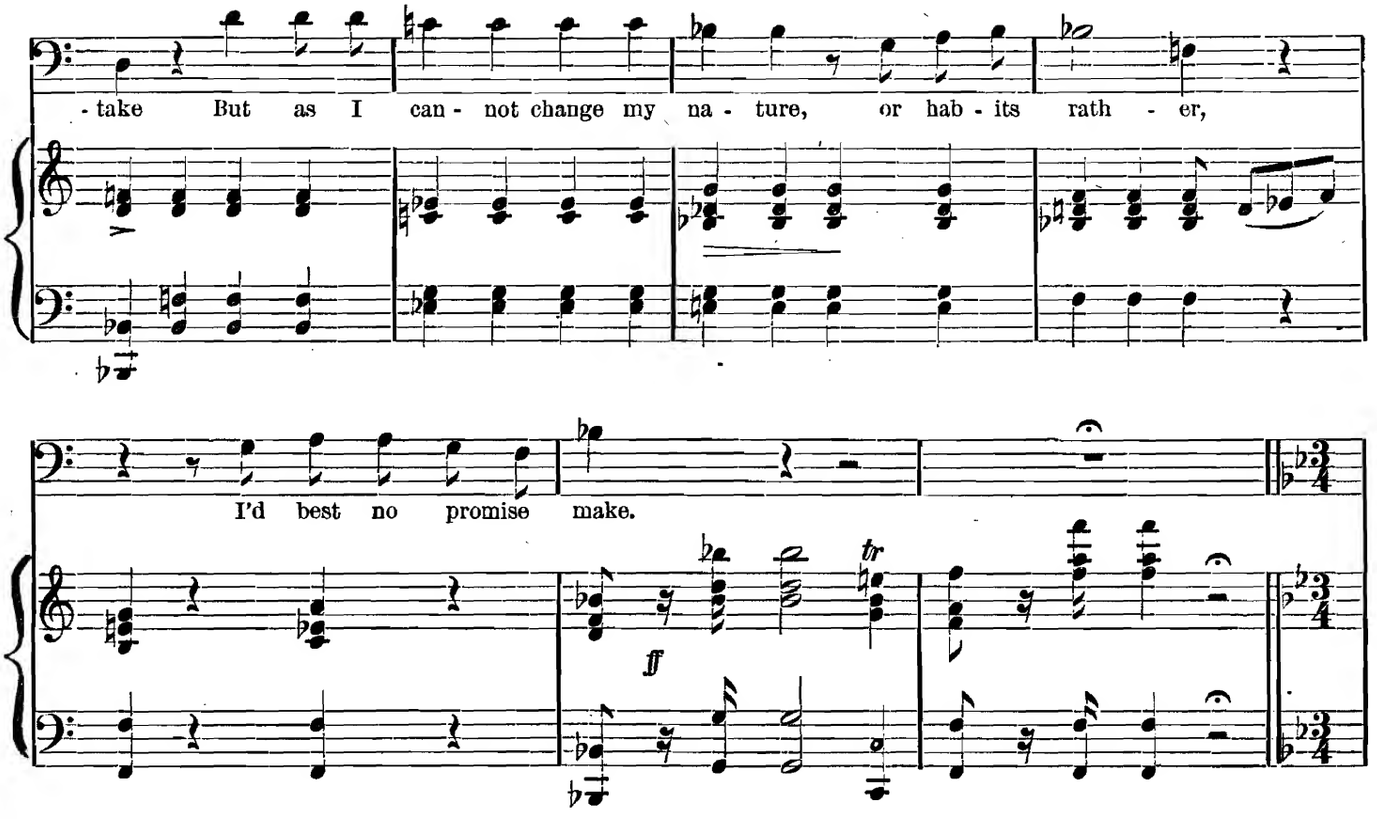

seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of


you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
me, Be - cause such things you nev - er see, Be - cause such things you nev - er
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on

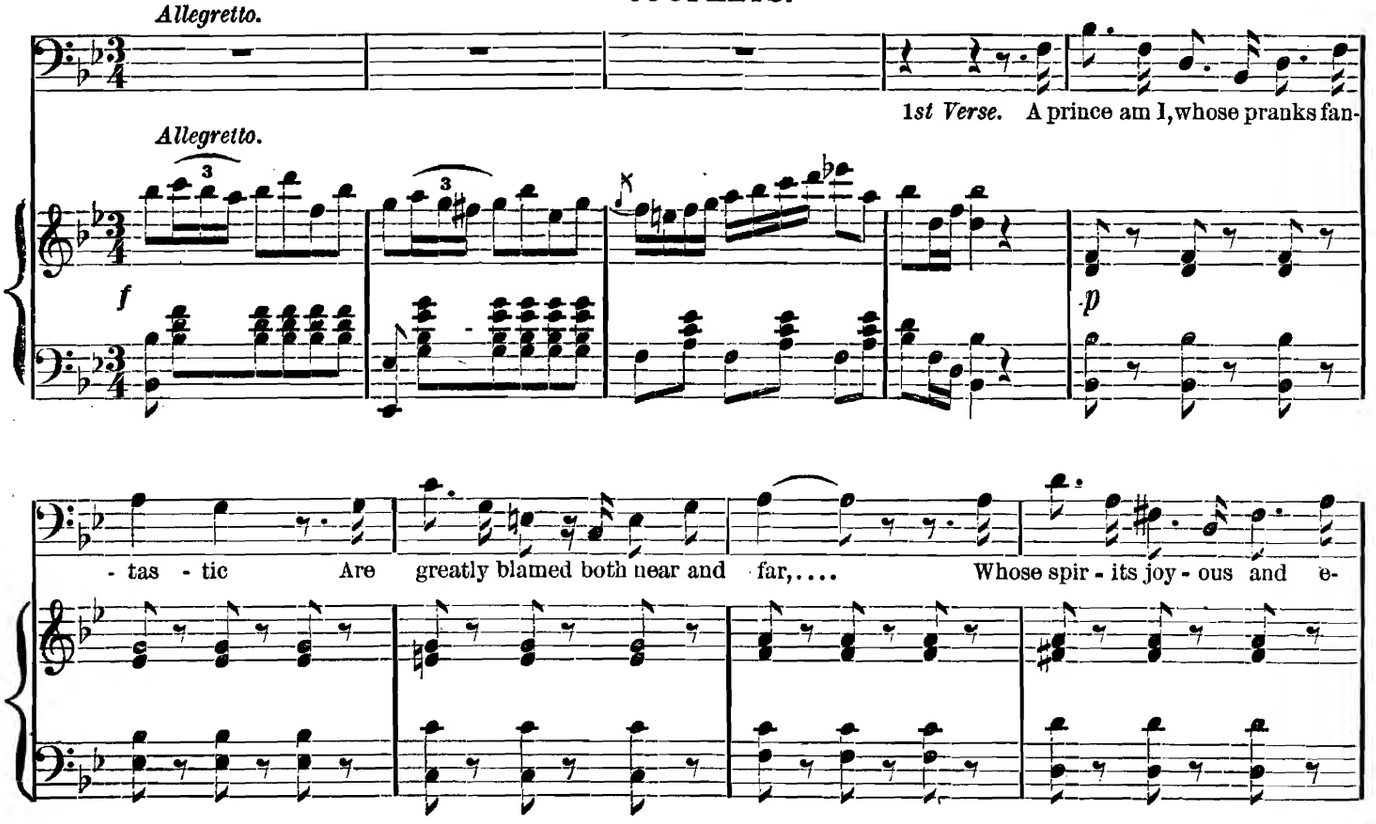

view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
see, such things you nev - er see.
view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
ff

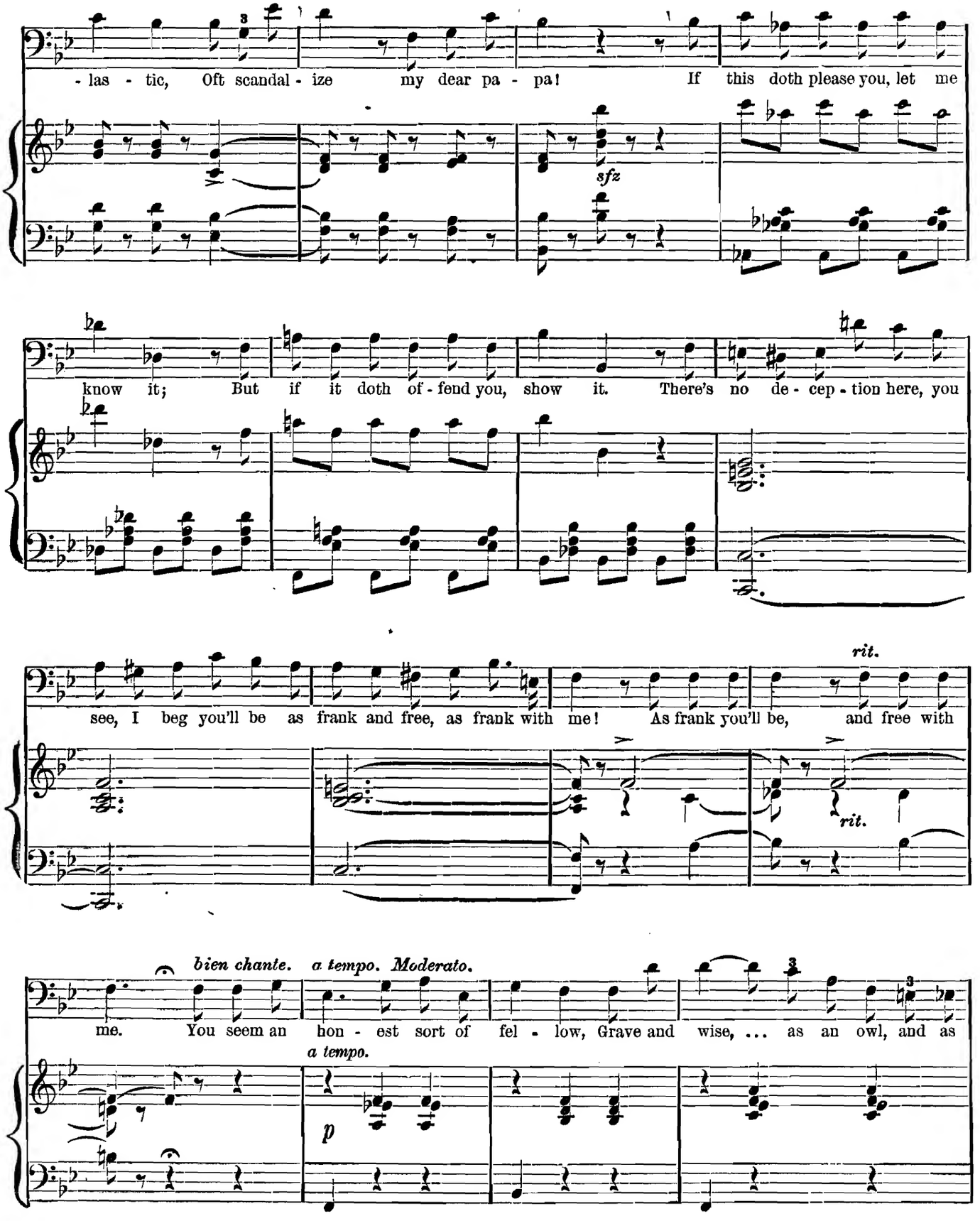

Scol. (Softly to the King.)
Re-ward approach so rude, The king will nev - er, tru - ly, Nor will-ing-ly con-
p
clude Al - li - ance so un - ru - ly!
Oh! pshaw!
King.
The chance of Eu - ro - pe - an war,
We must give no oc - casion
p
(To Gaetan.)
for.
My daughter waits you here!
f
p
f

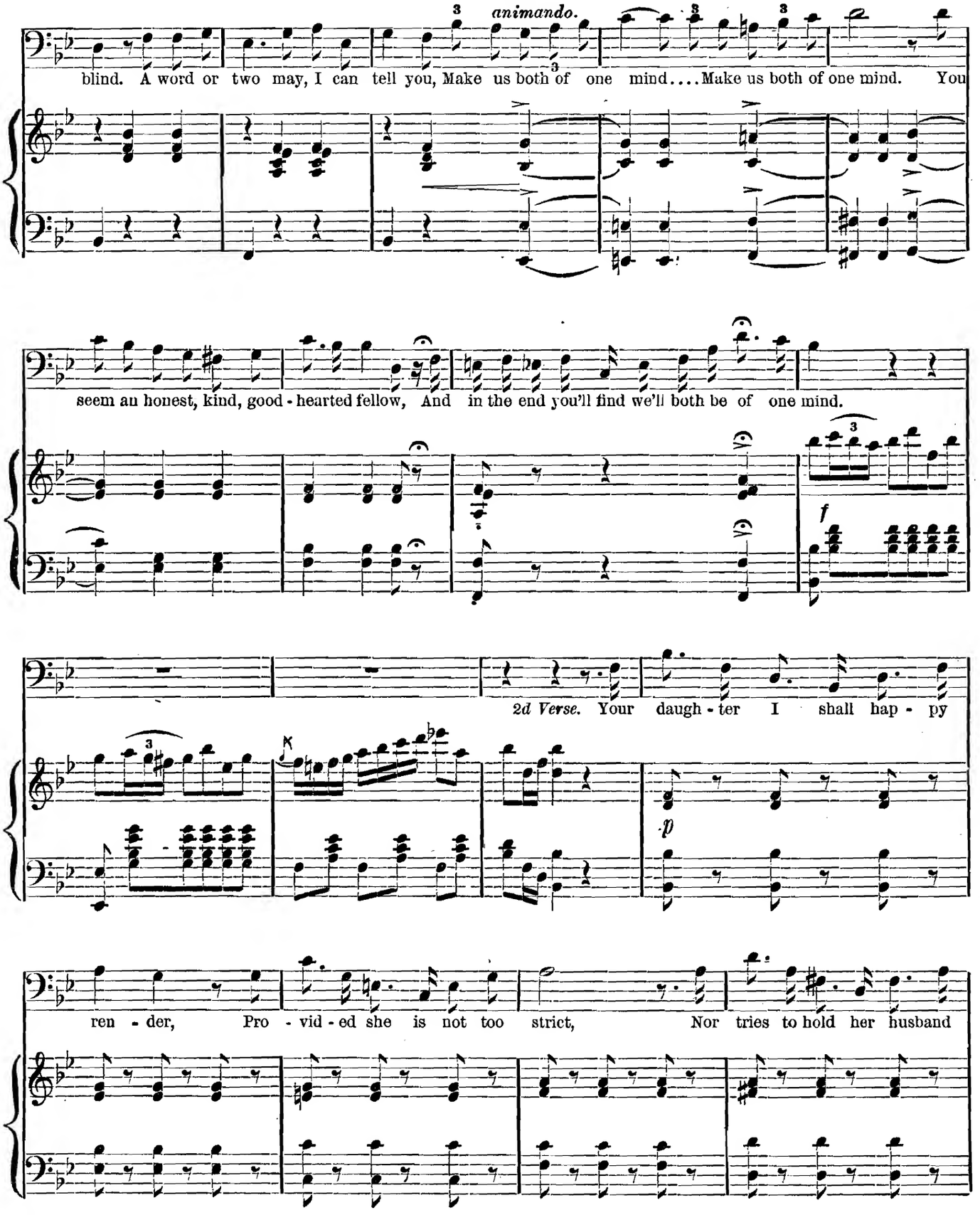

But you will here al - low, That as a mon - arch, And as a
p
p
fa - ther, Ad - vice I give you now, To see you wise, I'd rath - er;
p
(Softly to GAETAN.)
Be in your ways more frank. More mind - ful of your
rank.
Your mean - ing, ve - ne - ra - ble fa - ther, No hear - er can mis-

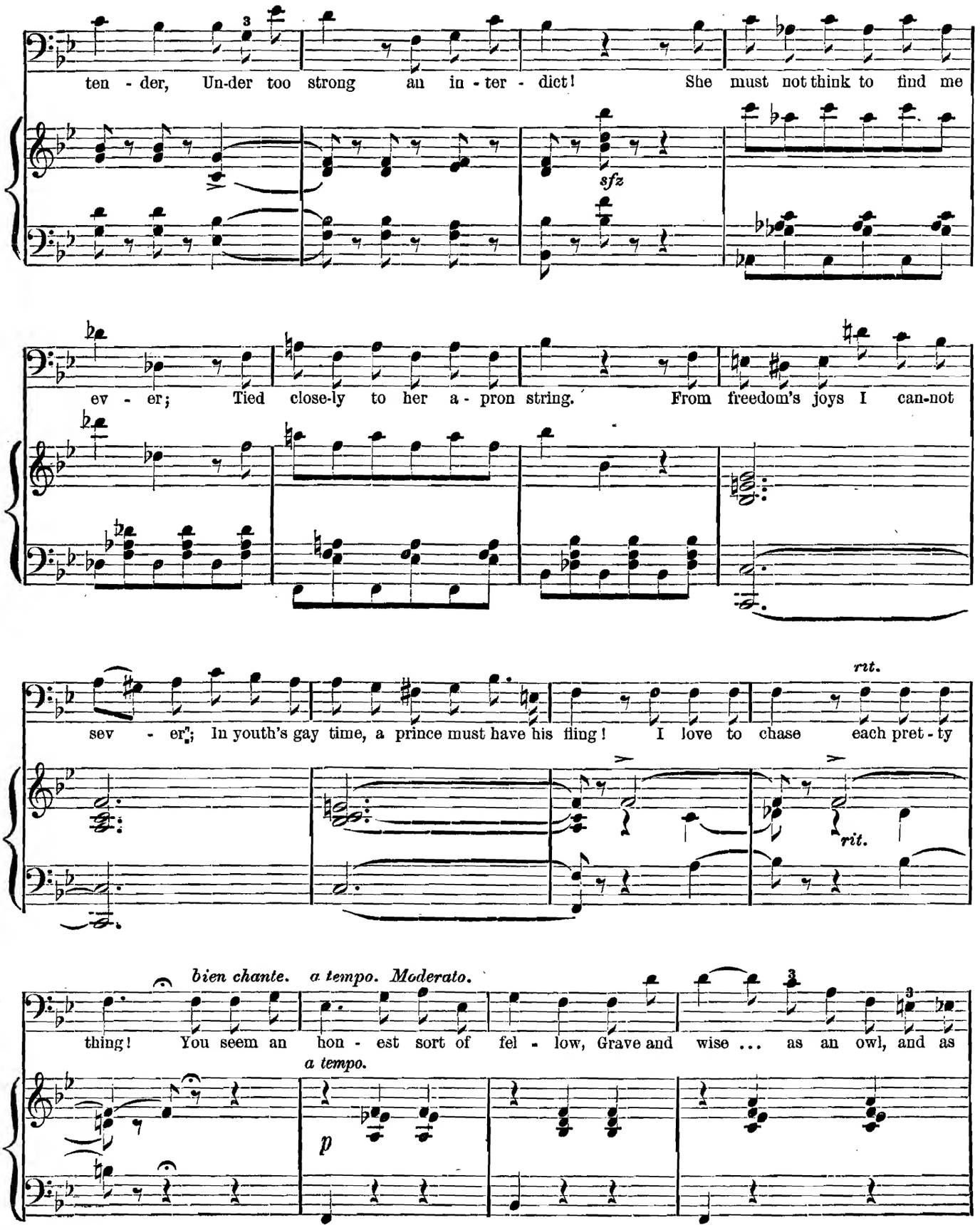

-take But as I can- not change my na- ture, or hab- its rath - er,
I'd best no promise make.
ff
tr

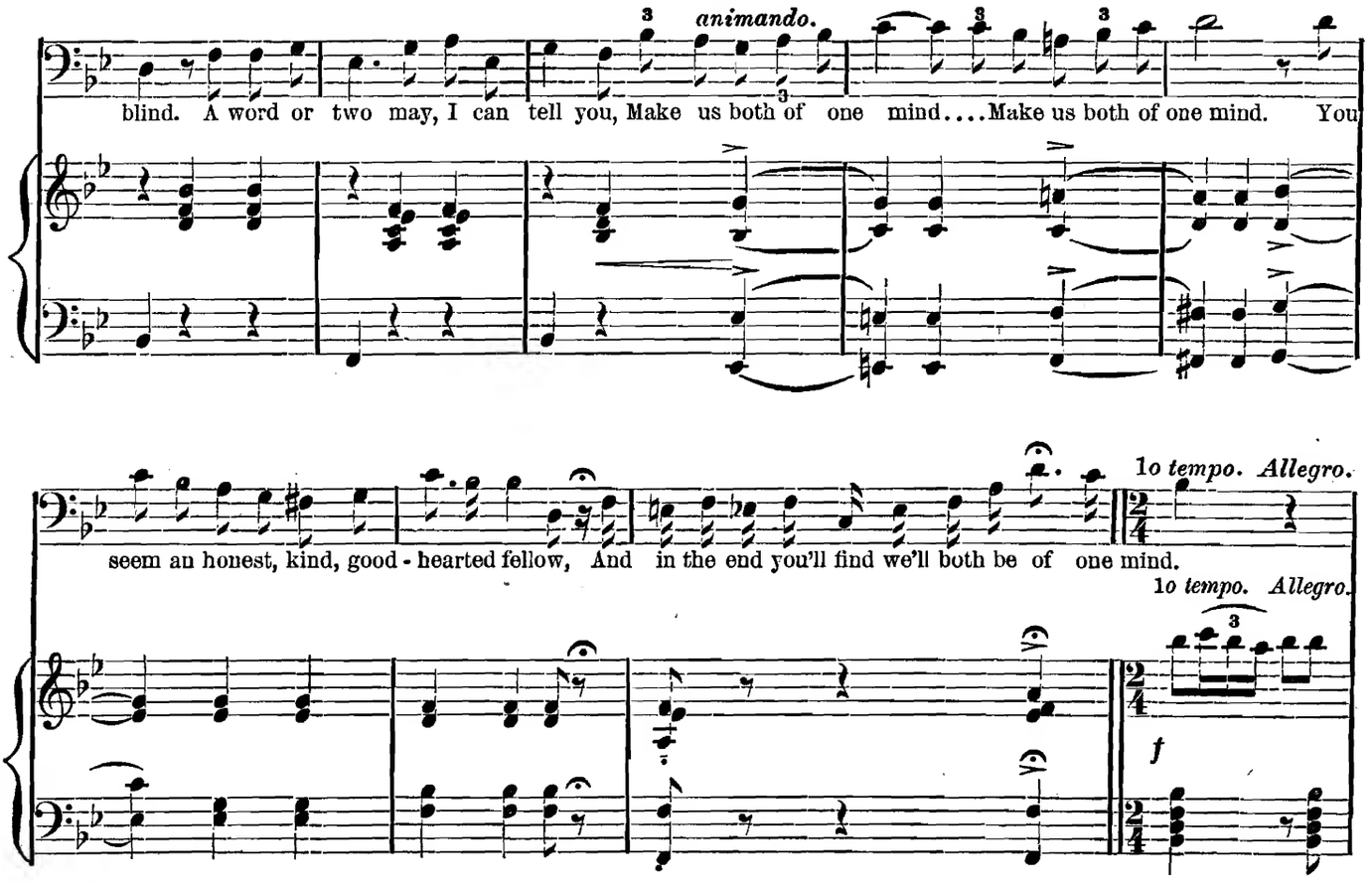
COUPLETS.


Allegretto.
Allegretto.
1st Verse. A prince am I, whose pranks fan-
f
p
- tas - tic Are greatly blamed both near and far,.... Whose spir - its joy - ous and e-

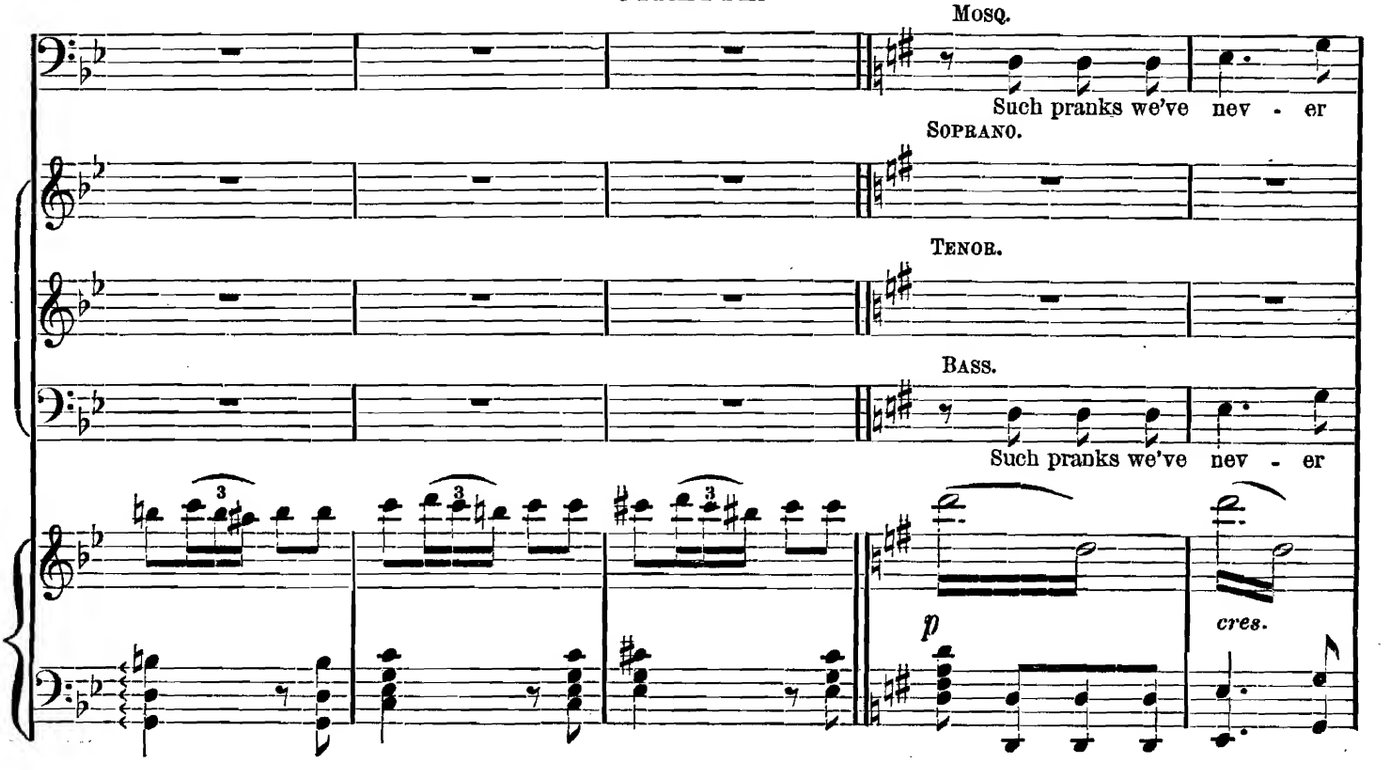

- las - tic, Oft scandal - ize my dear pa - pa! If this doth please you, let me
sfz
know it; But if it doth of - fend you, show it. There's no de - cep - tion here, you
see, I beg you'll be as frank and free, as frank with me! As frank you'll be, and free with
rit.
rit.
bien chante.
a tempo. Moderato.
me. You seem an hon - est sort of fel - low, Grave and wise, ... as an owl, and as
a tempo.
p

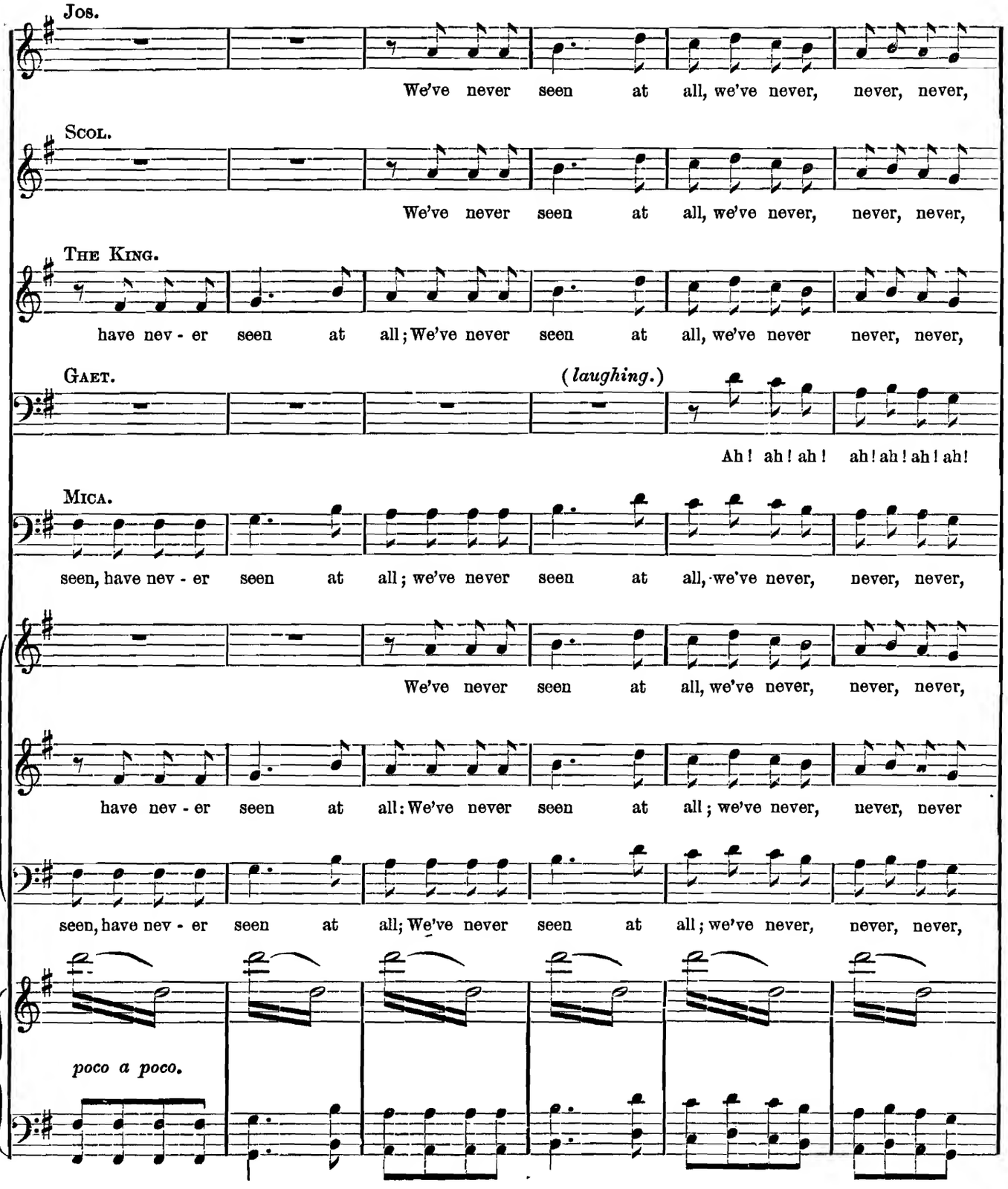

animando.
blind. A word or two may, I can tell you, Make us both of one mind....Make us both of one mind. You
seem an honest, kind, good - hearted fellow, And in the end you'll find we'll both be of one mind.
2d Verse. Your daugh - ter I shall hap - py
ren - der, Pro - vid - ed she is not too strict, Nor tries to hold her husband

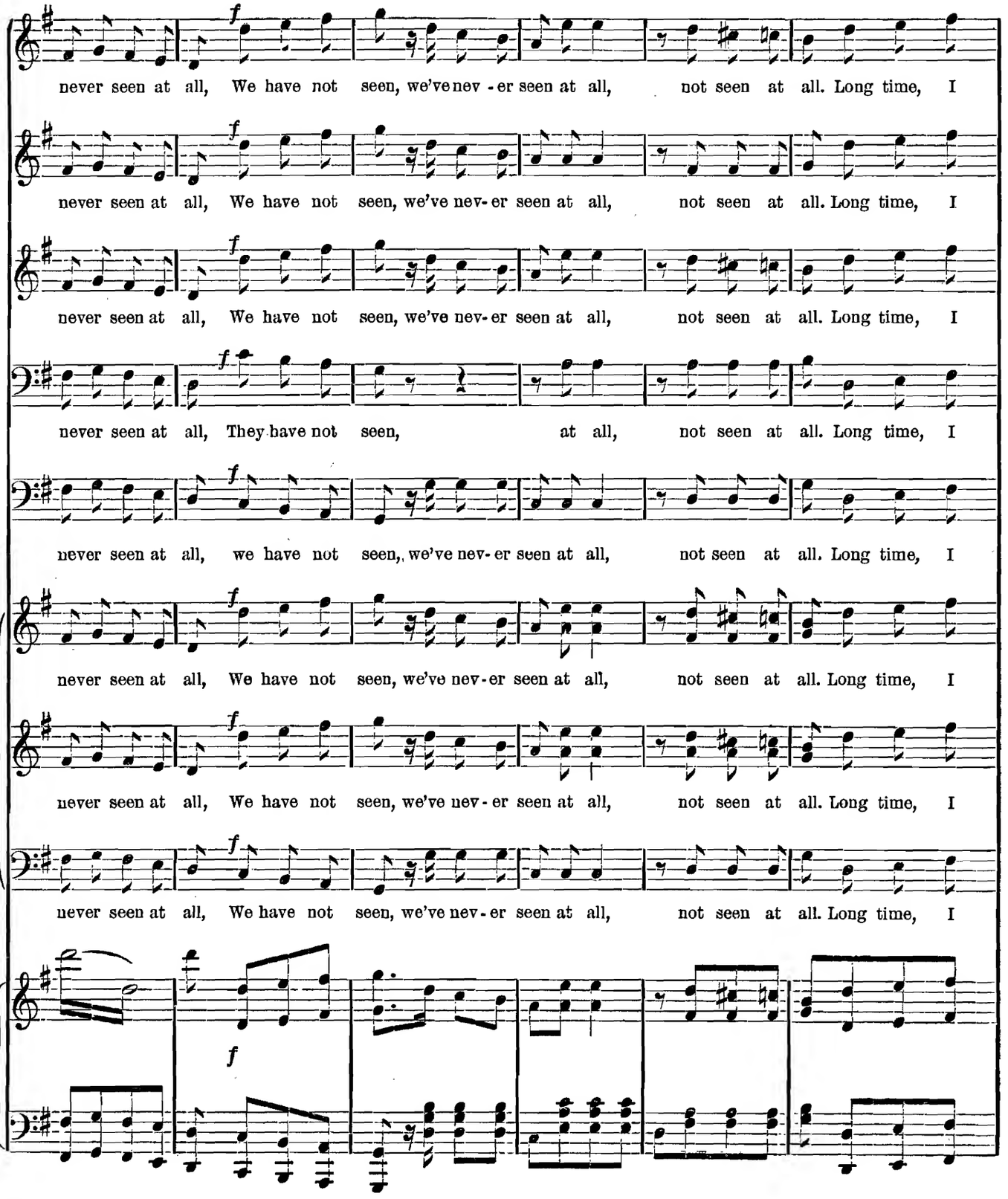

ten - der, Un-der too strong an in - ter - dict! She must not think to find me
sfz
ev - er; Tied close-ly to her a - pron string. From freedom's joys I can-not
sev - er; In youth's gay time, a prince must have his fling! I love to chase each pret - ty
rit.
rit.
bien chante.
a tempo. Moderato.
thing! You seem an hon - est sort of fel - low, Grave and wise ... as an owl, and as
a tempo.
p

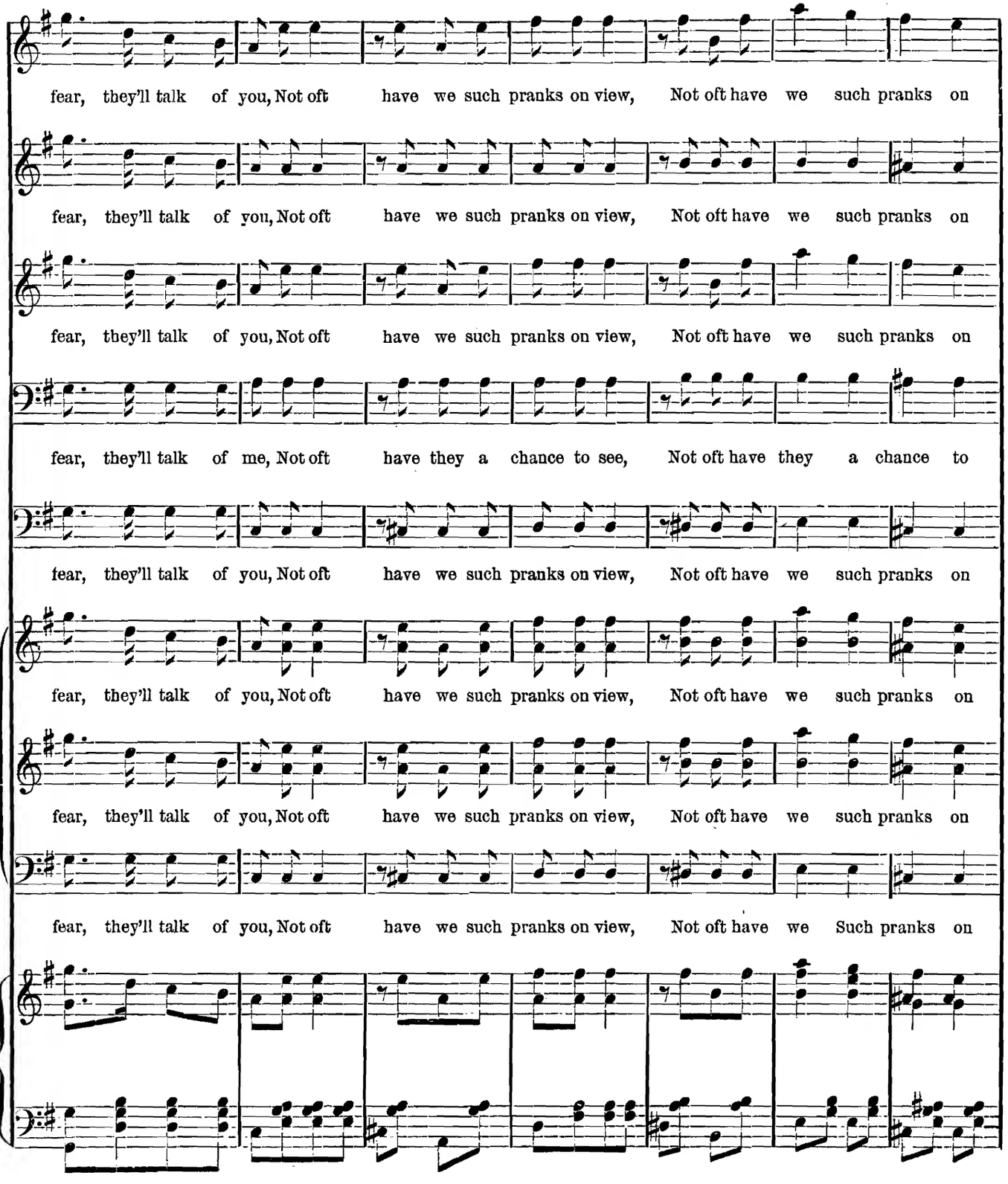

animando.
blind. A word or two may, I can tell you, Make us both of one mind....Make us both of one mind. You
seem an honest, kind, good - hearted fellow, And in the end you'll find we'll both be of one mind.
1o tempo. Allegro.
1o tempo. Allegro.
f

STRETTE.


Mosq.
Such pranks we've nev - er
Soprano.
Tenor.
Bass.
Such pranks we've nev - er
p
cres.


Jos.
We've never seen at all, we've never, never, never,
Scol.
We've never seen at all, we've never, never, never,
The King.
have nev - er seen at all; We've never seen at all, we've never never, never,
Gaet.
(laughing.)
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Mica.
seen, have nev - er seen at all; we've never seen at all, we've never, never, never,
We've never seen at all, we've never, never, never,
have nev - er seen at all: We've never seen at all; we've never, never, never
seen, have nev - er seen at all; We've never seen at all; we've never, never, never,
poco a poco.


never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev - er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, They have not seen, at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, we have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev - er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev - er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
f
f


fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of me, Not oft have they a chance to see, Not oft have they a chance to
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
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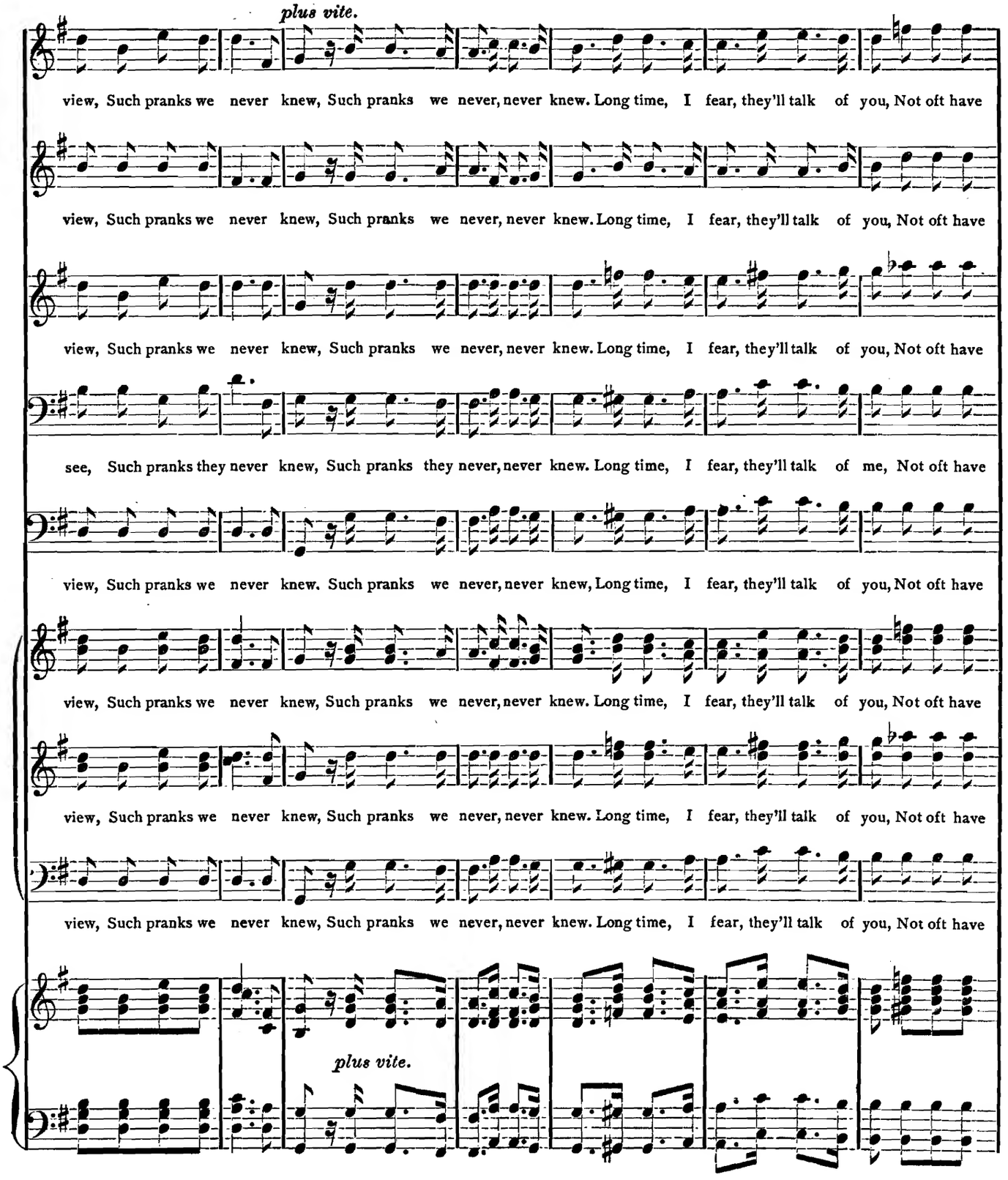
plus vite.
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
see, Such pranks they never knew, Such pranks they never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of me, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew. Such pranks we never, never knew, Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
plus vite.

we such pranks on view,..... Not oft have we..... such pranks on view.

we such pranks on view,... .... Not oft have we..... such pranks on view.

we such pranks on view,..... Not oft have we..... such pranks on view.

they such pranks on view,..... Not oft have they..... such pranks on view.

we such pranks on view,..... Not oft have we..... such pranks on view.

we such pranks on view,..... Not oft have we..... such pranks on view.

we such pranks on view,..... Not oft have we ..... such pranks on view.

we such pranks on view,..... Not oft have we.... such pranks on view.

fff

The King and GAETAN *bow to each other. Suddenly,* GAETAN *passes out first, to the great indignation of the King. The court take up the march.*

End of Act 1st.